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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: —

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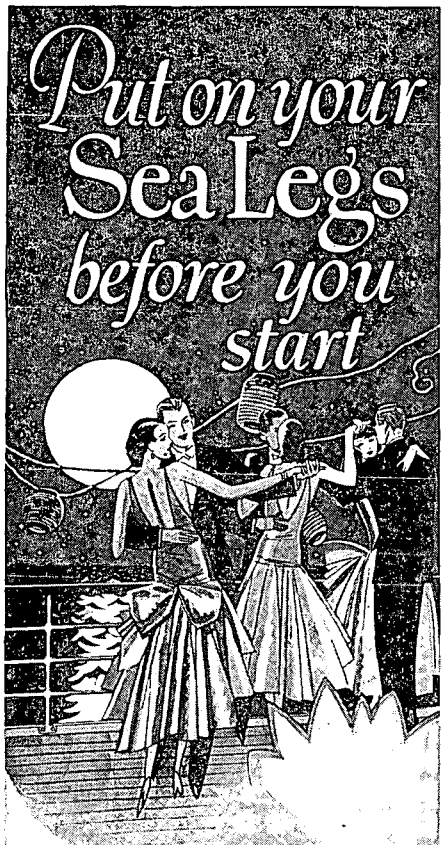

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The Guide Post

THIS month THE LIVING AGE is again offering its readers an article on the progress of aviation. There has been a great deal in the newspaper press on the subject of heavier-than-air flying machines and their commercial use; there has been very much less about lighter-than-air machines, which are likely to prove practical for transatlantic service within a much shorter time than airplanes. Mr. Allen's article, especially timely because it will appear just as the first dirigible with a commercial cargo of passengers and freight is scheduled to sail from Germany for America, contains, we believe, information not very widely known to the public. We hope next month to present our readers with a personal account of the opening of one of the longest commercial airplane routes at present in operation.

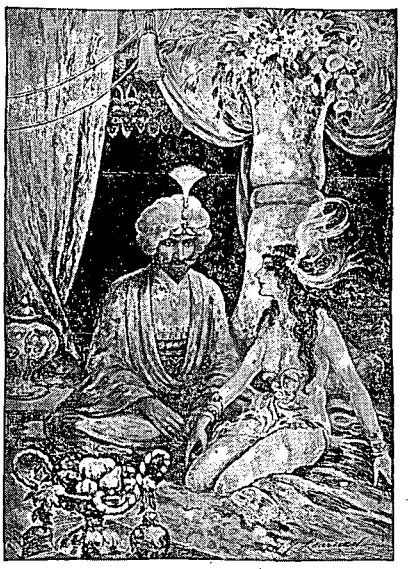
Because of our constant care to make THE LIVING AGE as attractive to its readers as possible, we have changed the make-up of the first few pages. Many of our friends had expressed the opinion that our department, *The World Over*, was a little technical and difficult for casual reading. Our friends have felt that, although the wealth of information in it was valuable to them, they would prefer to have the longer notes separated out from the briefer paragraphs and made into short articles. We have felt that this was an excellent suggestion and have put it into effect with this issue. From now on, the first four or five pages of the magazine will be devoted to a rapid summary of the month's international events, followed by several more detailed discussions of important international happenings.

Our readers have been kind enough to comment very favorably on the full-page reproductions of etchings which we have occasionally offered them. We have therefore made a new departure and are offering this month the first of a series of *frontispieces*, which will consist of full-page illustrations of such subjects as appeal because of their intrinsic beauty and general interest.

The question of illustrations raises a very interesting point concerning the cartoons which appear in European newspapers, the best of which we have been able to reproduce as a regular feature of the magazine. Political caricature in Europe has always been a great deal more savage than in America. Indeed, it is often more savage than the opinion which it represents. It has long been a tremendously effective political weapon, designed to make the justice of one's cause,

(*Continued on page 318*)

The REAL Arabian Nights



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World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ AIR MAIL. The airplane, *City of Jerusalem*, flying over the last stage of the longest air-mail route in the world — from London to Karachi, India — arrived just three hours behind schedule, being delayed by a sandstorm in the neighborhood of Bagdad. That this was a record goes without saying, since it was the first trip to be made over this route; but it also presages records to come, when a family in Devonshire, waiting impatiently for the weekly letter from a son in some Indian Army post, can say in explanation of the delay, 'Probably a little rough weather in the Persian Gulf.'

¶ NAMES. The world's record for length and variety in the proper name of a single individual is claimed by a newspaper correspondent for the fourth child of H. R. H. the Duke of Parma who might, if he would, subscribe himself: —

> Prince Joseph Mary Peter Paul Francis Robert Thomas Aquinas Andrew Avellino Blase Maurius Charles Stanislas Louis Philip of Neri Leo Bernard Antoninus Ferdinand of Bourbon of Parma.
>
> The young man is said to have been called Bobby, for short, by his seventeen brothers and sisters, some of whom have names almost as long as his own, and Ferdie by some of his intimates.

¶ GOLD EXPORTS. Gold exports in the past calendar year established a new record by reaching a total of $460,759,000, while the net loss of the metal for the year, $391,872,000, also represents a new high-water mark. The explanation is that the metal left America as a commodity, either through outright purchase or through transference in connection with foreign loans, for the purpose of strengthening the reserve positions of certain European central banks.

¶ UNEMPLOYMENT. What is very close to a record for the smallest number of unemployed in a post-War European nation has been achieved by France this spring. On March 30th, the total number of workers receiving unemployment relief from the State had dropped to 1,078. This figure is ridiculously low for a nation of over forty millions, especially when one considers that 965 of the 1,078 were in Paris and Marseille alone.

¶ BEQUEST. The strangest bequest which has come to our attention this year has been made by an Englishman, the Rev. John Gwyon, Rector of Bisley, Surrey. He has left his whole estate, amounting to nearly $40,000, to provide knickers for boys, 'and for no other purpose whatsoever.' A charitable trust, known as 'Gwyon's Foundation for Clothing Boys,' has been set up. A reputable tailor is to be chosen, and eligible boys are to apply for knickerbockers six

(*Continued on page 320*)

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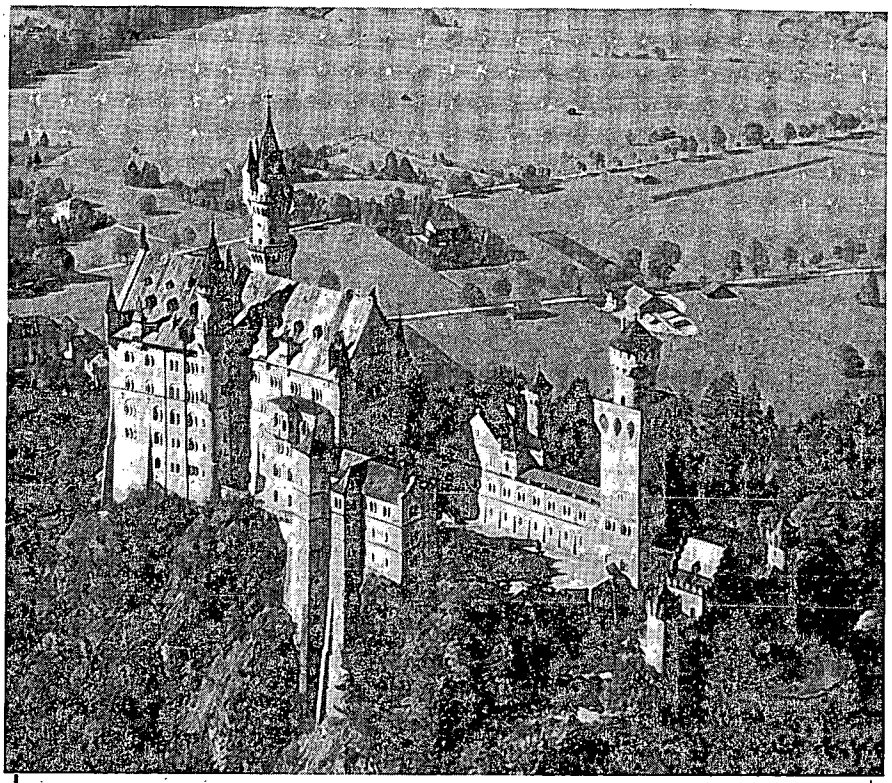

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World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

AUSTRIA

GRAZ. *August* 30–*September* 8, International Fair.
SALZBURG. *July* 15–*September* 30, School for Conductors of Orchestras; *August* 4–30, Salzburg Festival, Beethoven, Mozart, Strauss, Hofmannsthal.
VIENNA. *July* 17–*August* 13, Summer School, University of Vienna; *August* 18–22, International Advertising Association Congress.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP. *August* 11–19, Communal Festival.
BRUGES. *July* 8–22, Communal Festival; *August* 11–20, Commercial Fair.
BRUSSELS. *July* 15–16, Community Festivals; 21–23, National Feasts.
GHENT. *July* 29, International Regatta at Langebruge; *August* 15, Procession of the Petit Béguinage; *August*, university courses on science and art.
LIÈGE. *July* 29, Choral Societies Competition.
MALINES. *July* 3, Festival of St. Rombald.
OSTENDE. *July* 1–*August* 31, Horse Races daily; *July* 3, Annual Procession and Blessing of the Sea; *July* 7, Blessing of the Sea Ceremony with Parade of Fishing Boats; *July* 15–29, Sail and Motor Yacht Races; *August* 28, Grand International Race.
TOURNAI. *July* 14–21; Chimes Concerts.
VERVIERS. *July* 29–*September* 9, Arts and Industry Exhibit; *August* 5–8, Flower Exhibition; *August* 15, Grand Athletic Festival; *August* 19–21, National Congress of Chambers of Commerce.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *July* 5, Holiday of SS. Cyril and Methodius; 6, John Huss Day.
BRNO. *August–September*, Modern Commercial Exhibition; *August* 3–*September* 15, Exhibition of Modern Woman.
LIBEREC. *August* 17, Sample Fairs open.
LITAMPL. *July* 1, Folklore Exhibition opens.
STARA BOLESLAV. *August* 15, celebration, 1,000th anniversary of death of Wenceslaus.

DANZIG

ZOPPOT. *July* 7–14, Grand Sports Meeting and Horse Races; *August* 11, Derby and Sport Fêtes.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. *July* 10, Second Scandinavian Technical School Conference; 15, Regatta and International Sailing Races; *August* 12, Athletic Festival at Stadium; *August* 26, Conference of Scandinavian Naturalists; 27, Congress of Scandinavian Engineers; 30, Centennial of Polytechnic Academy.
ELSINORE. *July* 18–*August* 1, International Summer Course at International People's College; *August* 2, Summer Course at International People's College opens; 8, New Educational Fellowship Congress opens at Kronberg Castle.
FREDERICIA. *August* 5–10, Agricultural Exhibit.
HELIGOLAND ON THE SOUND. *July* 1, International Swimming Contest and Water Sports.
MIDDELFURT, FÜNEN. *July* 9, Danish-Argentine Reunion.
NORTH SEA BEACH, FANÖ. *August* 15–19, Auto Races.
RINGSTED. *July* 8–14, Dairy Cattle Fair.

(*Continued on page 301*)

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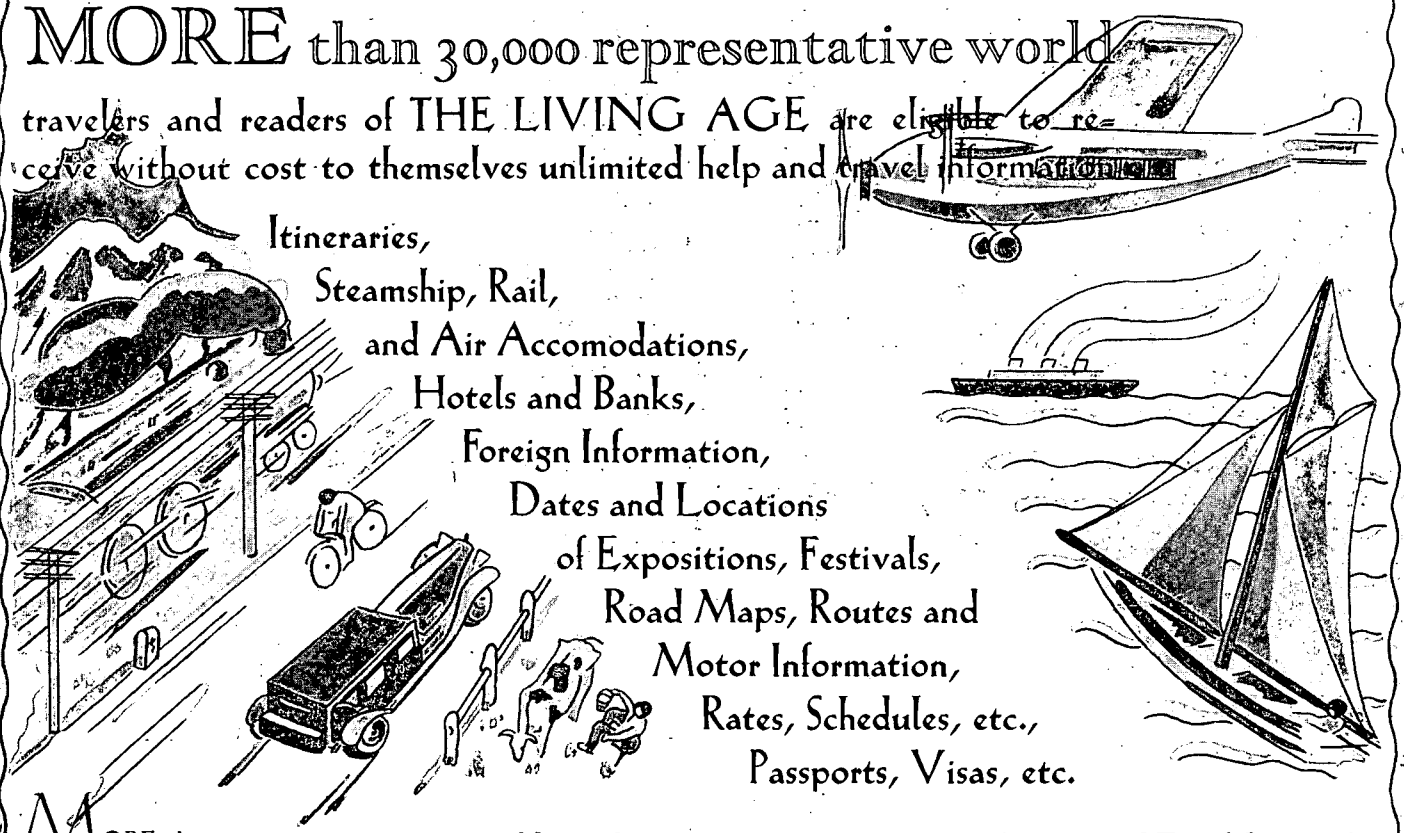
MORE than 30,000 representative world travelers and readers of THE LIVING AGE are eligible to receive without cost to themselves unlimited help and travel information on



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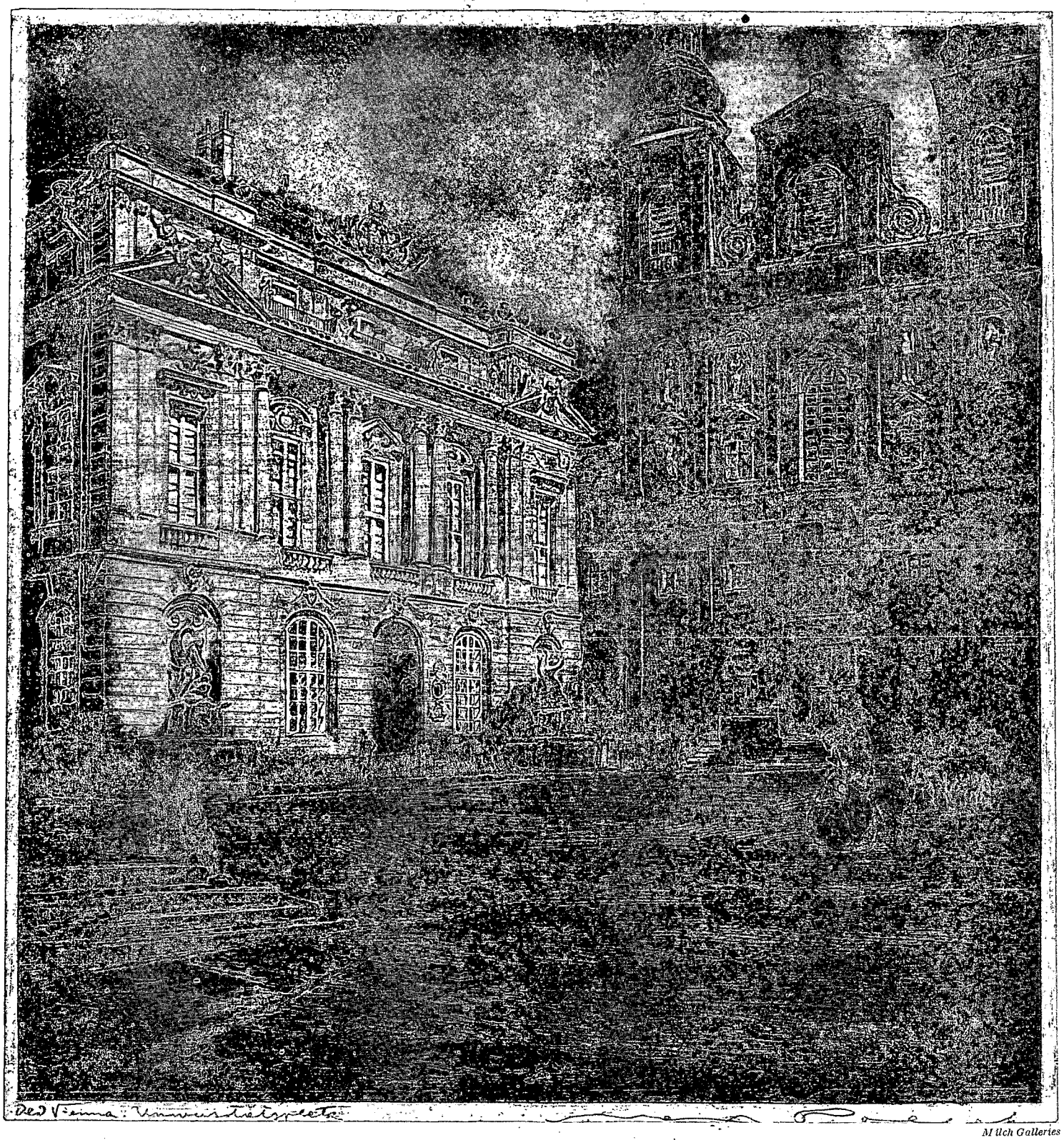

Ulch Galleries

VIENNA: THE 'OLD UNIVERSITY' AND THE CHURCH OF THE JESUIT CONVENT

FROM AN ETCHING BY MAX POLLAK

THESE magnificent buildings are relics from the heyday of the capital of the Holy Roman Empire. The Jesuit Church dates from the seventeenth century and is a splendid example of baroque architecture. Both the convent adjoining and the church itself are largely for the use of teachers in the college of theology. The 'Old University' was new in the middle of the eighteenth century, and its graceful rococo lines are emblematic of the reign of Maria Theresa, who had it built as an addition to the great schools established in 1365. The University of Vienna, famed especially for its medical faculty, is one of the largest in Europe, enrolling almost 10,000 students annually.

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

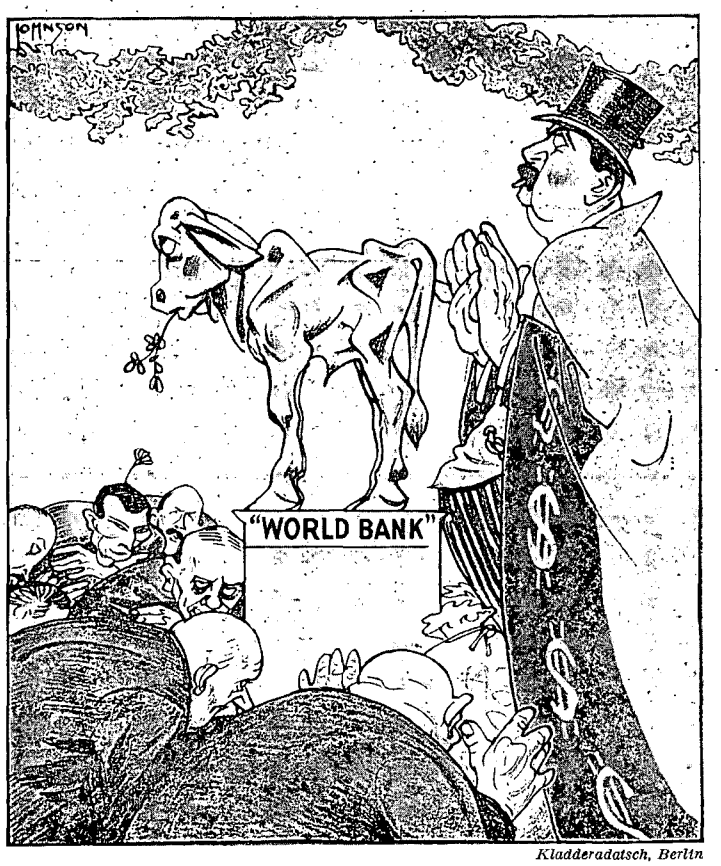
VOLUME 336 JUNE · 1929 NUMBER 4342

The World Over

NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONALism in entertainment meet in a head-on cultural collision in the controversy developing between France and the United States over motion picture import regulations which threaten Hollywood's domination abroad.

The battle between American distributors and French producers, however, involves far more than a mere market struggle. The United States asserts that the French Government's tactics constitute a violation of the League of Nations agreement on unfair practices in curtailing foreign competition. The French quota system represents film nationalism made possible at the expense of more successful foreign rivals, who are asked to pay the bill for native producers. And the Franco-American struggle epitomizes Europe's determination to strike back with whatever weapons the Old World can muster at the post-War supremacy of the United States, which ranges from motor cars to motion pictures.

Underneath Washington's intervention against what it calls 'arbitrary restrictions' which impede 'the freest possible interchange of films based solely on the quality of the product,' the irresistible forces of modern science are at work. The sweep of the 'talkies' over the motion picture world — literally the projection of the laboratory into international politics — opens fascinating new possibilities in the struggle for national domination of international markets. Everywhere under the sun, producers must start anew upon a basis of technical equality which gives an equal opportunity to all. Patents and licenses become the keys to national freedom. The world's frontiers of language, which scarcely existed for ordinary moving pictures, once more become national bulwarks. A new era of babel threatens Hollywood.



Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE CALF OF GOLD REPLACES THE EASTER LAMB

THE SILK-HATTED FIGURE on the right represents Mr. J. P. Morgan urging the nations of the earth to bow down and worship the World Bank proposed by the Paris Conference of Experts.

Can it be that the influence of Charlie Chaplin on the teeming millions of Asia is to flicker out in a night? Will Clara Bow no longer establish the *mores* of mid-European flappers? Will that galaxy of foreign stars which ranges from Greta Garbo to Conrad Veidt and which made the world so bitter against Hollywood's 'Americanisms' now dissipate into national stellar constellations and leave a cosmic void, as Emil Jannings and the rest go 'back home'?

The full tragedy of Hollywood's abdication of its rôle of arbiter of the film world is hard to realize. The triumphant sweep of its silent story of Oxford 'bags,' plus fours, horn-rimmed spectacles, and rococo bathrooms replete with concealed plumbing carried the lesson of sartorial perfection, life extension by preventive medicine, and the material basis of modern civilization, to the farthest corners of the earth. This particular form of propaganda, issuing from a motion picture projector on jungle's edge or within igloo's shadow, has lost its preëminence. But nationalism in entertainment, through politics or patent rights, still will have its say.

A GOOD DEAL OF MISunderstanding has been created on both sides of the Atlantic by a recent French administrative order requiring every traveler landing in France from England to produce a certificate, duly indorsed by a qualified medical practitioner, showing that he has been vaccinated within two months of his landing. This order was due to an outbreak of smallpox on a British liner which arrived at Marseille from India. The order was further based on the fact that for several months two hundred and fifty cases of 'smallpox' a week have been reported in England and Wales. As vaccination is not compulsory

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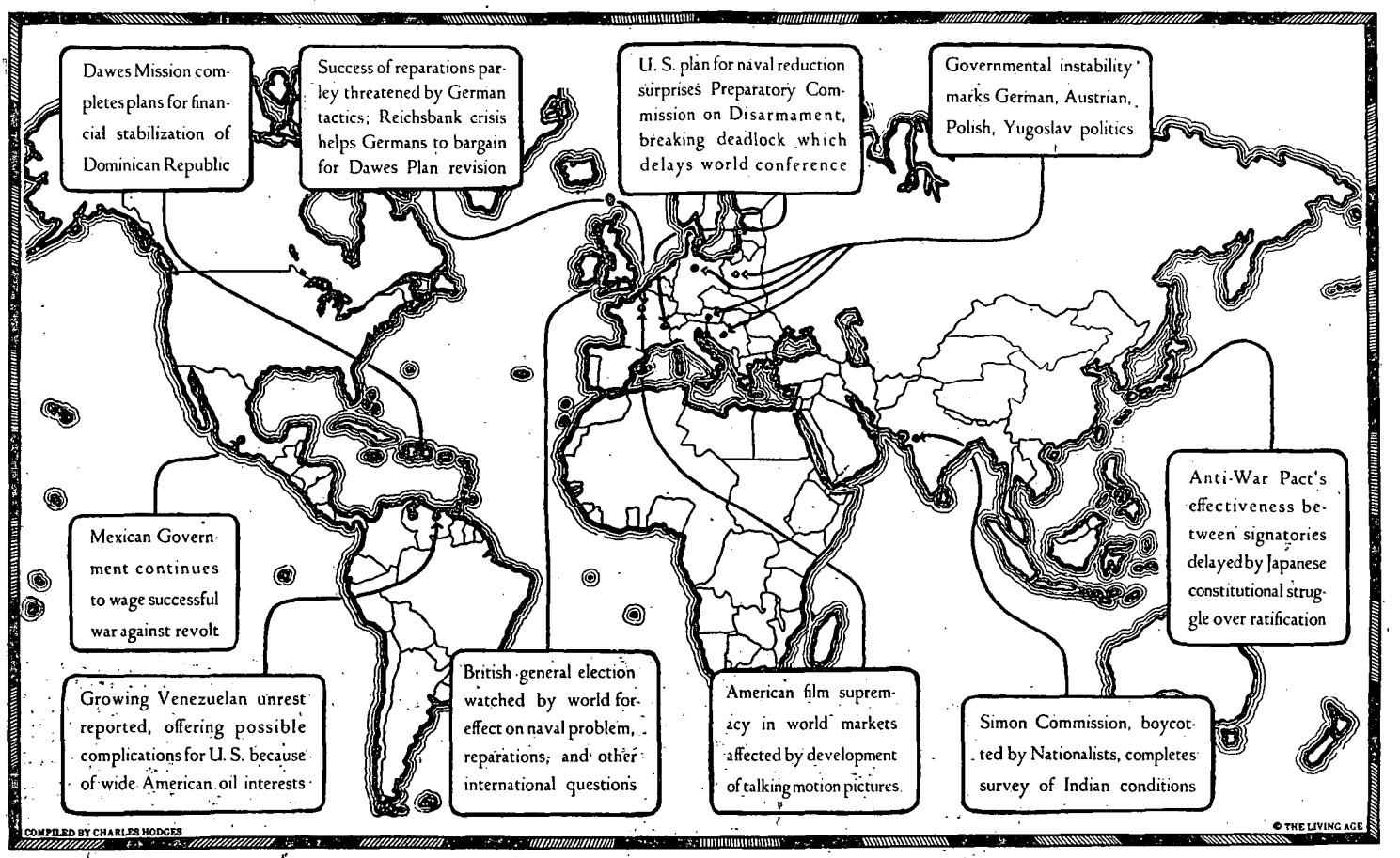
Dawes Mission completes plans for financial stabilization of Dominican Republic
Success of reparations parley threatened by German tactics; Reichsbank crisis helps Germans to bargain for Dawes Plan revision
U. S. plan for naval reduction surprises Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, breaking deadlock which delays world conference
Governmental instability marks German, Austrian, Polish, Yugoslav politics
Anti-War Pact's effectiveness between signatories delayed by Japanese constitutional struggle over ratification
Mexican Government continues to wage successful war against revolt
Growing Venezuelan unrest reported, offering possible complications for U. S. because of wide American oil interests
British general election watched by world for effect on naval problem, reparations, and other international questions
American film supremacy in world markets affected by development of talking motion pictures
Simon Commission, boycotted by Nationalists, completes survey of Indian conditions
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

in England and is compulsory in France, the order was designed to safeguard the French people against infection from England.

Shortly after the order was promulgated, the British Ambassador in Paris protested. The order was rescinded, and the whole matter will be carefully investigated by a joint meeting of the British and French health authorities.

It has meanwhile transpired that the two hundred and fifty cases a week of 'smallpox' reported in England and Wales are not cases of the virulent disease so generally dreaded, but rather of a very mild form of smallpox, that has been so named chiefly for vaccination-propaganda purposes. The death rate in these cases is no higher than that of the healthy population as a whole. Travelers need hence have no fear of smallpox in England, although under any circumstances it is always wise to be vaccinated before traveling.

Doubtless the French and British health authorities will come to some mutual understanding which will be both in conformity with wise standards of health and satisfactory to the traveling public of the world. The whole incident will be another instance, however minor, of the modern desire to treat international problems by sane coöperation.

THE COMMISSION APPOINTED by the British Parliament to investigate conditions in India with a view to constitutional reform has completed its hearings and embarked for home. By the time the Imperial Parliament is ready to act in this matter, the General Elections will have been completed and a new Government may be in power; it is thus impossible to say what action will be taken. Even if the Conservative Government should continue after the elections, there is no real indication of the line of action it would take.

It is certain, however, that the Simon Commission's report will lead to great changes in the Government of India. Sir John Simon has insisted that the recent nationalist bomb outrages and obstruction tactics shall in no way influence the findings of the Commission. These findings will doubtless be tremendously complex: some arrangement must be made whereby a largely illiterate population can be at least partially satisfied and granted some measure of self-government. At the same time, the positions of about 250 native states, at present 'allied' with Great Britain, and of about 350 more small native estates, also 'allied' with England, must be equitably readjusted in relation to the rest of the great peninsula. Such a task is fit only for a constitutional Hercules, or commission of Herculeses.

When it is remembered that it required six years for the American States to frame a constitution for themselves, which was, relatively, an easier task, it can readily be understood that the British Parliament has before it a long and thankless piece of work.

JAPAN'S DEBATE OVER THE ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact, to those who read as they run, may seem a transpacific tempest in a teapot. To the fourteen other signatories of the document renouncing war, Japan's constitutional scruples mean an embarrassing postponement of the moment when the treaty legally takes effect. But, to the Japanese public, there is an issue of real popular significance in the controversy over whether or not ratification 'in the name of the people' breaks down the

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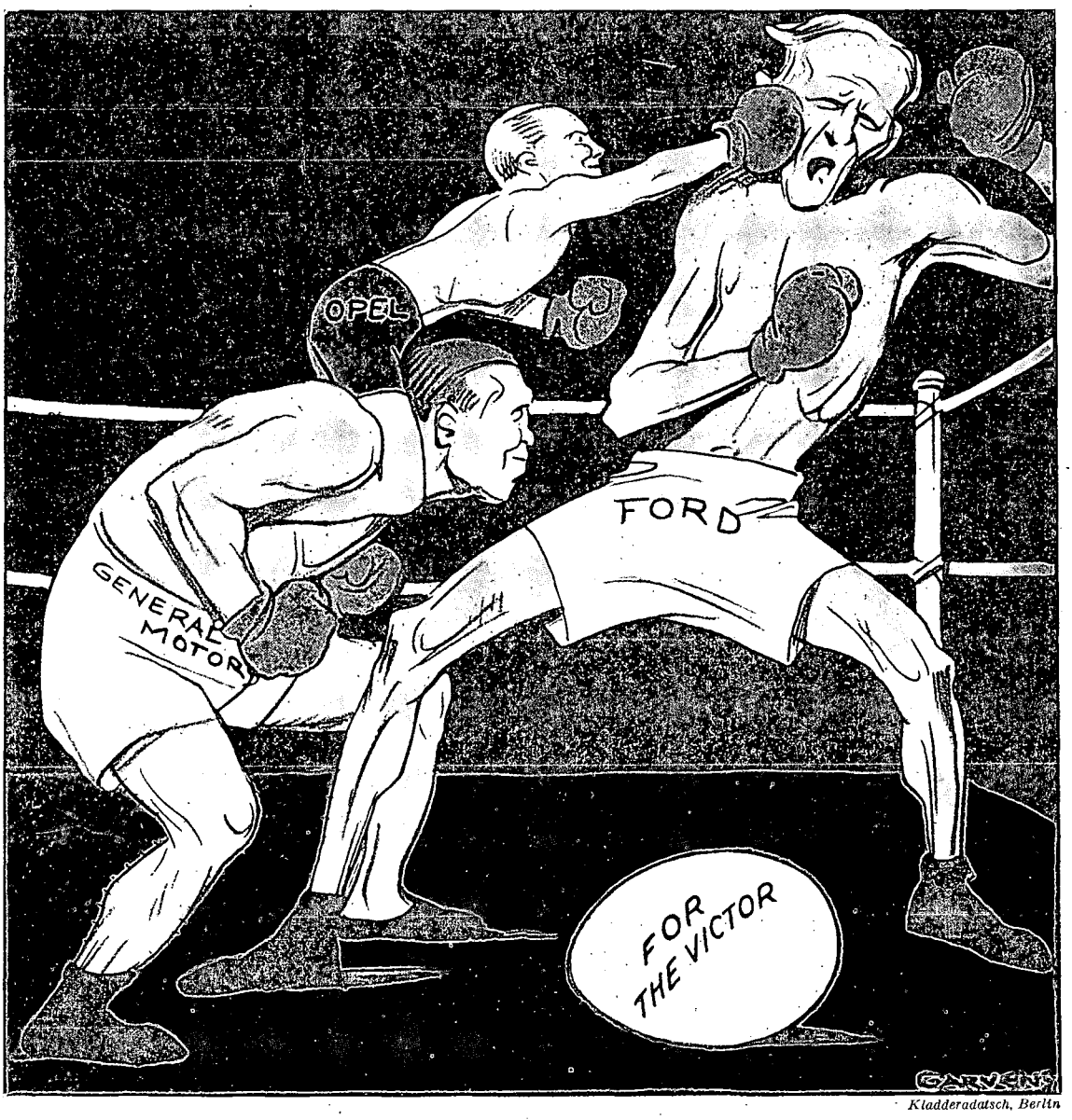
jealous guard which conservative statesmen have long maintained over the prerogatives of the Emperor of Japan. For, behind its façade of Western institutions, the Mikado's Land remains a thoroughly Oriental nation; and it was only a few months ago that stringent rules were passed against 'dangerous [anti-monarchical] thoughts,' and membership in a society whose object is a change in form of government was made a capital offense.

The Imperial Diet closed without the Opposition's being able to make good its threat to upset the Tanaka Government, since treaties are not submitted to the popular chamber of the legislature. But the constitutional dispute over the Kellogg Pact has not been ended; it has only been transferred to the Privy Council. It is the duty of this body, to which the Cabinet refers matters of state, to advise the Emperor on his course of action; and these conservators of Mikadoism have seized upon the opportunity presented by the ambiguous phrasing of the treaty to administer a warning against the Prime Minister's carelessness in foreign affairs. The majority of the Privy Council have inclined to the view that the Government was remiss in permitting the Anti-War Pact to provide for ratification 'in the name of their respective peoples' when the Japanese Emperor has the sole power of declaring war, making peace, and concluding treaties, solely in his own right and without reference to the popular will.

Imitating the methods of the United States Senate, these Japanese sticklers for etiquette and rigid observance of the prerogatives of royalty believe that Japan should insist upon a reservation making clear the supreme potency of her Imperial ruler. But this patriotic emotion, expressed in a way so easily understandable by Americans in spite of the difference in Eastern and Western ideas of political sovereignty, has delayed the coming into force of the Kellogg Treaty, upon which the nations of the world are predicating the new diplomacy of armament reduction and peace.

GENERAL CHARLES G. DAWES, who left the vice-presidency on March 4th knowing that he would probably go to London as American Ambassador in the latter part of May, could not face even a three months' interim of inactivity between the two offices. President Vasquez of the Dominican Republic had asked him, as a private citizen, to come and straighten out the finances of that Caribbean nation. General Dawes accepted — and is already back in the United States again after a whirlwind visit during which he and a commission of private American citizens of his own choosing examined the accounts of the Dominican Government, drew up a balance sheet, set up a model budget and accounting system, and recommended economies that, if they could not wipe out, would at least diminish considerably the four-million-dollar deficit that faces the country.

Twenty-five years ago, foreign creditors of the Dominican Government became so insistent upon collecting long overdue payments that, to forestall armed intervention in this hemisphere by European nations, the United States stepped in, took control of Dominican customs collections, and signed a treaty with the Republic by which the Dominicans agreed to contract no further foreign loans without the consent of the American State Department. This move has effectually cared for external obligations. Internal debts were another matter.



Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE 'BATTLE OF THE CENTURY'

FOR GERMANY'S MOTOR MARKET. A German view of the struggle between the Ford interests and General Motors, which has just purchased a majority interest in the German Opel Company.

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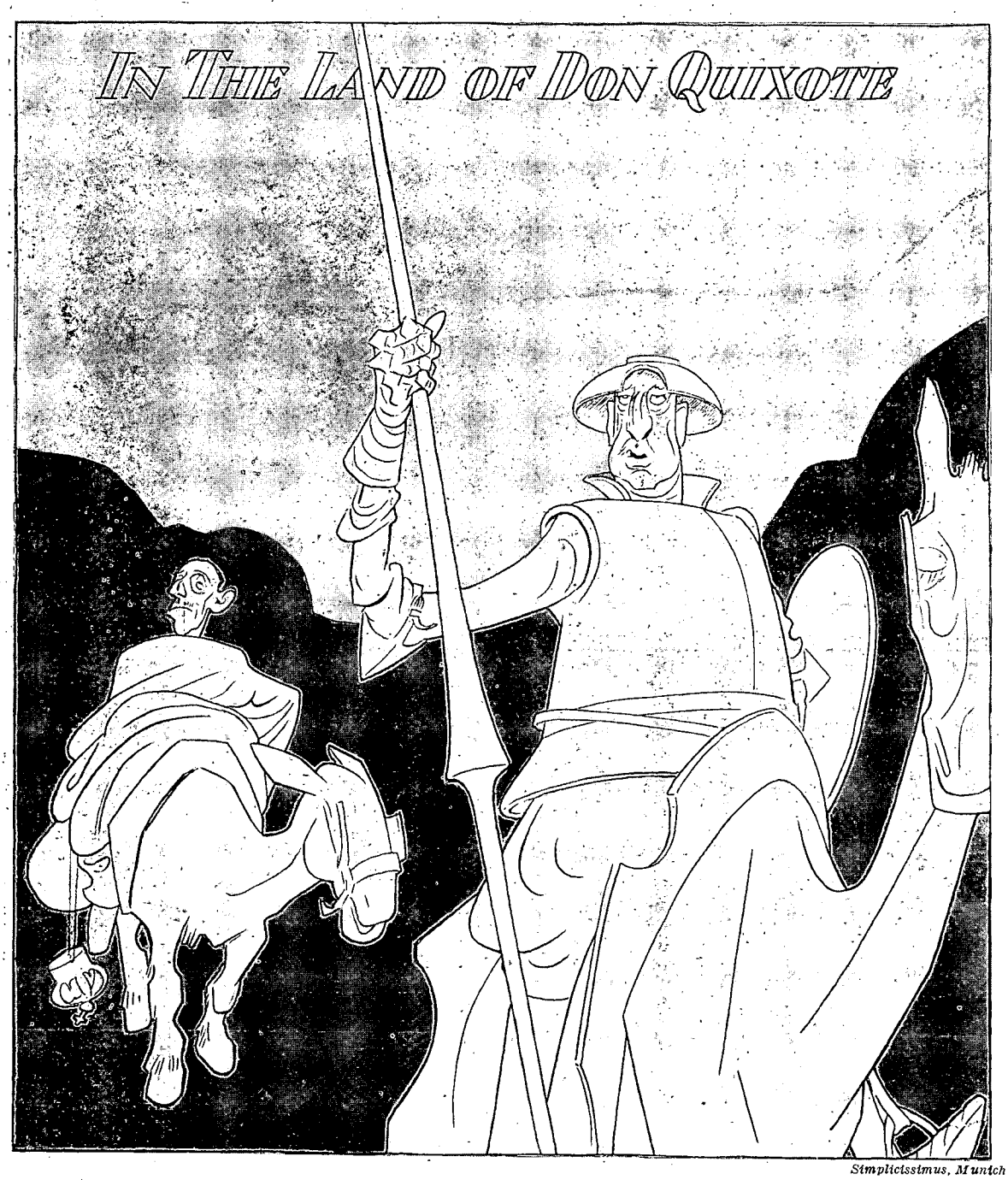
President Vasquez, who has been in office since 1924, when the last United States Marines left the country, could not free himself from the time-honored patronage system, and ended with a deficit of alarming proportions. Since he plans to run for office again in 1930, he was worried; and his personal desire to clear up the finances of the Republic was seconded by 250,000 merchants in Santo Domingo, the capital, who petitioned him two years ago to request foreign experts to examine the country's finances, recommend economies, and put the government on a business basis.

Into the disorder in Santo Domingo stepped General Dawes, 'with the quick smile of a man who understands the workings of an adding machine'—a modern American stamping about the oldest city founded in the New World by the Old. He knew no Spanish, and he didn't care; all he wanted was the figures. For that matter, his only language difficulty was in trying to make the Dominicans understand the difference between 'appropriation' and 'expenditure'—the two terms being practically synonymous in Dominican tradition.

He at once surprised and pleased all parties. Newspaper editors, who recognized only one way of curing a nation's financial ills, called on him to ask how large the loan would be. 'Economy does not mean another loan,' replied the American bluntly. 'It is what makes loans unnecessary.' The Opposition, hoping that he would hold the financial record of the Vasquez Government up to shame, planned to use his report as their principal campaign document; Dawes limited himself to recommendations for the future. Vasquez himself felt that his initiative in seeking a budget system and the publicity which the little country had gained through the visit of an American statesman of General Dawes's calibre would assure him of success at the coming elections; Dawes left him with the unenviable task of cutting current appropriations from some four and a half million dollars to only seven hundred thousand. But everyone agreed that Señor Dawes had done a good job, however bitter his medicine might be, and that he was a great man—'an ultra-American,' said one Dominican publicist, 'who might have been born by spontaneous generation out of the soil of his country, from the top of a skyscraper, or from inside a portable typewriter!'



Simplicissimus, Munich

DON QUIXOTE RIDES AGAIN

PRIMO DE RIVERA, DICTATOR OF SPAIN, in the guise of Don Quixote, is followed by his King, Alfonso XIII, as Sancho Panza, humbly mounted on a mule.

THE REVOLUTION which seems to be brewing in Venezuela, where opponents of President Juan Vicente Gomez, who has maintained himself as virtual dictator of the country for the last twenty-one years and has just been reëlected for another seven-year term, are sputtering from the direction of the Colombian frontier, has assumed only the haziest outlines in foreign observers' eyes. President Gomez, in a signed article written for the Associated Press, has quite understandably denied that there is any disturbance whatever, and has painted a picture of idyllic peace within the Republic. But this has not prevented him from taking a leaf from the Mexican counter-revo-

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lutionary book and importing a half dozen fighting airplanes, together with French aviators to man them; nor does it explain why he conscripted some four thousand men from the larger cities for his army during the first three months of the year. His opponents, too, seem real enough. One is General Perez Soto, Governor of the great oil-producing province of Zulia — a German-trained army officer reputed to be the second strongest man in the country. The other is General Aravelo Cedeno, a firebrand formerly exiled to Colombia, who has gathered some thousand irregular troops together and is reported to be planning a march on Caracas, the Venezuelan capital.

Thus far the only American loss has been suffered by the Manhattan Opera Company, which was playing in Valencia and Caracas at the time when President Gomez was conscripting his four thousand fresh troops. The conscription was effected by placing soldiers at the exits of theatres to select stalwart youths for service as they came out after the show was over. The result was that theatre crowds dwindled almost to nothing, the streets of Caracas were deserted after nine in the evening, and the Manhattan Opera Company took a loss of $20,000!

Kladderadatsch, Berlin

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE PLEADS FOR GERMAN TRADE

DISGUISED AS AN ANGEL of peace, the foreign exporter urges Germany to buy his wares.

A NEWS ITEM which recently appeared in the *Peking Leader*, ordinarily a trustworthy journal, offers the most striking possible commentary on the wretched condition into which months of intermittent civil war have thrown the people of inner China.

A large Mongol dog infected with hydrophobia raced through the streets of Saratsi, in inner Suiyuan province, a few days ago. The animal finally was slain, and the body taken in charge by a mission organization for disposal.

But throughout that day a steady stream of famine and destitution victims stopped at the association, pleading that they be given the animal for food.

Such a scene gives point to the appeals for help which come to the people of the United States from recognized charitable institutions in the Far East.

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Disarming a World at Peace

The Atmosphere of Pessimism at Geneva Is Broken by Mr. Gibson's American Proposals

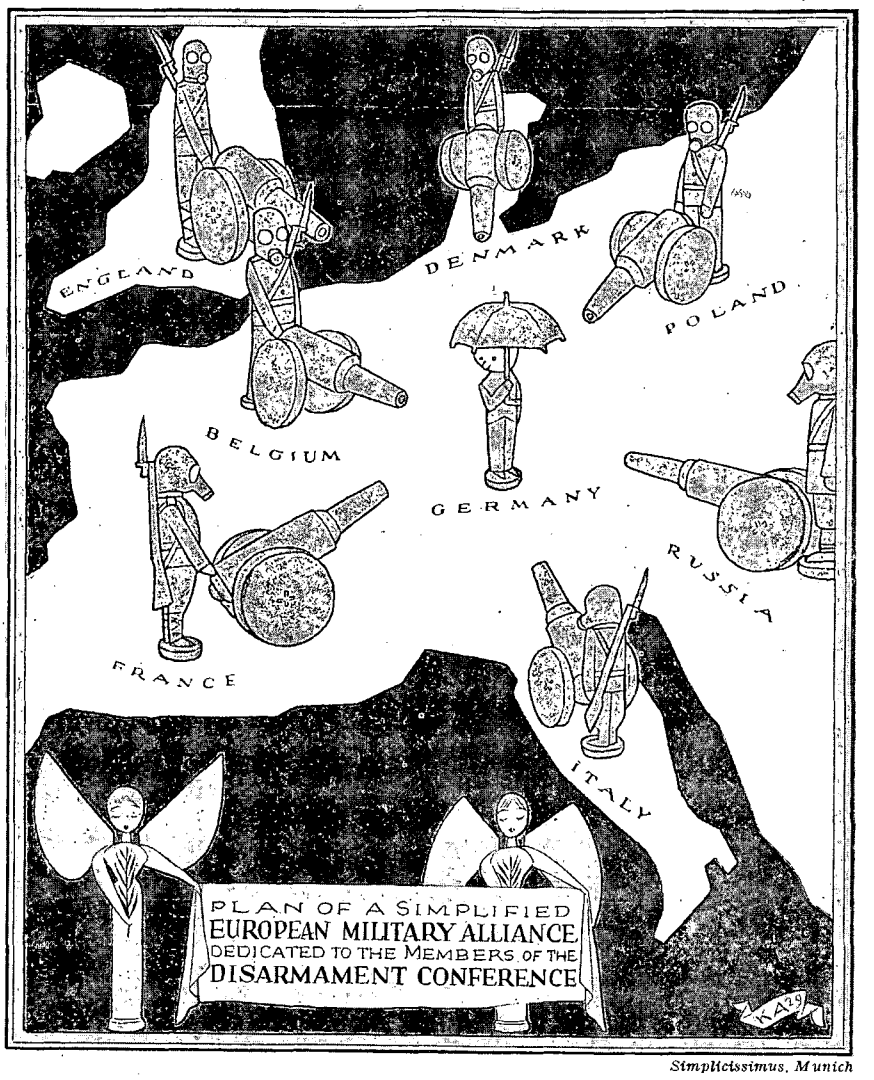
THERE is little wonder that, when the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference assembled once again at Geneva, mixed sentiments prevailed among the delegates. The President of the Commission, Loudon of Holland, pointed to the thousands of petitions baled up behind his chair, representing the demands of the peoples of the world that statesmanship move forward on the disarmament question. But in spite of this popular cry for peace when there was no peace, the obvious embarrassment in official circles pointed to the fact that, in view of the political situation, nothing but further delay was ahead.

The opening developments, indeed, seemed to confirm the delegates' apparent hesitancy to manifest the slightest optimism. The line-up of the Powers, the unsolved technical problems, and the uncertain future all combined to create an atmosphere of perturbing impotence. The land Powers, discreetly covering up their own disputes over military questions, were vociferous in pointing out that nothing could be done further to reduce Europe's admittedly bloated military establishments until the naval Powers had come to an agreement among themselves. The naval Powers appeared still to be deadlocked over the crucial cruiser question. The Russians advanced in the face of these two orthodox alibis, Litvinov marshaling all the irritating insouciance of Moscow to denounce with fine irony the hopeless involvement of the capitalistic world in its panoply of defense. These expressions of proletarian idealism were strengthened by Germany's bellow at the general bad faith in the observance of the implied obligations of the Treaty of Versailles — that all nations reduce their armaments in view of the Reich's enforced sacrifice of freedom in defensive measures. These strident minority voices were able to count upon China and Turkey as allies in trouble-making. These latter nations also made forays against stolid respectability in armaments; and such tactics soon goaded the very British spokesman of Great Britain, Lord Cushendun, into scathing counter-attack. He acridly stated, for the benefit of the Russians, that what the Geneva meeting needed was 'a convention for the reduction and limitation of oratory.'

The Moscow delegation, pushing forward a modified arms plan which this time called for out-and-out fifty per cent armament reduction instead of complete disarmament throughout the world, was being beaten by the more conservative powers through evasion. The German delegation was giving unwanted publicity to land and air armaments. The plea for the temporary setting aside of the naval question was promptly tabled.

SUDDENLY, the views of the United States were dramatically projected upon the scene by Ambassador Gibson. Due credit must be given the American diplomats for manœuvring themselves into a position where they could speak with arresting effectiveness. The American delegation had played the part of silent observers of the sparring among the European Powers. News from Washington for weeks before this League meeting had minimized the likelihood of the United States' taking the initiative at Geneva, although it had made clear the sympathetic attitude of Washington toward any opening which might make constructive action possible. Indeed, the thesis seemed acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic that the British General Elections were the key to all action, since it was felt that little could be done until they were over, in view of the uncertain nature of promises obtained from a British Government which might disappear overnight. Geneva, hoping against hope that Ambassador Gibson and his associates had some panacea to offer, became tinged with deeper gloom as the familiar ground was manœuvred over again with each Power seeking not to be 'caught out' by world opinion.

The proceedings seemed perilously close to moribund, when the head of the American delegation took the floor and the atmosphere in a moment became electric. The Washington spokesman — for it became instantly obvious that Ambassador Gibson was expressing the sedulously worked out attitude of the



Simplicissimus, Munich

DISARMAMENT

A GERMAN CARTOONIST gives his interpretation of the Allies' plan of keeping the peace in Europe.

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Hoover Administration — revolutionized the whole armament problem. He promptly slew the *bête noire* of the Tri-Power Naval Conference of 1927, which left Britain and the United States sharply divided on sea power, by the tacit admission that the approach had to be changed. This deft circumventing of the major obstacle led him to state, with the bluntness conventionally expected of American diplomacy, that the world was wearied of talk about limitation — where limitation technically might be upward or downward — and that it demanded unmistakable reduction in armaments. He reminded Doubting Thomases among the Powers that the nations gathered together were now benefiting by the new psychology of peace set up by the Kellogg Anti-War Pact, which should be taken at its face value. He stole Russian thunder effectively in sounding his battle cry for action; and he reassured the friends of the League of Nations when he made it clear that the United States was willing to work through Geneva, without undue insistence upon conferences held apart from the League. He countered the Anglo-French naval accord, and presented the most concrete arms proposal promising successful reduction of naval strength since the Washington Conference itself. His slogan of 'equivalent naval values' presented a promising technique rather than a cut-and-dried formula which would be likely to be smothered in technical objections. Finally, his recognition that 'naval needs are relative' reassured many fearful Powers.

THIS sudden shift in the atmosphere of the conference speedily brought other countries into accord. The nations represented, carried on the crest of world sentiment, could scarcely fail to agree 'in principle' on the American proposals. But the process of hedging, needless to say, commenced speedily to manifest itself in certain quarters. Once again, the ability of the Americans to control the situation became clear; Ambassador Gibson remarked frankly that he presented no set of figures to be signed on the dotted line, but that he did offer a formula of peace upon which the admiralties of the world could labor until the expected autumn meeting at Geneva.

Herein lies the golden opportunity, created once again by the United States, or a renewed attack on the hydra-headed monster of armaments. The American proposition appears to be firmly enough entrenched to block attack; but at the same time the position taken by Washington seems to be flexible enough to conciliate the bitterly discordant elements which must be brought together before any lasting naval settlement can be accomplished. Hence the process of compromise between extremes appears to be closer to completion; the battle cry of 'reduction' replaces that of 'limitation'; the essential realization of a general cut in armaments becomes a concrete possibility; and the whole disarmament situation rests upon the psychology of peace.

FIRST fruits already are at hand. The changed attitude toward naval armaments has brought about a much more hopeful situation with regard to land armaments. The Americans, here again, have recognized boldly the basic obstacle to an agreement in this sphere among the nations of Continental Europe. The United States has accordingly abandoned her objection to the exclusion of 'trained reserves' from the military 'effectives' of a nation. This has given added momentum to efforts to settle a question of military power which primarily concerns the Old World.

Two precautions should be taken, however, by the friends of peace. One is clearly to recognize that the European nations, which are still far from any general feeling of security, are bent upon a conservative course in dealing with land armaments. The other is to realize that the door has been but reopened upon a naval settlement, and the threshold not yet crossed. Political questions, such as that of Germany's future after the reparations negotiations are concluded, can change once more the whole perspective. Even technical developments can raise a question over the future of armaments, as the furor over the new German cruiser indicates. These factors have yet to have their innings in the war against war which is now at last on a peace-time footing.

The British General Election

Lloyd George Comes Back to Lead the Liberal Party to New Prominence

ON MAY 30th there will be held in Great Britain the fourth general election since the fall of the Lloyd George coalition cabinet which had held over from the years of the Great War. Of the three elections held to date, two have been won by the Conservatives and one by a Labor-Liberal Coalition. All three of them have been three-party elections, as the present one is — a state of affairs which never before has existed since England has had parliamentary government.

Even the most daring political prophets are hesitating to forecast the results of the present election. The English political system, like that of the United States, is based on the supposition that in any given instance there will be only two main contenders for office. Each constituency returns only one member to Parliament, the candidate who polls the most votes. If, as at present, there are three powerful parties, with three candidates before the electorate in each constituency, it becomes evident that only a little more than a third of the voters in any area can return their man; and as a result the successful party may well be a minority party. For instance, the Conservative Government, which is just ending five years of power, has enjoyed a clear Parliamentary majority of two hundred, although it polled considerably less than half the votes cast in the election of 1924. And this year may grant a similar victory.

THE reason for this un-English situation is the continued existence of the Liberal Party, much to the annoyance of the Conservatives and Laborites, who have been prophesying for ten years now that Liberalism was about to die the death it richly deserved. But Mr. Lloyd George keeps bobbing up in the most unexpected ways. And Mr. Lloyd George controls a very large sum of money, which remained as a party fund from the palmy days when Liberalism was in continuous power. Money continues to be, as it always has been, one of the most reliable of political assets.

In 1924, the Liberals offered candidates for relatively few seats; even if every Liberal candidate had been elected, the Liberal Party would still have been in a minority in the House of Commons. This year, however, Mr. Lloyd George has bobbed up again with a tremendous programme of highway construction, which he insists will solve all the problems of unemployment from which Eng-

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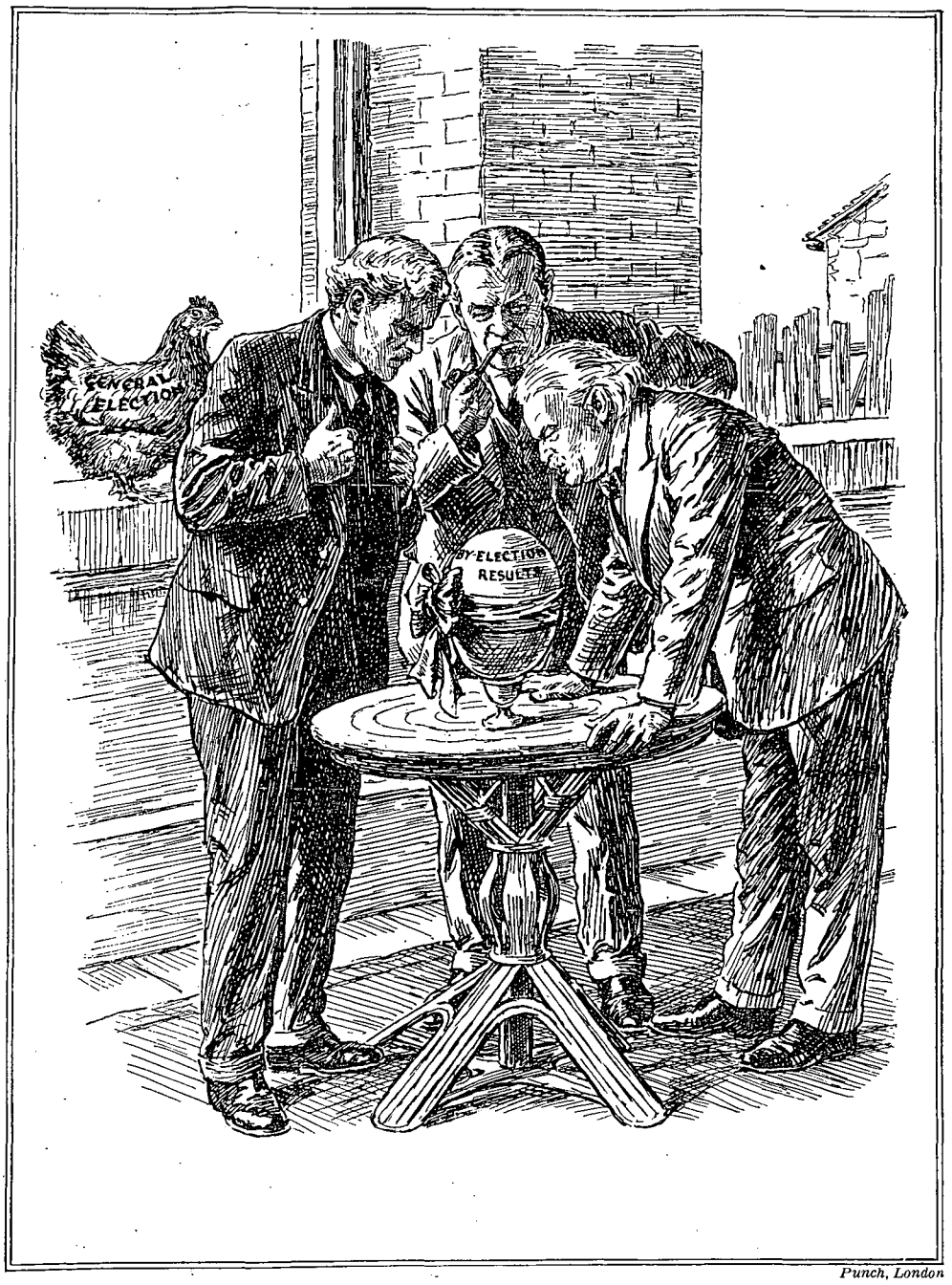
land has long suffered. He has put his candidates before the electors of virtually every constituency, he has organized a tremendously clever and efficient press support, and he is talking of a clear Liberal majority after May 30th.

ANOTHER confusing element in this year's election is the complexity of the economic issues over which the struggle is ostensibly being fought. Of course, the great run of British voters no more understand these issues than the great run of American voters understood the issues of Mr. Bryan's free silver campaigns in the United States thirty years ago. The results of the election will be determined far more by the temper of the British people, and that is an unknown quantity, especially since several million recently enfranchised young women will express themselves politically for the first time. But beneath a maze of talk about safeguarding, derating, broccoli, motor cycles, highway construction, and the prosperity of the pie industry, there lie the general attitudes of the three parties, which are at present almost entirely economic in expression.

BRITISH industry, especially heavy industry (coal, iron, transport, etc.) is in a bad way. There are, continuously, between one and two million unemployed persons in England, Scotland, and Wales. The question before the voters this spring is merely how this situation can best be remedied. The Conservatives desire a careful programme of thinly disguised tariff protection, careful government help to distressed industry, and economy in government expenditure.

The Liberals are for an extensive 'make-work' campaign, whereby English capital will be, through governmental agencies, invested in extensive public works, which will give employment to the idle and make the wheels of the distressed industries move more smoothly and efficiently. Finally, the Labor, or Socialist, Party wishes to effect a gradual redistribution of wealth, leading to the eventual creation of a mildly socialistic community. It would solve the immediate problem of unemployment by raising the age at which children can begin work and decreasing the age when retirement becomes compulsory. It would engage in far-reaching social measures in government. Doubtless that party will be most successful which best persuades the electorate that its policies form the most effective remedy for the present bad situation, although sheer luck may of course play an extremely large part.



Punch, London

'THE EASTER EGG'

'THE HEN: "That's not a real egg, gentlemen. You wait till I get to work. I'll show you the genuine article."' Hitherto, by-election results have been considered a fair indication of which party would win an ensuing general election. This year, because of unusual, three-party conditions in England, the recent by-elections seem to have no significance.

IN FOREIGN affairs, the three parties have only slightly different policies. All favor the League of Nations, although the Labor leaders attach more importance to the League than any of the others. Labor favors disarmament a little more than the Tories do. The Liberals are the party most friendly to the United States. But the election will not be fought on these grounds, and the British Foreign Office has a reputation for changing its policies very little with changes in government.

The election in the United States last fall was largely an expression of the opinion of the voters on what they considered the safest governmental policy to maintain American prosperity; the election in Great Britain this spring will be largely an expression of the opinion of British voters on what they consider the safest governmental policy to restore prosperity to the British Isles.

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Reparations: A Setback and a Compromise

Dr. Schacht's Manœuvre at the Paris Conference Threatens to Make Agreement Impossible

IN MAY the ominous moment arrived when the Paris Conference of supposedly impartial experts on reparations was divided into two factions — Allies and Germans, with the American spokesmen no longer standing precariously between the opposed groups. For this situation, one man can thank himself. The chief German spokesman, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, doubtless felt the hopelessness of bringing the amount which the Allies were willing to accept closer to the figure the Germans were willing to pay. He, too, sensed the alienation of the Americans as a consequence of his bargaining. He also realized that his course menaced European reconstruction seriously.

What had at first appeared to be clever German tactics to whittle down the Allied financial demands suddenly threatened to end negotiations entirely. Indeed, Schacht's amazing manœuvre seemed in many quarters to be directed against the very foundations upon which the Dawes Plan itself had been reared. To the world at large, the line of demarcation between readjustment and repudiation appeared to be on the point of disappearing.

The climax to the German campaign of evasion, so far as definite annuity figures were concerned, came when Chairman Young called upon the Reich delegation for a show down. This demand was emphasized by the British, French, Italian, and Belgian delegations who, after some two months of deliberation, presented a memorandum setting forth their minimum demands over a fifty-eight-year period. The sum represented heroic compromises among the Allies themselves, and was apparently reduced to the point where it represented the war debts which are owed the United States plus heavily reduced claims on the Reich for war damages.

IN PRESENTING the formal German counterproposition, Dr. Schacht suddenly deserted economics for politics. The dumbfounded experts heard the Reich delegate present figures which in themselves represented a crash of Allied hopes. For the German proposal was tantamount to assuming all the Allied debts to the United States on a thirty-seven-year basis; there was to be nothing left over for such things as war damages. But the *coup de grâce*, if such the Schacht move was designed to be, lay in the conditions with which the proposed payments were hedged. Herr Schacht blandly maintained that the sum was contingent upon an adjustment of circumstances to enable the Reich to bear the economic burden. That is, his 'Schedule A' offered guaranteed payments provided the economic and political demands of Germany were granted; while his 'Schedule B' became contingent upon favorable circumstances with a safeguarding clause against forced transfers which might jeopardize Germany's economic position. The other delegates felt themselves in the embarrassing position of being asked to revise the Treaty of Versailles.

What outraged the experts most was the interjection of political conditions under the guise of economics. A blunt statement of those demands which might be regarded as wholly political would be that Germany demanded colonial sources of raw materials essential to her industrial life; freer movement across the Polish Corridor into East Prussia; possession of the Saar Basin; readjustments in Upper Silesia; and more favorable tariff conditions for her trade. The *New York Times* presented the Paris picture in sharp focus: 'As they listened during the last two days to the German delegate, his European and American colleagues on the committee have been profoundly amazed at his attitude. They had imagined that they were dealing with a negotiator who meant business, like themselves. Instead they say they have discovered that they were dealing with an obstinate man with a narrow view of his responsibilities.'

The 'obstinate' Dr. Schacht refused to let go his grip on the parley, though he hastily covered up the political implications of his disastrous statement by laying renewed emphasis on their economic implications. The interruption of the proceedings caused by the dramatic passing of Lord Revelstoke gave some respite to the harassed delegates, who by this time retained little hope of a settlement. The world's money markets became anxious; capitals discussed the pressure that could be exerted on the Reich under a return to the Dawes Plan if the Paris Conference failed. But though for days at a time Dr. Schacht practically commuted between Paris and Berlin, neither conversations in the one capital nor discussions in the other could budge the deadlock. The best indication of the real perils of the situation lay in the manœuvring which began on each side to lay the blame for the expected break-up of the Conference on the other.

EVEN though Berlin assured the conference that Dr. Schacht's offer did not constitute an ultimatum, the unpleasant impression of the German foray into politics lingered. The tact of Owen D. Young was strained to the utmost. Every device to reconcile the extremes seemed useless. In virtual despair, the delegates began to draw up a final report to put on record the substantial progress which had been thus far made. Suddenly, the Reichsbank began to labor under the strain of the transatlantic drain on its gold reserves. Gold exports to the United States obliged the German central bank to raise its discount rate. European markets grew uneasy as charges were rife that the Germans again were resorting to the 'catastrophe finance' which marked the climax of the 1924 situation. Those inclining to this opinion believed that the Reichsbank move fitted into Schacht's diplomacy of financial terrorization. The way was being prepared, according to such observers, for the defense of the mark by recourse to the much discussed transfer clause which would prevent the Dawes Plan payments from being made actually available for creditors.

This darkest moment in a parley never marked by notable optimism was passed, through the Herculean efforts of the American experts. Dropping their detachment, Chairman Young and his associates sought to bring the Germans into line on a final compromise, while the Allies were induced once more to keep the possibility of settlement open.

The bare outline of what may become the 'Young Plan' covers three points. First, the American negotiations have brought the opposing sides close enough together, from the standpoint of the sums involved, to keep the parley alive. Secondly, the reduced annuities cover only the thirty-seven-year period so insistently demanded by Berlin. Thirdly, the Allied pressure for payment over a fifty-eight-year span has been eased by utilizing, over the disputed final twenty-one years, the profits which are expected from the operation of the international bank. These are to be credited to the account of Germany and used to pay the Allies.

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R. M. Shaw

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY SAMUEL WORCESTER ROWSE

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Swinburne and Emerson

Reminiscences of a Famous Literary Quarrel

By Coulson Kernahan

Author of *Celebrities* and *Six Famous Living Poets*

From the *National Review*, London

SWINBURNE had spoken of the death of a little child, known to all four of us present, the other two being Watts-Dunton and his sister, Miss Theresa Watts; and I had mentioned that I had brought with me, to read during my journey, a volume in which was a letter from Nathaniel Hawthorne on the subject of the death of a little child. It was written to Hawthorne's friend, George Stillman Hillard.

At mention of Hawthorne, Swinburne fidgeted uneasily in his chair. 'Oh, Hawthorne!' he said indifferently. 'Walter [Watts-Dunton] insists that he was unequaled in the sheer originality of his fiction by any writer of his time. I hold, on the contrary, that Poe was infinitely the greater artist — Hawthorne was only half an artist. But where's the book with the letter?'

'In the pocket of my greatcoat, which is hanging in the hall,' I replied.

'Get it, dear boy,' said Watts-Dunton, who had on other occasions, when I was present, stubbornly defended Hawthorne against Swinburne; and perhaps hoped to find support for his views in the volume.

When I returned, Swinburne, with the glitter of the fray in his eyes, as of one who looked to annihilate an opponent, and perhaps to pour scorn on the letter, extended his hand for the book. I think he intended to read the letter, perhaps mockingly, aloud, as I had heard him sometimes read aloud 'effusions' concerning which he and Watts-Dunton differed.

The passage (I had marked it in pencil) to which I pointed him was, however, so short that one, quick, birdlike glance sufficed. Hillard, to whom Hawthorne was writing, had just lost a child at the time when their friend, Longfellow, was expecting to become a father. Here is the marked passage: 'It is a pity,' wrote Hawthorne, 'that any mortal should go out of life without experiencing what gives life its reality (fatherhood or motherhood); and next to a child on earth, it is good to have a child in heaven.'

Metropolitan Museum of Art

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

Swinburne, the mockery and the malice gone from his face, made no comment, but laid the book softly on the table beside him, and sat for what seemed to me a long time in silence, and with brooding, moisture-blurred eyes. Manifestly, he was moved.

I WAS once asked whether he was ever in love — to reply, 'Yes, and always.' To his life's end he was in love with love — in the abstract. A supremely beautiful woman was, in his eyes, a goddess, love personified, and the possible object of love; but only with one woman — *the* woman — was he ever truly in love.

It happened when he was at an impressionable age, twenty-four or twenty-five, and he believed that his love was returned — to suffer the bitterness and the humiliation of finding that he was mistaken.

There I leave it — the love story — but recalling the emotion with which he had read the passage from Hawthorne's letter; recalling how yearningly, passionately, and poignantly some childless men — the names of Charles Lamb and R. L. Stevenson will occur to everyone — have written of children; and recalling Oliver Wendell Holmes's saying that until a man knows what it means to have a little child look up in his face and say 'Father,' that man has not only missed what is most wonderful in life, but has yet to develop some of the noblest and finest qualities of our common human nature — recalling all this, I asked myself at the time, and have

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asked myself since, whether some thought of what he had missed, some strange stirring of fatherhood within him, may not have been responsible for Swinburne's marked emotion. Again I say, as of his love story, 'There I leave it,' unless I add that that were the answer to the question I had put to myself, as I surmise therein may lie the explanation of the unusual and gentle forbearance with which, later on, Swinburne listened to my championship of a writer, the very mention of whose name was supposed to inflame his wrath. I refer to Emerson, concerning whom I am, by the kindness of my old friend, Mr. T. J. Wise, permitted to quote a passage from the privately printed *Catalogue of the Ashley Library*. In Mr. Wise's possession is a letter from Swinburne to Emerson, the history of which the late Sir Edmund Gosse tells in a contribution to Volume VII of the *Catalogue of the Ashley Library*.

'In the course of 1873,' writes Sir Edmund Gosse, 'Emerson and his daughter visited England and Egypt; it was to be his last excursion to Europe. He had scarcely returned to Concord when a blazing interview with him appeared in an American newspaper. This article caused a certain scandal, for in it Emerson was reported as animadverting with great severity upon several English contemporaries. Swinburne, in particular, was singled out for abuse of a singularly revolting kind. A copy of the American newspaper was sent to him, and he was exceedingly perturbed. He wrote to Emerson, expressing his conviction that the philosopher had been entirely misrepresented, and begging for a line of assurance to that effect. It was a courteous and reasonable letter, and it is a great pity that Emerson did not think proper to reply to it.

'Early in February, 1874, Swinburne, who had been spending the winter at Holmwood, came up to town for the day, and made an engagement with me to meet him. Soon after twelve o'clock we seated ourselves upon a bench in St. James's Park. It suddenly occurred to me to say, "Did you ever receive from Emerson an answer to your letter?" Swinburne had been very quiet and reasonable hitherto, neither raising his voice nor shaking his limbs, and my question was followed by such a complete silence that I turned to see whether he had heard it. His whole frame was quivering with a sort of anguish, his faded red curls were dancing under his broad felt hat, his eyes were fixed on the water while his hands leaped at his sides, but he made no sound. After a few moments he said, with considerable emphasis, "I did not." I then inquired, "You will take no more notice, I suppose?" He answered, "I have just taken exactly such notice as a gentleman in my position was bound to take. I have written him another letter."

'Alarmed at what this second letter might have contained, I rather feebly said, "I hope your language was quite moderate." Whereupon Swinburne, absolutely bounding with excitement, and in a voice so shrill that I glanced round with satisfaction to perceive that nobody was near us, shrieked out, "Perfectly moderate. I merely informed him, in language of the strictest reserve, that he was a hoary-headed and toothless baboon, who, first lifted into notice on the shoulder of Carlyle, now spits and splutters from a filthier platform of his own fouling. That is all I've said."'

RESPECT for the great man to whom this deplorable and unpardonable letter was written, as well as affection and respect for the great poet by whom the letter was penned, would have prevented me from printing it here, did I not feel sure that one day it will be unearthed and made public. The *Catalogue of the Ashley Library* is unobtainable, my set of the various volumes being the gift to me of my generous friend, Mr. Wise. But two hundred copies were printed for private circulation, and sooner or later one of them will fall into the hands of someone with no such feeling as I have toward Emerson and Swinburne, and that someone will not scruple to make public so extraordinary a document. That is why I, who can append something which I like to think of as a happy sequel to the history of this unhappy quarrel, print the letter here. Otherwise, it might be made public when I am dead and can say no word of explanation, if not of defense, of the writer. The Swinburne of those days, the 'seventies, was a very different being from the Swinburne whom I knew in the 'nineties and onward. Of Swinburne in the 'seventies, his biographer, Sir Edmund Gosse, says that there was 'much that was distressing and even alarming in his habits,' but that, of those habits, the most alarming was excess in the use, or abuse, of alcohol, which is now such common knowledge that one need have no hesitation in referring to it. 'This was the most painful portion of his career,' continues Sir Edmund Gosse, 'during which he suffered from alternations of boisterous excitement, which his few faithful friends were unable to repress, and of dark melancholia which they were powerless to dispel.'

That a man of supreme genius, as Swinburne was, should have a constitutional weakness for tendency to alcoholic excess calls for our pity and sorrow. That, later on, the weakness was nobly combated and wholly overcome calls for our honor and respect, as well as for our gratitude to the one faithful friend of all others, Watts-Dunton, to whose chivalrous and selfless devotion Swinburne's salvation from drink was due.

I RETURN to my conversation with Swinburne on the subject of contemporary poets who have written on the death of little children. The names mentioned were, so far as I remember, Mr. Kipling ('The dead child lay in the shroud'), H. D. Lowry ('To W. V.,' which appears now at the end of the little book, *In Memory of W. V.*, by her poet-father, the late William Canton), T. E. Brown, Katharine Tynan, George Barlow, Mrs. S. B. Piatt, Austin Dobson, and Roden Noel, of whose poem, 'A Little Child's Monument,' Watts-Dunton reminded us, and, turning to me, said, 'You know Noel, Kernahan. Is it true that he's a relation of Byron's?' I replied that I knew Noel to be the son of the Earl of Gainsborough, his mother being the daughter of the Earl of Roden, hence his Christian name, but where the Byron connection came in I did not know. Noel was detested by Swinburne, because the former was an intimate friend of Robert Buchanan, the writer of the attack upon Rossetti, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, under a pseudonym.

'A relation of Byron's,' Swinburne exclaimed. 'Intellectually, a "poor," very poor relation, a Baby-Byron, a Booby-Byron, if you like.' Then, 'We are forgetting Emerson, who also wrote a poem on the subject,' I interpolated.

'A poem!' Swinburne shrilled. 'You call work of his a "poem!" I assert positively that not as a young man, nor as a middle-aged man, nor when he was doddering down to the grave in abject senility did Mr. Emerson pen a line of verse that was not the vilest doggerel.'

THE allusion to Emerson in old age was, I suspect, made with something I had previously told Swinburne in his mind. The late Louise Chandler Moulton, who told me the incident, was a friend of Longfellow's, and was present at his funeral. So, though then near his own end, was Emerson, who survived Longfellow only by a month and three days. After the coffin had been lowered, Emerson said to Mrs. Moulton: 'Louise, my dear, I am an old man, very feeble, and unsteady on my legs. Will you give me your arm to the graveside?'

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This was done, and as the aged Emerson, the tears running down his cheeks, looked long and longingly at what lay below, he said: 'There lies one who was my dear friend for many, many years. I loved him as a brother, but alas! my memory so fails me, that, if my life depended upon my doing so, I could not tell you his name.'

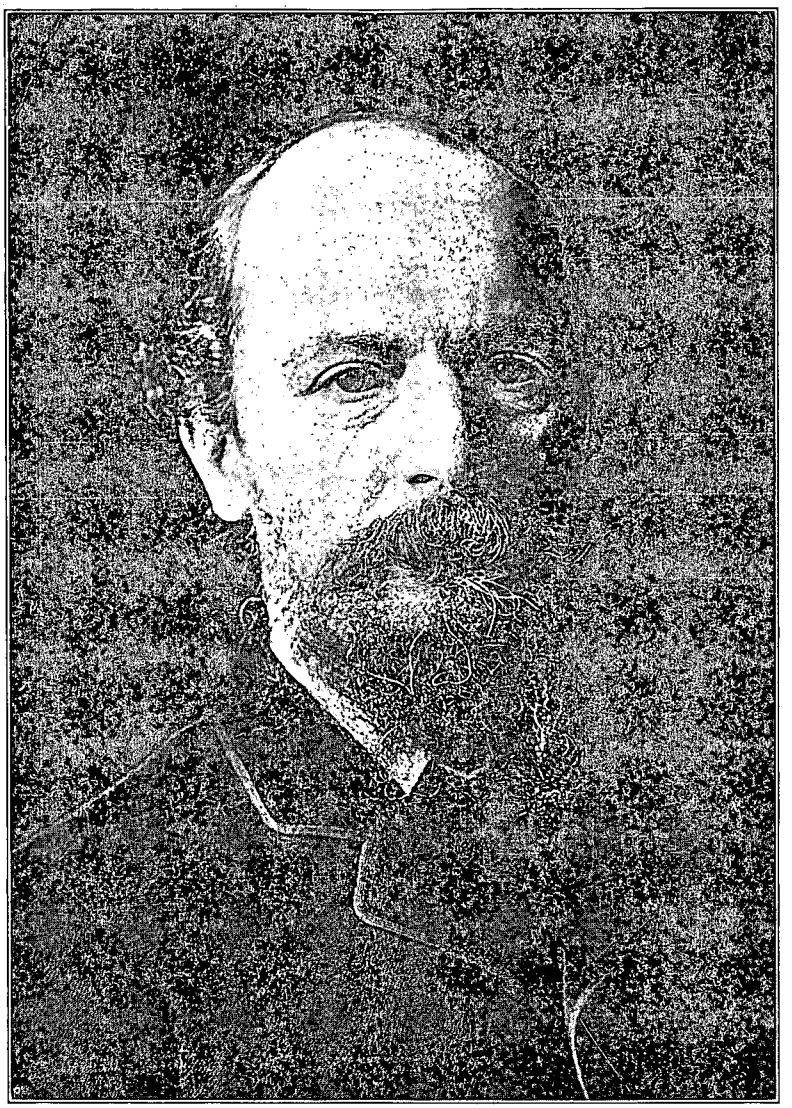
When Mrs. Moulton told me this, the only other person present, a woman, tittered, and remarked, 'How funny to attend a funeral, not knowing whose funeral it was!' '"Funny" is not the word I should use about the failure of memory — singular as it was in such circumstances — of so great a man as my friend, Mr. Emerson,' was Mrs. Moulton's rebuke.

When I told Swinburne the story, as well as the comment, 'How funny!' and Mrs. Moulton's reply, he flung out both hands, not merely deprecatingly, but helplessly, almost agitatedly, as if pained. Then, with a bird-quick movement, perhaps lest I should see his face, he suddenly turned his back upon me, to busy himself (I thought aimlessly) with some papers upon a side table.

I think, as I have said, that what I had then told him was in Swinburne's mind, when he spoke of Emerson's 'senility,' but perhaps, in recalling the incident, another aspect of it occurred to him. Perhaps he was saying to himself: 'He was no poet, this man. He wrote the vilest doggerel. But, poetry apart, and his enemy as I came to be, and he mine, Emerson's had been a noble intellect. Oh, the pity of it that so great a brain, once "the sieve for noble words," should come to be as a sieve through which that which he wished to remember ran like water! God keep me, in my old age, from anything so pitiful and so tragic!' That he was so thinking is, of course, only surmise on my part. But if the surmise be correct, that may explain — I do not say Swinburne's 'change of front,' though change his front he could on occasion, execrating someone he had before extolled, as in the case of W. Bell Scott — but the restraint and the forbearance with which he listened to what I said, later, in defense of Emerson.

WHEN Swinburne said that Emerson penned 'only the vilest doggerel,' my reply was, 'He did, indeed, pen some vile doggerel, as witness such execrable stuff as this: —

> Hear you, then, celestial fellows!
> Fits not to be overzealous;
> Steads not to work on the clean jump,
> Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump.



Brown Brothers

SWINBURNE IN MIDDLE AGE

THIS PHOTOGRAPH shows the poet as he was when Mr. Kernahan had the conversations with him which are reported in the accompanying article.

There was a groan, as of one in bodily pain, from Watts-Dunton, who took poetry very seriously, disapproved of light talk about it, and was, for a reason which will appear soon, frowning portentously at me.

Of Swinburne's temperamental — I should diagnose it as pathological — intense nervous excitability much has been written. Sir Edmund Gosse tells us that he has known him to 'quiver with irritability at the receipt of even a business letter.' He was thus quivering when I ended the doggerel which seemed not only beyond question to prove his case against Emerson, but also to show the poet's robe, which a pretender had assumed, torn from that pretender's shoulders, to reveal him tricked out in his true garb as the veriest of clowns.

With a whoop which I can liken only to the war whoop of an Indian brave, Swinburne leaped, literally, a foot or more into the air. I remember thinking at the time that had he actually been an Indian brave, and had Emerson been another Indian brave, of an enemy tribe — the next moment would have seen Emerson's scalp dangling from Swinburne's waist.

Then the much perturbed Watts-Dunton intervened: 'Come along, Algernon. Come along, Kernahan. I should have thought that, after your walk, on a morning like this, with such a nip in the air, you'd both be ravenously hungry. Lunch is served. Theresa [his sister] won't be pleased if you let it go cold. I rather fancy there's roast duck, stuffed with sage and onions, so let's leave the other Sage — he of Concord — undiscussed, and discuss instead what's waiting in the dining-room.' And to the dining-room we adjourned.

Swinburne was now in high good humor, not at his friend's somewhat forced and heavy attempt at facetiousness, but because the walk had edged his appetite and given tang and bite to the one bottle of Bass which, in those days, he never exceeded. That he was pleased, too, to have added to his quiver, for use when next he drew bow at his ancient enemy, so barbed a shaft as the doggerel I had just quoted, was evident, for he asked me to repeat it, which I did.

'Where did you dredge the oyster which provided so perfect, so priceless, so unparalleled a pearl of pure poetry?' he asked alliteratively. 'For even had an Emerson conceived and spawned, between the two shells of his brain, anything so awful, he would surely have made haste, secretly, to burn or to bury,

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out of human sight, so monstrous a still-born birth. The horror has never been published, of course?'

'It has,' was my reply, 'for it is from *Alphonso of Castille*, which you will find in all his Collected Works, and in all separately published volumes of his verse. But when you say that he penned only the vilest doggerel — it is that "only" which I have in mind — I venture with the greatest diffidence, and with the utmost respect for so authoritative a judgment as yours, to demur. Am I right in thinking that you have not opened any volume of verse by Emerson for many years?'

Here Watts-Dunton, who was still frowning portentously, whispered: 'For God's sake, dear boy, don't say another word about Emerson! Don't you know that Emerson said the most insulting things about him, in what purported to be an interview? That Algernon wrote him, saying that he did not believe that Emerson said what was imputed to him, and that Emerson, God knows why, hadn't the grace to reply? But since then Algernon is implacable about Emerson, whom he thinks of as having been his bitter enemy. Haven't you noticed that, during all these years that you have visited here, the name of Emerson has never so much as been mentioned?'

OF ALL this I had not till then heard a word, nor had I noticed that Emerson's name was never mentioned at The Pines. Why should I? One remembers, and wishes to remember, what such a man as Swinburne said about his contemporaries, or, indeed, about any eminent writer; but one does not mentally catalogue those contemporaries, to put a 'tick' against any name which Watts-Dunton and Swinburne never mentioned. Certain names, Robert Buchanan, for instance, were known to me as taboo; and Dr. A. Compton-Rickett mentions yet another instance in his *Letters of A. C. Swinburne:* —

'A visitor had just let fall some remark about Hazlitt's critical work, and Swinburne's face assumed an expression of frozen anger.

'"We don't mention Hazlitt's name here," said Watts-Dunton in a hurried whisper, as if reference had been made to an objectionable neighbor. "Neither I nor Swinburne care to talk about him, on account of his abominable treatment of Coleridge."' Much as I loved Watts-Dunton, greatly as I revered Swinburne, such instances of the smallness of great minds — giving little minds, as R. L. Stevenson said, a chance to sneer at their betters — reminded me of *Alice in Wonderland.*

'"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily [to the Mouse], afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. "I quite forgot you didn't like cats. . . . We won't talk about her any more, if you'd rather not."'

And if not in *Alice in Wonderland*, at least in an unreal and 'Algernon-in-Wonderland' world, one seemed to find oneself within The Pines; sometimes one felt as if those living there had lunched on such a cake as that marked 'Eat me', in *Alice in Wonderland.* After eating it, Alice found herself 'opening out like the largest telescope that ever was.' At such times Swinburne and Watts-Dunton loomed before me, giant-size. But other times there were, when they might have sipped at the bottle which, in *Alice in Wonderland*, was labeled 'Drink me,' and then, if only for the time being, Swinburne and Watts-Dunton seemed to have dwindled to corresponding smallness.

IN HIS great work on Swinburne, Sir Edmund Gosse quotes (page 246) published words of mine (*London Quarterly Review*, January, 1910) about the poet, and Sir Edmund remarks that they are by 'an acute and indulgent observer.' Whether indulgent or not, an observer I may claim to be, and I was positive that, deaf though Swinburne was, and though Watts-Dunton's words to me were whispered, the former knew very well that I was being warned off the subject of Emerson. I think, also, that he was in two minds — I might also say two moods — about it, for there were times when he seemed to waver, not 'betwixt a smile and a tear,' but between seeing cause for anger, or seeing cause for amusement, in something that had happened or had been said. His eyes were on Watts-Dunton while the whispering was going on, and they snapped angrily. Defer as he did with the utmost deference to Watts-Dunton's criticism of his (Swinburne's) poems, or other poets' poems, to Watts-Dunton's judgment on most matters, and to Watts-Dunton's wishes generally, so far from being, as is sometimes represented, 'bear-led' by his friend, Swinburne had no small will of his own, and when he so chose would go his own wayward way, Watts-Dunton or no Watts-Dunton.

Even while Swinburne's eyes were snapping angrily at the thought that I was being warned, 'You mustn't speak on this or that subject before Algernon,' very much as one hears good folk say, 'We won't talk about these things before the children,' even at that moment, so capricious is a poet's mood, the expression of his eyes suddenly changed to mirth. The woe-begone look of anxiety on good Watts-Dunton's face had suddenly caught and tickled Swinburne's fancy, and had even caused a quick change in his mood. A Puck of Putney Hill, he could be impish when so minded, and just then he was minded — in revenge for the determined effort which had been made to side-track the conversation away from Emerson — to 'trail' Watts-Dunton by like determination to talk upon the very subject which had so alarmed the other. With his eyes, now dancing with mischief, on Watts-Dunton, but addressing himself to me, he said with an assumption of gravity: 'Let us continue what we were saying about Mr. Emerson.' The 'Mr.' was emphasized, and he spoke stiffly. 'You are quite right in supposing that I have opened no volume of verse by him for a very long time. What happened between Mr. Emerson and myself is probably not known to you, for the disparity between your years and mine is so great that you must have been a schoolboy at the time. Walter is not likely to have told you, nor have I, for what then happened is the reverse of agreeable to me to recall, but . . .'

'Yes, yes,' broke in Watts-Dunton agitatedly. 'We won't recall it. It's best forgotten. We'll talk of other things. I want you to show Kernahan that . . .'

What I was to be shown I do not know, for on this occasion Swinburne, whom I had never before known to interrupt a speaker, went on with what he had to say, and went on incisively. Again his mood had changed. His intention impishly to 'trail' Watts-Dunton now having given place to irritability at the other's persistence.

'But that — if I may be allowed to continue at the point where I was interrupted,' this was said with a severe look at Watts-Dunton, and with metallic decisiveness and incisiveness in his voice, 'is no reason why we should say of Mr. Emerson, as the Apostle Paul wrote of a certain sin, "Let it not be once named among you." Nor,' here he cast a friendlier look at the troubled face of Watts-Dunton, 'need we say of Mr. Emerson, as I believe a verse writer named Haynes Bayly sang mawkishly of a lady known to him, "Oh, no, we never mention her, her name is never heard." What were you going to say of the Sage of Concord, as Walter called him just now?'

I TOOK the plunge. 'When you said,' I replied, 'that he had written only "the vilest doggerel," I was wondering whether you had ever chanced to see his Wordsworthian couplet: —

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Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;

or the four lines: —

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhyme the oar forsake;

or: —

The silent organ loudest chants,
The master's requiem;

or: —

Still on the seeds of all he made
The rose of beauty burns;
Through times that wear and forms that fade,
Immortal youth returns.

Then there is the "Threnody," on the death of his eldest son, the little child who

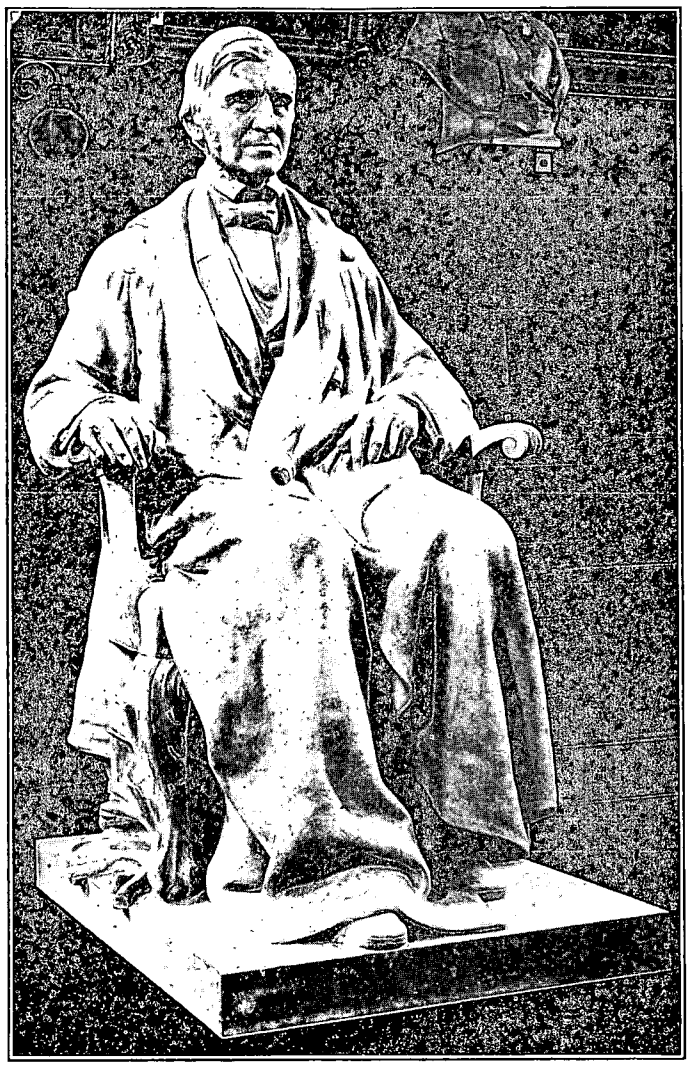
. . . wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an æon to be born.

Surely you would not say of these that they are "the vilest doggerel"?'

Of all my memories of The Pines I visualize that moment most vividly. Swinburne sat facing me at the table, his eyes fixed intently upon mine while I was speaking. Watts-Dunton, who was as intently, but anxiously, watching Swinburne, faced his sister. My two hosts were both more or less hard of hearing, but Swinburne was so much the deafer that Watts-Dunton (who knew instantly when his friend had heard imperfectly, or had not heard at all, and whom Swinburne could hear more clearly than anyone else) would sometimes repeat to the other what I had said.

On this occasion there was such a lengthy silence after I had finished speaking that I found myself surmising, first whether Swinburne had heard the quotations, and secondly whether Watts-Dunton had not purposely refrained from repeating my words lest they should anger his friend.

My second surmise may have been correct. My first was not, for Swinburne's reply, when at last he spoke, proved that he had missed nothing. Then it was my turn, if not to be amused, at least to find something of humorous relief in what I saw on dear Watts-Dunton's face. He had been watching Swinburne as one watches thunderclouds from which the lightning may at any moment strike; but in this case, like thunderclouds were gathered and were lowering darkly around Watts-Dunton's brows. 'He's implacable about Emerson — implacable!' he muttered under his breath, perhaps intending me to hear, which I did. He had expected an explosion — vehement abuse of Emerson — from Swinburne, and when the former answered me almost smilingly, Watts-Dunton's change of expression, from lugubrious perturbation to an assumption of jollity, as of one who wishes to seem to join in a joke, the point of which he has missed, was almost comical.



Keystone

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A PHOTOGRAPH of the statue by Daniel Chester French now in the Public Library at Concord, Massachusetts, where the writer spent the later years of his life.

THE last thought in my mind, I ought to add, in recording the trivial incident here, is to hold up to ridicule that 'Hero of Friendship,' as Rossetti once called him, and as William Rossetti long after, and using the same words, spoke to me of Watts-Dunton. Sir Hall Caine and William Sharp have both given us a volume on Rossetti, and Sir Edmund Gosse has given us one on Swinburne. Surprise and regret have been expressed that the one man, of all others, who knew Rossetti and Swinburne best, Watts-Dunton, has given us no volume on either. His published volumes are few, but the 'volume' by which some of us will always lovingly remember him is the volume of his devotion to his friends. The reason why Watts-Dunton published so little is that he sacrificed his own career, and spent himself in unceasing anxieties — sometimes, as in the instance just recorded, needless anxieties — in what he believed to be in the interests of those he loved, and in interposing himself between them and anything which he thought might 'come between the wind' and, let us say, Rossetti's moroseness, or Swinburne's excitability. Had I known of the ancient enmity, I should, if only out of consideration for Watts-Dunton, have avoided all mention of Emerson in Swinburne's presence. I am glad now that I did not so know, as in that case what Swinburne said of Emerson would in all probability have remained unspoken.

'I plead guilty,' he said gently, 'to have forgotten, or what is more likely, never to have seen, for I pride myself on my memory, the passages you have quoted, and I did not know that Emerson ever penned anything so memorable in verse.

'I wonder if you have ever met an American writer named Steadman, Edmund Clarence Steadman, who is also, I believe, as was the case with Samuel Rogers, a banker by occupation. As a critic, I hold him in no small estimation, and his gifts as a poet are not inconsiderable. He and I have corresponded, occasionally, for many years, and his letters — some of them about Landor, of whom he thinks no less highly than I think — are very interesting. When Steadman was in England he came to see me, pressed me to visit America, where, he was so hospitable as to say, I must be his guest. I did not go. As I have told you before, my longest sea voyage has been crossing or re-crossing the English Channel. But in our conversation, and sometimes in correspondence, he said so much of Emerson, whose friend, disciple, and enthusiastic admirer Steadman was, that I was induced,

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many long years ago, to read some of the verse of the Sage of Concord, as Walter calls him. Matthew Arnold once said to me' (I heard Swinburne once mildly rebuke someone who had spoken of 'Matt Arnold.' 'One does not say "Alf Tennyson,"' was his comment, 'and I shudder at the thought of going down to posterity as "Algy Swinburne"') 'that in his opinion Emerson was the greatest prose writer of his time. Though I am not prepared to go so far as that, I gladly pay tribute to the nobility and the greatness of his intellect. But a poet —' he stopped short and shrugged his shoulders, the span of which was as narrow as the shoulders of a girl, and that seemed 'running down hill' as if hurrying to join company with his delicate, and often dangling, hands. 'My recollection is,' he went on, 'that I told Mr. Steadman I should as soon have thought of his philosopher as a poet, as I should have thought of Walter's little nephew, Bertie, who was then, I believe, at the perambulator stage, as a Greek scholar. I fear that I thought of Emerson as I thought of Martin Tupper, or perhaps — for I must not be so unjust to Emerson as to couple his name with that of the preposterous Tupper — perhaps it would be kinder to Emerson to say that as a poet I never thought of him at all, and have never since looked at any verse of his writing. I do not suppose that, were I to do so now, I should considerably change my opinion; but I concede that the passages you have quoted are more memorable than I should have thought possible from the pen of Mr. Emerson. It is undeniable that in these passages the robe he is wearing glitters, here and there, with true and rare gems.' Swinburne paused for perhaps half a minute, his eyes fixed upon a piece of bread he was restlessly crumbling.

'This is especially true of the "Threnody,"' he went on, 'of which, at least, I should need no reminding. I remember that I thought it overlong and strangely unequal; but I found it as strangely tugging at one's heartstrings, and, in parts, strangely beautiful. That is no small admission from one whose true spiritual home is ancient Greece; who prided himself, even as a boy, on his Greek elegiacs; and then, as now, prefers the poetry of ancient Greece even to the glorious poetry of his own glorious England. That concession should satisfy you, for the "Threnody" is surely pure Scandinavian in spirit and in form. But rude, and rugged, and roughhewn as it is, and for all its disparity, there shine out, like the gleam of gold in quartz rock, passages of poignant pathos, even of beauty. But, most of all, one remembers that it was written in memory' — here Swinburne, the child lover, paused for a few moments, and bowed his head reverently — 'of a dead and darling child; that it throbs with heart break throughout; and that one's own heart goes out wholly to the stricken father.'

To me there seemed something of wistfulness (was he regretting that virulent letter?) in the way Swinburne spoke these last few words, his last to me on the subject, for I did not then, or at any time again, mention Emerson's name to him. But I thought then, as I think now, that could anything so impossible at that moment have happened, as for a maid to have thrown open the door to announce, 'Mr. Emerson,' that Swinburne would have risen, and with outstretched hand, to greet his ancient enemy.

The Blue Wind of the Yangtze Valley

By Hamish Maclaren

From the *Spectator*, London

The blue wind from the lake
  Blows, and over me
Sad showers of leaves fall
  To cover me.

Sorrow is in the blue wind;
  There is none to greet now;
And nobody walks by the lotus
  On dainty feet now.

Only the wide-winged cranes
  Fly out of the sunset,
While I, in my quilted coat
  Wait winter's onset.

I will set a silver lamp
  In the litchi shadows,
And forget that spring ever was
  Sweet in these meadows.

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Persons and Personages

Four Distinguished Citizens of the World—The President of Austria, The Woman Leader of Indian Nationalism, A Famous International Art Expert, Serbia's Greatest Churchman

Wilhelm Miklas

In Europe, as in the United States, a 'silent man' occasionally achieves importance. The Viennese counterpart of Vermont's silent son is Wilhelm Miklas, the recently elected President of Austria. Here is a president who, before his election, never figured in a sensational political conference; who never indulged in the flamboyant oratory so frequent in European parliaments; who knows none of the rabid enthusiasm of party politics; and to whom commanding gestures and imperious demands are utterly foreign. Wilhelm Miklas is a plain man of the people, but for all that he is not unknown. In fact, his country has been talking about him for twenty-two years.

During that period, Herr Miklas pursued his quiet official career — as teacher, as party leader, as judge, as Under Secretary of State, and in many other positions — and gradually gained fame for his straightforward dealing, open candor, and unparalleled tenacity. Yet this quiet man achieved his first real popularity through his astounding ability to settle the wild and tumultuous verbal duels that continually occur during the stormy sittings of the National Assembly. The pacification of a riotous parliament is Wilhelm Miklas's forte, and this earned him the chairmanship of the National Assembly. In this post, his last before assumption of the presidency, he achieved the same quiet and well-ordered success that he had found in his earlier career.

The unvarying picture of Wilhelm Miklas in public life is easily retained by all who have come in contact with him. He is always dressed in the standard black cutaway and striped trousers, which give an impression of meticulous simplicity. His demeanor is always unostentatiously charming. He maintains the same friendliness toward his political opponents that he shows his associates. These characteristics found him ready faith on all sides. From the start, his was a successful career; yet it was marked with none of the usual desires for self-aggrandizement that thrive in political life. He found satisfaction in his work, and pleasure in its results rather than in the superficial rewards of orders and titles. The explanation of his modesty lies perhaps in his original profession — teaching, whose keynote is labor for the benefit of others. Austrians have evidently learned the value of pedagogues as rulers, for they have elevated many of them to high governmental posts: Dr. Ignatius Seipel, the former Chancellor, was at one time a professor of theology; Dr. Michael Hainisch, the predecessor of Wilhelm Miklas in the presidency, was a professor of economics; the Lord Mayor of Vienna is another former teacher; and so it goes, down through the ranks of the government.

Keystone

Wilhelm Miklas: Austria's President

His very features convey a suggestion of that quiet efficiency which led an Austrian Minister of State to characterize the new President as being 'like the movement of a clock, which no one sees.'

Wilhelm Miklas was born on October 15th, 1872, in the ancient town of Krems, among the romantic wooded mountains called the Wachau. As the son of the local postmaster, he was born to the traditional social standing of the *Beamtentum* (officialdom) of pre-War Austria-Hungary, and in keeping with its standards he was educated in the best schools and universities. He received his doctorate in 1895, and immediately became a high-school instructor in Trieste, which was then under Austrian rule. He rose rapidly, being transferred to higher posts in various cities. His quiet success gradually grew to such proportions that it attracted the attention of the Imperial Government, and earned him an appointment as National Director of Grammar Schools. Shortly afterward, he was made Director of Higher Schools and Institutions. At the same time that he had been progressing in his professional career, he had also been moving along political roads; he entered party ranks almost at the moment he took his first national post, and his influence grew with his constantly increasing official responsibilities.

A few years later, in 1907, he was elected to Parliament — a not unusual occurrence for officials in the Ministry of Education, for he was highly useful to the Imperial Government as its representative on parliamentary committees. Yet his long service under the Dual Monarchy did not prevent him from joining, in 1918, the first National Assembly of the Republic. His desire to serve his country and to see law and order maintained impelled him to accept first a councillorship in the Assembly, and then the post of Secretary of State for Culture and Education. His next step forward was to the chairmanship of the National Assembly, a distinguished post, but also a difficult one, since it involved taming the roaring politicians of the young republic. Twice he was elected to this august office, and from that he proceeded to the highest in the land.

The unpretentious methods and the modesty that had earned Miklas each advance in his long career were the factors that induced Chancellor Seipel to nominate him for the presidency — a nomination that met with instant and almost unanimous approval, for the people of Austria had learned to admire and love this man, whose life seemed a symbol of fulfillment of duty, and of faith. The keenest appraisal of the silent Miklas is that made by a minister who was long closely associated with him: 'He is like the movement of a clock, which no one sees.'

Wilhelm Miklas is an administrator, but never a dictator, for his nature revolts against autocracy and usurped authority. Well loved by his pupils from the earliest days of his teaching, he gives his countrymen to-day the same paternal guidance and affection that he gave his youthful disciples. His

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intimate family life throws possibly the clearest light on his character. He grew up in a family of nine children, learning to share democratically the modest advantages his parents' circumstances offered. He himself is the father of twelve, and it is clear that in his own family circle must lie the origin of the precepts which he spread first to his own pupils, then throughout the schools of the land, and finally to all his countrymen.

That is Wilhelm Miklas, second President of the Austrian Republic — the second to succeed to the age-old glory of the Hapsburgs. In the capital that knew the glamorous reigns of Maximilian II and Charles V, there now rules a silent man of the people. Yet this silent man knows as none other before him the soul of Austria, for he himself is of it.

Sarojini Naidu

OF late years native India has become insistently articulate. One of the most resonant sounds beating on English ears is the voice of a woman, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. She questions implacably the right of the British to constitute themselves judges of India and India's state of discipline. She feels that it is only the tragedy of circumstances that has brought India and Britain together as subject and master. Yet she herself, a poetess of deserved reputation, a Brahman of ancient and honorable family, an orator of unique eloquence, is, ironically enough, an excellent product of those circumstances. That British training has in some measure shaped her to her present stature in Indian life and thought is disconcerting to British opinion, and conceivably to Mrs. Naidu herself.

Sarojini Chattopadhyay was the eldest daughter of a scholarly and liberal Hindu of Hyderabad. She has described him as 'a dreamer . . . a great man whose life has been a magnificent failure. . . . He has a great white beard and the profile of Homer, and a laugh that brings the roof down. He has wasted all his money on two great objects: on helping others, and on alchemy. He holds huge courts every day in his garden of all the learned men of all religions.'

Her father would have liked Sarojini to be a scientist, and fostered her intellectual growth with that end in view. Hyderabad was largely a Mohammedan community, but it included a strong Hindu element. As a girl, Sarojini Chattopadhyay could observe the two conflicting faiths in close juxtaposition, and was able to form for herself a synthesis of the essential elements of each. This was to prove indispensable in later years, when she was called upon to encourage Hindu-Moslem unity on a large scale, the unity which the world has demanded before it will put its trust in India as an independent and stable country.

When she was only twelve, Sarojini Chattopadhyay matriculated at the University of Madras. This was enough to mark her as a precocious individual. Later she went to England to study at

Pacific & Atlantic

Sarojini Naidu: Indian Nationalist

Mrs. Naidu is a poet, the mother of a family, and a great popular leader of her people in the cause of nationalism.

the University of London, and at Girton College, Cambridge. A British society that was still mildly Victorian perceived her to be an interesting figure. Her intellectual maturity, and the fact that she had brushed aside Brahman tradition in pursuing the English education that her father had encouraged were unusual. She had, in addition, a delicate facility in writing English verse. Hardy and Henry James, Richard Le Gallienne and Aubrey Beardsley knew her. Arthur Symons noticed her, and Sir Edmund Gosse gave her writing intelligent direction. It was on Sir Edmund's advice that she made her poetry a medium of expression for things purely Indian. In fact, her experience in England tended to make her even more wholly Indian than she was before she came. A newspaper editorial said of her when she visited Berlin recently, 'Where Naidu is, there is India,' and this has been consistently true of her. Only in her sharp, often bitter independence of thought is she differentiated from the characteristic pattern of the enlightened East.

After her return to India she showed this independence, when she shattered the barriers of her Brahman caste by marrying Dr. Naidu, a professional man of a lower caste. At this time she was trying earnestly to enlighten the veiled, tradition-fettered Hindu and Moslem women who were within reach of her influence. The period she had spent in England had intensified her consciousness of the incongruity that existed between India's potentialities and the actualities of Indian social and political conditions. Mrs. Naidu carefully brought up her four children and for a time after her marriage produced lyric poems of India — rich, effusive poems, less musical than those of the Englishwoman, 'Lawrence Hope' — which titillated the taste of literary England.

GRADUALLY, however, her poetic urge gave way before the imperative pressure of forces that were making themselves felt throughout India. Great Britain was fast setting up milestones on her road of Empire — milestones that marked blunders in policy and incautious methods of searching out a national psychology. Indian resentment, developing from its first spasmodic manifestations, became cumulatively passionate. Gandhi had been rendered politically minded by his defense of the rights of Indians in South Africa. He was beginning to give generous answer to the calls that came to him for leadership in India itself. Mrs. Naidu, who had joined in the widespread commendation of his work in Africa, turned to him as a disciple turns to a long-sought master. Gandhi's influence gave coherence and purpose to her incipient genius for formulating the desires of the Indian people.

Sarojini Naidu has never been physically strong, and has suffered much bodily anguish. In one of her poems she wrote: —

> How shall I cherish thee, O precious pain?
> Fain would my trembling hand
> Fashion and forge of thee a deathless sword
> To serve my stricken land!

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In the forging of that sword her years of maturity have been spent. For a time she aided Gandhi, keeping herself in the shadow of his presence. When the necessity arose to clarify and explain a number of urgent issues to the Indian people on the one hand, and to the British on the other, she brought her energy and her poetic eloquence into full play. She made direct, predominantly emotional appeals to the people of India, appeals devoid of Gandhi's tranquillity, but perhaps more provocative than his. She wished particularly to arouse the women of India to a realization of their status and their power.

At Cawnpore, in 1925, the land which during untold centuries had shown incredible cruelty toward its women chose Mrs. Naidu to preside over the Indian National Congress. At this session occurred a decisive cleavage between the orthodox followers of Gandhi's policy of nonviolent noncoöperation and the younger, more impetuous chiefs of the Nationalist and Swarajist Parties, who advocated office-holding under the British and an attempt to weaken the British administration from within. Perhaps because the atmosphere of the meeting encouraged it, Sarojini Naidu spoke her mind as a woman of modern India. Her opinion was not moderate. She called for an autonomous India which should have its own defense forces, and which should treat with other nations as an equal. She has since maintained this bold thesis, and in her outspoken support of it has departed to some extent from the measured political pace set by Gandhi. It is not her wish that India should seek support outside its own borders. Uncompromisingly she demands that the Indian people work out their own destiny with their own resources, and that the British cease their awkward efforts to appear as guides and mentors to an age-old, age-wise race. Not content with dismissing the Simon Commission as 'Simple Simons,' she calls it a challenge to the self-respect of the Indian people, an intolerable insult to their manhood.

She has recently come to America, not primarily to spread political propaganda, but to convince Americans that India is a cultural entity worthy of respect. She does not, however, avoid political topics. In private conversation she grows tense with bitterness, often betraying an inflammable nationalistic spirit and an obdurate race consciousness that lead her to fling challenges at the white race, at the integrity of the white man's honor, and even at the audacity of the white man in daring to take interest in this India that she feels he has treated so foully.

GANDHI has said that, if he could avoid being made a 'show,' he would come to America to bring a message to the sterile souls of the American people. Mrs. Naidu is his messenger. Although in India she wears modest homespun, in the United States she has appeared in her rich native robes, with the red spot of the Brahman caste on her forehead. When she has traveled on trains in the United States, she has been taken for a gypsy, much to her amusement. Fellow travelers invariably ask her if she tells fortunes. Her answer is that she creates the fortunes she foretells. She speaks as the accredited voice of all India, moulding her audiences by the melody and lucidity of her speech. Even American listeners are stirred by the magnetism that constitutes her appeal to the Indian masses. The critical and sceptical among them point out that she minimizes the obvious dissension among sections of the Indian population. When she claims that all enlightened, politically minded groups of Hindus, Moslems, Christians, Zoroastrians, and Jews are united in principle upon the minimum demands to be made of the British, one's reaction may be that her wish is father to her statement. Yet she seems to be facing reality squarely when she asserts that India expects no help from any single section of political England, that even a Labor government would not find it advantageous to let India go. And, although she glosses over perplexing issues in the general British-Indian situation, she cries with unquestionable earnestness: 'I look for the day when the finest Untouchables will be ruling me, a Brahman.'

Bernhard Berenson

IN the little village of Settignano near Florence, nestled among the purple hills of Tuscany, lies the gracious *Villa I Tatti*, surrounded by the cypresses and fountains and flowers of a formal Italian garden. Within its high-ceiled rooms are Italian primitives and Renaissance furniture and many precious volumes, testifying to the breadth of spirit of their owner. Evidently the home of a wealthy and cultured Italian gentleman.

Yet, strangely enough, *Villa I Tatti* is not the home of an Italian, but of a distinguished American — Bernhard Berenson, eminent art critic and connoisseur, one of the world's foremost experts on Italian Renaissance painting. For nearly a third of a century he has lived in Italy with his charming and talented wife, Mary Costelloe, whom literary folk know as the sister of Logan Pearsall Smith, author of *Trivia*. Their home bears eloquent testimony to the broad extent of their interests. For, in addition to his achievements in the realm of art, Mr. Berenson is such a thorough classical scholar that he can converse with ease in ancient Greek; and there are few aspects of modern thought with which he is not familiar.

Considering all this, the man's origin becomes almost incredible. For Bernhard Berenson was born in 1865 in Lithuania of Jewish parents in humble circumstances. When he was still a small boy the family came to America and settled in the poorest district of Boston. All through his youth he had only the most meagre financial resources.

Yet, despite their economic straits, the Berenson family had an intense love of the beautiful. Berenson could say, in his maturity, that he had been 'brought up almost exclusively on words,' and he spent long hours as a child gazing at great paintings. He went to public school in Boston and then managed to go to college — first to Boston University, then to Harvard. It was while at Harvard that he took the socially important step of baptism into a Protestant faith, and there he first came in contact with people prominent in art circles. He was introduced to Mrs. 'Jack' Gardner, that queenly and erratic Boston patroness of the arts, and under her guidance he became especially interested in Italian Renaissance painting. On his graduation in 1887, she extended valuable aid to him. He went to Europe, where he studied for two years in Paris, Oxford, and Berlin.

Then he crossed the Alps for the first time, and realized that he had found his true home. For many happy years he wandered over the length and breadth of Italy, studying and observing, till there was scarcely a picture he had not seen, nor anything in the history of Italian art he did not know. At first he was concerned with works of art chiefly as documents in the history of civilization, and wished 'to make of connoisseurship something like an exact science.' As he has grown older, the spiritual values of painting have become more and more important to him, and the enjoyment of a work of art in itself, apart from all historical considerations, has come to seem the essential thing.

IN 1894 his first book, *Venetian Painters of the Renaissance*, was published. It has been followed, at intervals, by ten others on Renaissance art — volumes which have come to be used as standard reference books by thousands of American art students.

These books emphasize the theory of

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tactile values in figure painting, a theory which underlies his whole work as a critic. Form is admittedly the most important element in Renaissance painting and, to Mr. Berenson, form can best be evaluated through what he refers to as tactile consciousness. By this he means a sense of what the forms of a painting, as seen by the eye, would feel like to the fingertips — in other words, a translation of retinal sensations into tactile values. A good painting, by stimulating our tactile imagination, gives us a sense of reality even greater than would the actual object represented. It is largely to this theory, which is widely accepted in art circles, that Mr. Berenson owes the prominence of his position as a critic.

It was in 1894 also that Berenson started his career as an expert, for, from this date on, Mrs. 'Jack' Gardner, his former benefactress, rarely bought an Italian painting except at his recommendation. Since then his rise has been continuous and rapid. So great has become his reputation as an expert at authenticating paintings that for the last ten or fifteen years scarcely an Italian Renaissance painting of note has been sold in America without his having 'expertized' it. James G. Huneker, the noted American critic, once referred to him as a 'benevolent tyrant,' and so great is the influence of his word that a negative judgment on his part alters gravely the selling price, and even the possibility of sale, of a picture.

MR. BERENSON is a man of medium height, fashionable appearance, and distinguished and reserved bearing. Brilliant in conversation and caustic in wit, he is well aware of his own importance, and is brusque in manner toward people he dislikes. He does not deign to answer the questions of dilettantes.

With long experience, authentication has become largely a matter of instinct with him, but underlying it are rigid mathematical principles. A picture belongs where it finds the greatest number of its kind. Every painter acquires habits of execution, and it is by such habits that his works may be recognized. Habits of execution are strongest where attention is weakest; therefore it is to the neglected details of a picture that one must look for proofs of authorship. Ears, hands, landscape were noticed little in Renaissance times, so they changed least from picture to picture, and in them tricks of technique are most apparent. And, since most such habits are acquired from one's teachers, the line from teacher to pupil may best be traced in this way.

Unlike most branches of art work, 'expertizing' brings ample financial returns. The famous Hahn-Duveen case, in which Berenson was the chief expert for the defense, disclosed the fact that he received ten per cent of the sales price of all paintings sold by Duveen Brothers after having been authenticated by him. And he authenticates most of the Italian paintings which the firm of Duveen sells. To give an example, the *Cowper Madonna* by Raphael, previously owned by Lady Desborough, was sold by Sir Joseph Duveen to the Honorable Andrew W. Mellon for $1,000,000, after Berenson's authentication. It is interesting to reflect that the Jewish boy who suffered from poverty has, by devoting his life to what he loved best, achieved a material state superior to that of the most avowed 'go-getter.'

Nicolai Velimirović

IN spite of the important part which the Serbians have played in recent European history, the singular quality of their civilization, which necessarily conditions their actions, has been very little appreciated. In July, 1914, the world learned a grim lesson of the force of Serbian enthusiasm for an ideal. Again in 1918, the formation of the kingdom of Yugoslavia out of three separate peoples — the Serbs, who had only recently freed themselves after five centuries as a subject race; the Croats, who had not been independent since the twelfth century; and the Slovenes, who, though they had never formed an independent state, now bobbed up as proudly conscious of their racial identity as British peers — was a most remarkable instance of tenacity in holding an ideal in the face of all possible discouragement. But the best example of the extraordinary nature of Serbian civilization, as well as the chief Serbian contributor to the thought of the present-day world, is Father Nicolai Velimirović of Ohrid, four times a visitor to this country and perhaps, of all Eastern Orthodox churchmen, the best known to America.

He first came as an unknown Serbian monk, sent by his government shortly after the beginning of the World War on a mission to Serbs in the United States. During that visit occurred the great retreat of the Serbian Army through the mountains of Albania. He started home again; but since his own country was in the hands of the enemy, he went to England instead. Pure circumstance had brought him there; but his own eloquence and the striking force of his character made him a kind of unofficial spokesman of his people. In 1918 he came back again to America, but as a celebrity who was to address the American people as a whole in behalf of Serbian relief. It was fortunate for his country, and fortunate for those who now try to understand the underlying difficulties of the Yugoslav kingdom, that Serbian culture had such an impressive representative in the West. In 1921, after he had become Bishop of Ohrid, in southern Yugoslavia, he journeyed again to the United States, this time on a private mission. Finally, in 1927, he came once more, to speak before the Institute of Politics in Williamstown. His black monk's robe, his long black beard, and his dark, living eyes, set in an oval Slavic face, gave him an appearance which contrasted as strongly with that of the conventionally dressed professors and diplomats as did his views of the common problems of world peace contrast with theirs. His charm and urbanity of manner, the completeness of his grasp upon international problems only emphasized the difference in his thought.

IT IS little realized that Serbian civilization is separated from our own by a gulf far wider than that which separates the civilizations of the peoples of Western Europe. It differs not only in matters of custom and temperament, but in fundamental bases of thought. For while most Western nations, including the United States, belong to one general current of life, the Serbians are Europeans of a very special variety. The Serbs dropped out of European life before the Renaissance had begun, and their civilization, instead of rising from that great wave of interest in this immediate world, which cut Western nations off from the Middle Ages, stems directly from mediæval Byzantium.

In the fourteenth century the Serbs were the dominating nation in the Balkans, with powerful kings and a richly artistic culture that has left us some of the most beautiful of all Byzantine buildings. All this was swept away by the Turkish conquest. The Croats and Slovenes, who were of the same racial stock, were conquered by Magyars and Germans, became Roman Catholics, and belong in general to Western Europe. The Serbs, with their strictly Byzantine civilization, remained within the Turkish border, sealed from all contact with the forces which formed the present life of the West. During their five centuries of subjection, the Serbian Orthodox Church was the one institution left to them from their former national life. It became the symbol of their race, the centre of their passionate loyalties. Its priests were the only men who could read, the only leaders and teachers. The fact that not

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until a concordat was signed in the spring of the present year was such a thing as civil marriage known in Serbia is an indication of the Church's place in the national life. But the Eastern Orthodox Church is the most mystical of all the churches. It was always on the battle line of the Christian struggle with the Moslem, and its beliefs have shown the rigidity which the convictions of men assume when they must be constantly defended from bitter enemies. In the West, commerce, science, optimism about getting what one wants in this present life have been at work since the Renaissance; American religious thought is thoroughly impregnated by this spirit. The Eastern Orthodox Church has made no compromises with rationalism, and has not dallied with the things of this world. It rests squarely upon faith, upon the reality of the unseen, upon divine revelation to show the way through a life which offers, instead of well-being, suffering, instead of success, defeat. From its influence comes, no doubt, some of the Serbian tendency to pursue ideals rather than expedients, to struggle for independence, although vast empires oppose it.

The Turkish conquest reduced the entire nation to one class. Serbian life became peasant life in patriarchal communities. Its only outlet, other than the Church, was the creation of an unwritten literature. The Serbs are a notably musical people. Women sing at their work, putting the events of their daily life into long, extemporized chants. The men created an epic poetry telling the exploits of the national heroes, handed down from generation to generation by bards, and sung in homesteads during the long winter evenings to the accompaniment of a stringed *guslé*. Every boy grew up nourished on songs in praise of warlike courage and of the hero who righted his people's wrongs and defeated the infidel.

BISHOP NICOLAI was born in this environment, the son of a peasant of Valyevo in northwestern Serbia. In the larger towns the old order had been broken, but among the peasants the patriotism and piety of the race were untouched. 'I was born in a village,' he once wrote, 'in a family of forty-five members. We prayed together every Saturday, after the weekly work was over. In the evening my grandfather, the head of the family, called us to prayer. We had no chapel in the house. In bad weather we prayed in the house; in fine weather out of doors in the yard. My grandfather took a chalice with fire and incense, and sprinkled every one of us. Then he came forward, stood before us and bowed deeply, and his example was followed by us all. Then began a silent prayer, interrupted only here and there by a sighing or by some whispering voice. The prayer ended again with deep bowing and with a loud "Amen."'

When he became a man, he professed as a monk in one of the monasteries of the Serbian mountains. By preference he would have remained there; but his superiors picked him out for further study, and he was sent abroad. He studied in the universities of Switzerland, France, England, Germany, and Russia, acquiring the wide knowledge of European languages and thought which marks his later work. When the Balkan War broke out, he was Professor of Theology in the Seminary of Saint Sava, attached to the University of Belgrade, and chaplain to King Peter. He served as chaplain in the Serbian Army during the War and saw fighting again during the Austrian attack upon Belgrade in August, 1914. After the Austrian defeat he was sent to this country and began the career which made him an international figure.

During the World War his work was as a Serbian patriot. Since then, he has used the position which he won by his eloquence and personal force to work for international peace and for the reunion of Christendom which he sees bound up with it. But almost alone among pacifists, he approaches the problem of peace always as a problem of the human mind, though he fully understands its practical requirements. There have been enough advocates of peace in the United States who have seen the problems of war and peace as problems of political machinery, treaties, committees, battleships, ownership of oil-fields, the inadequate sex life of presidents, race, color, and sheer emotion. Bishop Nicolai, speaking from the point of view of a civilization in which men still are more important than institutions, points out that peace or war is a matter of the way men think and feel toward each other, and that all other things are only outgrowths of this. The greatest force for affecting men's attitudes toward each other he believes would be a reunited Christian Church. He was wise enough to say, even before the futile Church Conference of Geneva in 1921, that the churches must unite to work for the good of humanity before they can begin to agree upon creeds.

Perhaps it is because the Serbian Church is traditionally in a position of national responsibility without possessing any political power, that that Church has helped to produce one of the rare churchmen who can become a statesman and man of affairs without losing any of his simplicity and spiritual clarity. Master of most of the languages and cultures of Europe, holder of honorary doctorates from the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford, a figure of international fame, Nicolai returned to Yugoslavia to become at his own request Bishop of Ohrid, one of the poorest dioceses in the kingdom. There, in a see founded under the Emperor Justinian and famous in the history of mediæval Serbia, he is typical to the world at large of the richness and power of his ancient civilization.

Keystone

BISHOP NICOLAI

A STATESMAN, a churchman, and an unofficial representative of his people, the Bishop of Ohrid is one of the most influential citizens of the Yugoslav State.

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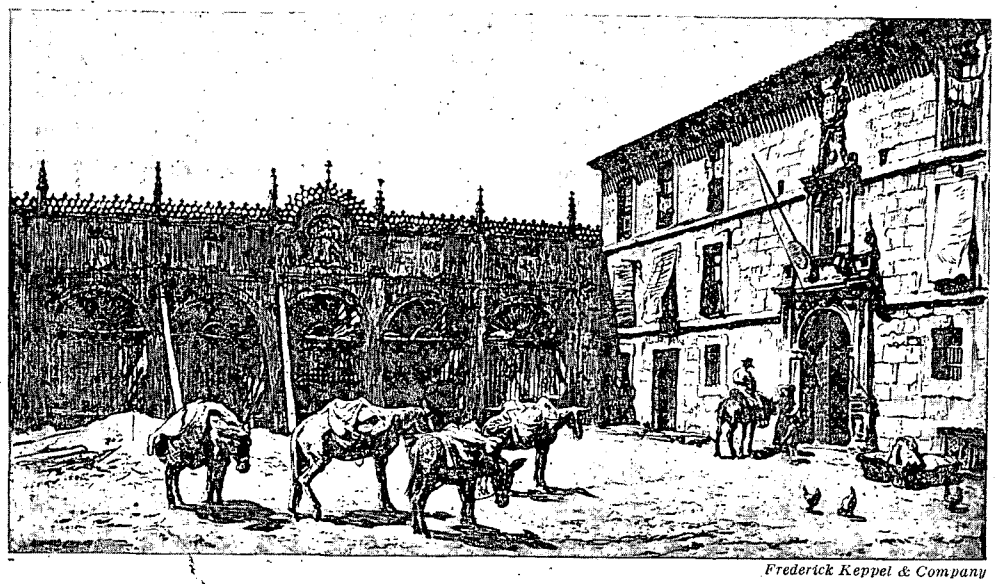

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THE CONVENT, HUELVAS

FROM AN ETCHING BY LIONEL LINDSAY

Spanish Bells

Big and Little, Tinkling and Sonorous, They Rule the Life of a Mountain Village in Spain

By José Escofet

Translated from *La Voz*, Madrid Independent Liberal Daily

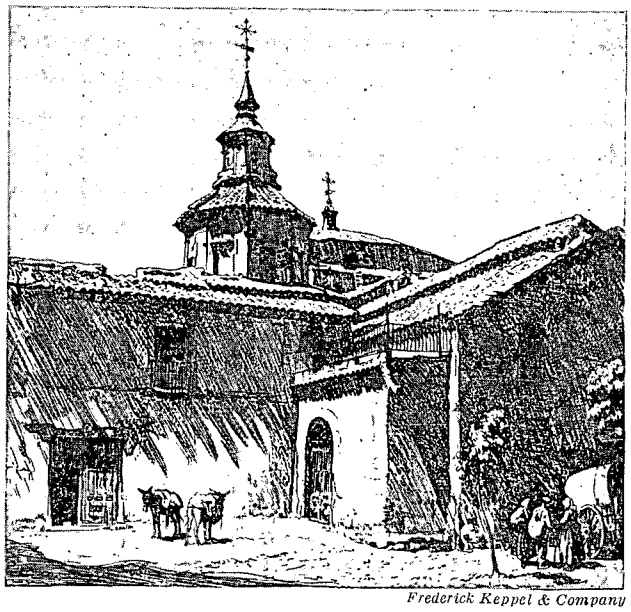
AN ENGLISH tourist once remarked that there were only three unpleasant features of a trip through Spain: the cooking, the beggars, and the bells. His comment illustrates my own recent experience during a short vacation in one of the most beautiful, picturesque villages of northern Catalonia. He was right when he said that Spanish bells are rung too frequently. It is the most unpleasant of the three things he cited. The cooking — which seems delicious to me — may be chosen at will; and, although the beggars cling like flies, they are to be found only at certain times and in certain places. But the bells leave no escape except flight.

Because of those bells, I have just left a sunny, comfortable corner of the hills, not without sorrow in my soul. It was a cheerful village, tucked away at the base of imposing, snow-crowned mountains. Our sporting youth take advantage of its mild climate to rest from their exertions in the peaks above. Accommodations are not lacking; there is a comfortable and inexpensive hotel. The scenery is magnificent. Considerate, genial country people; plenty of sun; little dust; still air; healthful food. An ideal retreat where one may spend a few days away from frenzied urban life.

I HAD promised myself a fruitful week of peace and calm — only to have it destroyed by the continuous and senseless clamor of the bells. Why so much ringing, and at all hours? I realize that the rhythm of country life is carried on by bells; but it should be an adagio rhythm, not an epileptic allegro.

The first day I hardly noticed the furious tolling. It was a holiday. Moreover, the prospect of a rest, the natural charms of the valley, the mild temperature, and the surprises of a well served table are enough to maintain happiness in the breast of the average visitor for the first twenty-four hours. The second day I noticed that the bells rang rather insistently, but I paid no attention. The third day I went to bed with a headache which lasted until the following morning. I thought that it would disappear with fresh air, and prolonged my morning walk to the top of a neighboring hill. The headache remained, but I discovered the source of the noise that caused it. The village, the joy of my vacation, was encircled by convents. From the height which served me as a lookout, I was able to count sixteen belfries! There were the parochial church, six or seven chapels on the outskirts of the village, two convents, a Capuchin monastery, several

(*Continued on page 317*)



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SAINT ANDRÉS, TOLEDO

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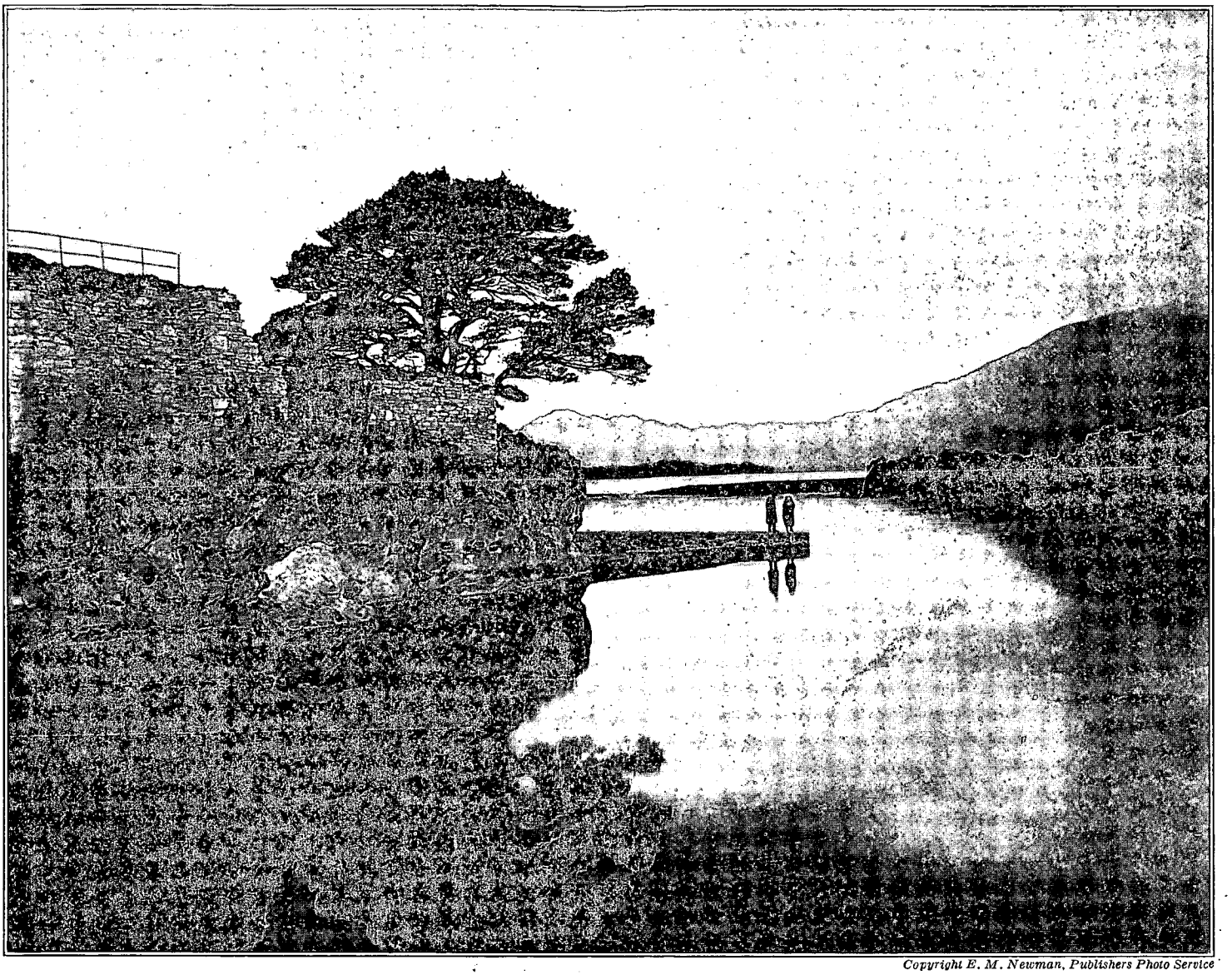

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THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY FROM MUCKROSS DOMAIN

'BELOW US STRETCHED the three Lakes of Killarney, not blue, but brown like the shale which forms their bed. Above them towered the black Reeks of Macgillycuddy.'

Footnotes on Ireland

An Irish-American Visits the Land of Her Ancestors and Describes Its Quiet Beauty

By Beth O'Shea

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

As we came into the harbor of Cork, the sun was shining. I think I never before have entered a strange country with so deep a sense of going home.

It was Sunday and all the people had come down to watch the Channel ship as it landed.

There were women wrapped in long, black shawls, peering eagerly along the deck for a sight of sons or daughters returning from England. There were red-cheeked children with eyes of that amazing blue one sees only in Ireland. There were many jaunting cars, a pony trap or two, and an ancient hotel bus drawn by horses.

The hotel was dark and old, and there was a musty smell about it. Coming into it from the sunshine of the street it seemed cheerless and cold.

AFTER dinner, a great fire was lighted in the lounge. The flames sent lovely lights and shadows dancing on the high, dark walls and against the worn red velvet of the deep chairs.

On a map, I traced the roads I would soon be walking, and lingered over the place names that had rung sweetly in my ears, even as a child. Glengarriff, they were, and Donegal — Killarney and Limerick and Mayo.

'Will I be safe traveling alone through the South?' I asked an old doctor, who sat nearby.

He had a ruddy, lined face and a mop of wild, white hair.

'You'll be safe anywhere in Ireland,' he told me proudly. 'Whatever our faults, it never yet has been said that an Irishman would molest a woman.'

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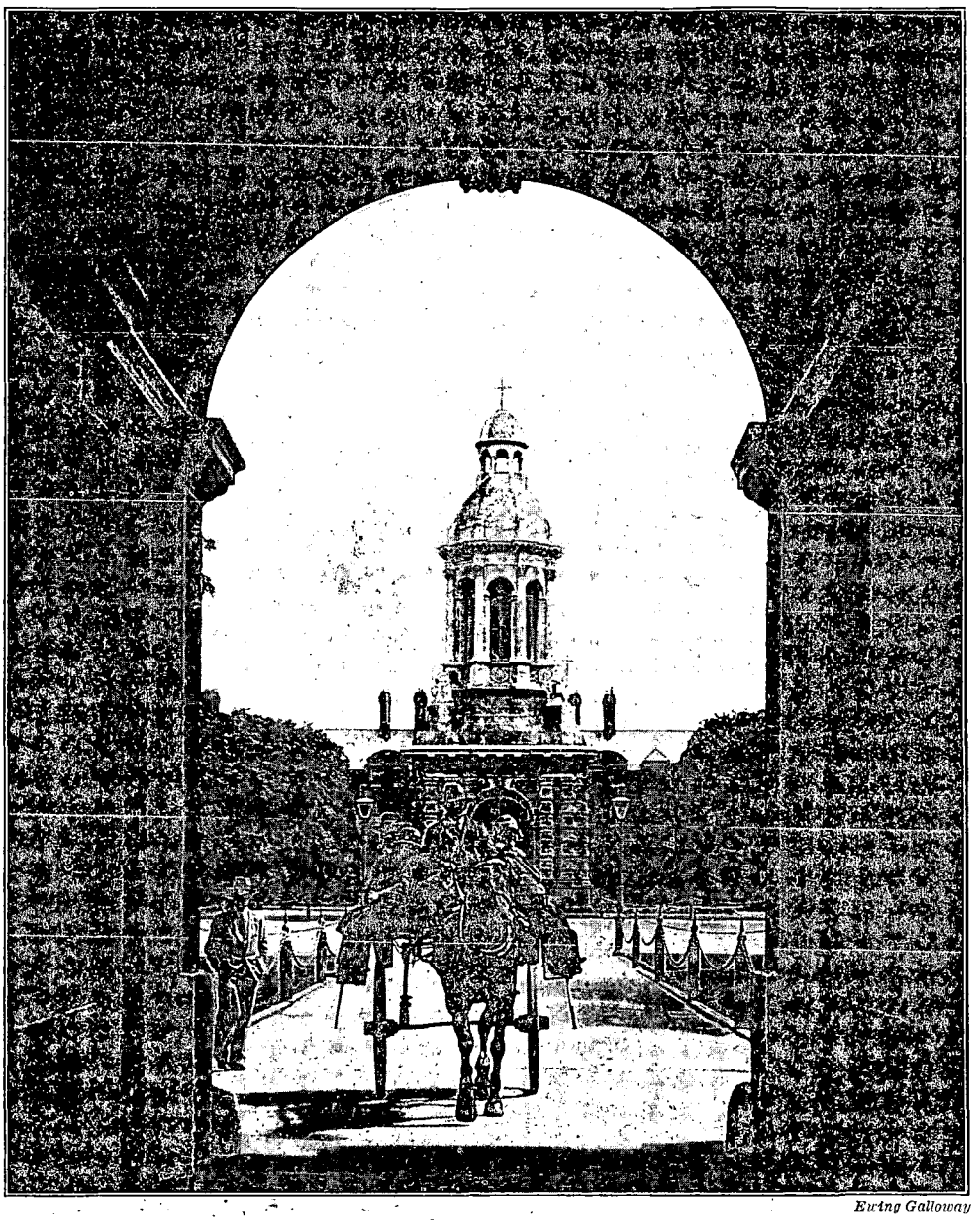

Ewing Galloway

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

THIS ANCIENT INSTITUTION, affectionately known to its friends as 'T. C. D.,' is, next to Oxford and Cambridge, the best known home of learning in the British Isles.

EARLY in the morning; I started out along the road. The country was dim and blue in the gauze light. The air had that freshness one feels only in Ireland, or after rain. The road was empty at first, between the long lines of elm trees, but later I met men going to work in the fields.

'Is this the way to Bantry?' I called to one of them.

'This is the way to Bantry,' he called back in a voice that was like a singing. It is a beautiful thing, this sense they have of music in words and balance in sentences. In all the times I asked the way on Irish roads, I think I never once was answered with an abrupt 'Yes' or 'No.' Always they repeat the words of your question, and make of them a melody.

In Glengarriff, the woman at the hotel desk was kindly. Her lips laughed though her eyes were very sad.

When I was leaving, I asked if my knapsack might be sent on by bus to Killarney, where I would be walking to that day.

'It can indeed, acushla,' she answered, 'but if you walk to Killarney in a day, you'll be doing better than ever I did, and I was quite a walker myself in my time.'

She took the knapsack, and wished me that which they always wish a traveler — 'a good journey and a safe homing.'

When I offered to pay for the service, she shook her head.

'And what harm could one little bag be doing among all the others?' she said warmly. 'They'll never know it is there at all.'

THE sun lay golden and thick on the fields as I walked between them. The road wound in and out among the little hills, purple with heather, and dipped down to skirt the white-capped stretches of Bantry Bay.

Once I came upon a fairy glen, green with its depths of moss and fern, and cut by a shining stream. It was there that I found my first shamrock.

Sometimes I passed peat bogs, where they were chopping out the rich, black turf, taking it home in donkey carts to pile outside the thatched houses among the cone-shaped haystacks.

Everyone I met called a greeting, and all who passed in my direction offered a lift. Two women came by in a big car, driven by a liveried chauffeur. Some way past, the car drew up and backed until it was beside me again. The chauffeur doffed his cap and said, 'The ladies would like to know if you will accept a ride with them.'

They were middle-aged spinsters, making a trip through Kerry, which once had been their home. They told me of the dark day when their big house had been burned to the ground, and they had fled away to England. That was during the Black and Tan riots two years ago.

'It seemed that day,' said one of them, 'that we looked on the end of all we ever had known. And all because we were loyal to the King, as we had been brought up to be.'

The other remembered only that the old dog had followed them down the drive as they left, and that they could not wait to take him.

LATE in the afternoon, I overtook an old woman toiling up a hill. She was well past seventy, but her apple cheeks glowed with health, and her keen eyes saw farther than my own. We walked along together, and, when we reached the hilltop, she spread her heavy shawl on the grass, and I shared with her the last of my lunch.

'Soon,' she said, 'the tourists will be coming up from the Gap of Dunlow, and will buy my bunches of the rare white heather. It is hard to find, but the little lad brings it back from the hills, and the money they pay me for the luck that's in it, I keep against the winter.'

Down below us stretched the three Lakes of Killarney, not blue, as I had thought them, but brown like the shale which forms their bed. Above them towered the black Reeks of Macgillycuddy.

Two years ago, the old woman had been living with her man (now dead, God rest his soul!) in a cabin at the foot

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of those reeks. It was a lone spot, so remote that, when she went each week to market, she had to make a two-day journey of it with the donkey. She would start one day, and return next morning after early mass.

During the riots, two boys came one day to her cabin, escaping from the soldiers. They had traveled five nights with no food at all, and their clothes were in rags. For three months they stayed there, and she washed and cooked for them as though they were her own. When they dared to go back again to their homes, they sent her money every week, and she never asking nor expecting a penny.

Because of it, she now has a little house close by the high road, where she may profit by the tourist traffic. She has a cow, some chickens, and, in another year, perhaps there may be a horse to help with the ploughing. She is very happy.

TOWARD evening, I came into Killarney through a long avenue of elms which borders the Muckross Domain. I stopped at the lodge keeper's cottage to ask the way to the hotel, and he invited me in to share his supper of potatoes and bread and tea.

Later, he led me through the big, carved gate and along the well-kept paths of the grounds. He showed me the famous old abbey where the ancient lords of Killarney are buried. There was a stretch of woodland where deer were grazing near a beautiful waterfall.

The romance of Muckross is like an Irish fairy tale come true. The place was owned at first by an aristocratic but improvident Irish family, and they were forced to sell it. It passed into the hands of a Dublin liquor dealer, who had no eye for the beauty of it, and was much away. Then to Killarney came a rich American, traveling with his beautiful daughter, and a poor young Irishman who was guiding them about the country. It was not strange that the girl should fall in love with the guide, for he was a fine lad, and very handsome. But it was an odd thing, indeed, that the father should have approved the match, and should have bought Muckross to give them for a wedding gift. They have lived there happily for many years and are much loved by the people.

The old man told me the story as he sat in the doorway of his cottage when we had returned. He was smoking a stubby black pipe.

'They are away now,' he added, 'but himself will be returning next week for the hunting, and already we are getting the place in great order to receive him.'

NEXT day I stopped at a convent to buy some of the Irish lace that is made there. It was a great, rambling structure, built upon a hill and inclosed by a high stone wall. Inside, there was a courtyard paved with rough cobbles where the yellow leaves were falling. The place was filled with autumn sunshine, and the odor of withering flowers.

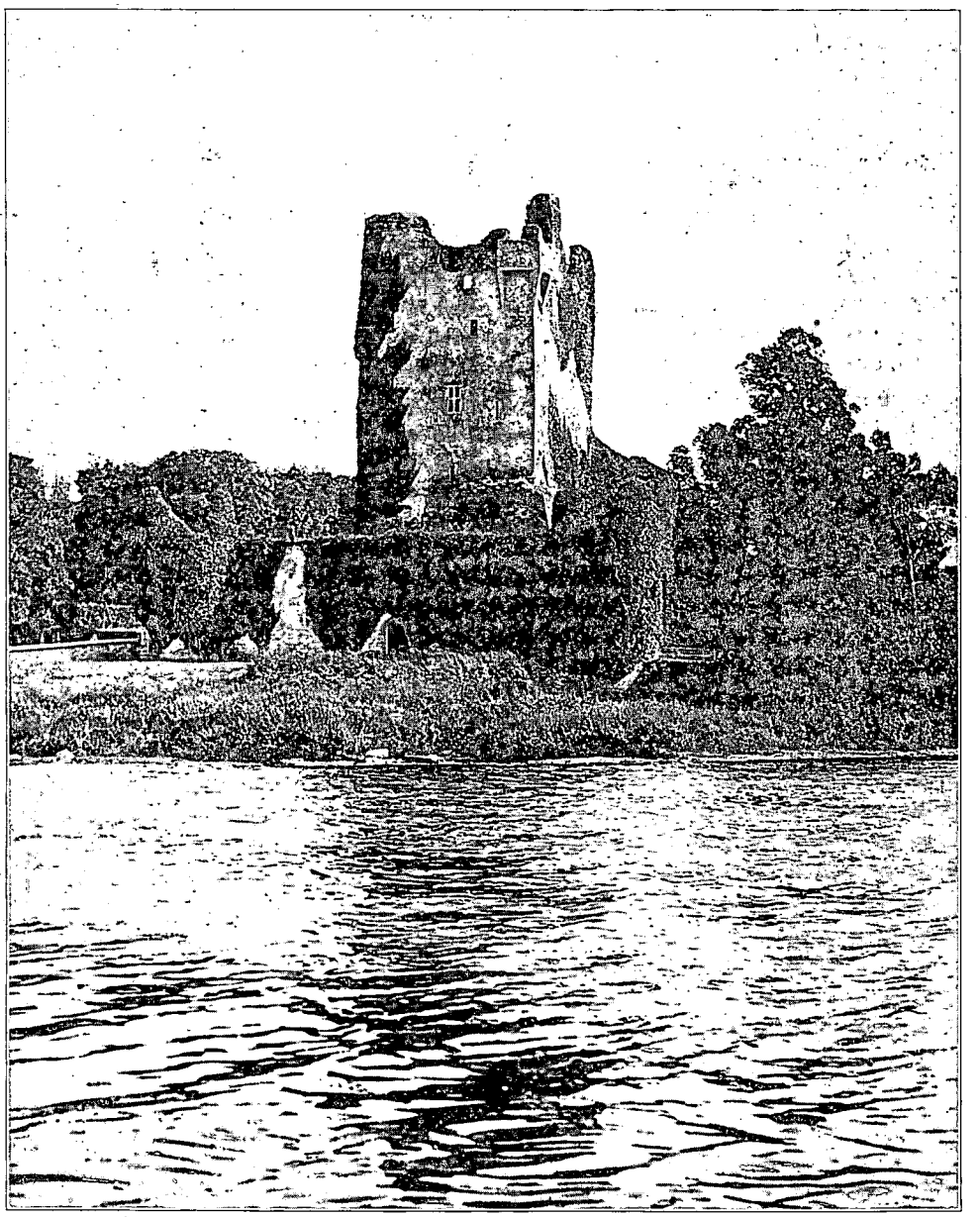
On a bench against the wall sat a sweet-faced nun with a group of children. After her, they intoned the soft Gaelic phrases that were so nearly lost until the recent movement was made to revive the language in all the schools of Ireland.

The nun sent one of the little girls to show me the way to the 'lace room.' I bought some delicate medallions, fashioned in the shape of the shamrock. All the lace is made by hand, stitch by stitch on cushions.

TRALEE is a bleak town, of mud and squalid houses, at the head of Dingle Bay. It was there that I found the grave of 'Yankee Shea,' that grandfather of mine who had sailed out of Kerry a century ago. He had raised a family in the States, and had done well away, but, when he came to die, he had returned to his native place.

Walking in the gray street, I scanned the faded shop signs for a name that was like my own. I found it over a public house, and went in to find if those who ran it were kin to the 'Yankee,' and thus kin of mine.

By the stove, at the back of the shop,



Ewing Galloway

MUCKROSS ABBEY NEAR KILLARNEY

'THE ROMANCE OF MUCKROSS is like an Irish fairy tale come true.' The present owners are a wealthy American lady and her Irish husband with whom she fell in love while he was acting as guide to her and her father on a trip through Ireland.

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I talked with a bent old man who had known him, when they both were young, though there was no relationship between them.

'Aye, and a grand boy he was, too,' quavered the old man. 'I remember as though 'twas yesterday how he would walk down the street of Tralee in his silk hat, and swinging that stick of his, with every girl in the place turning her head to look after him.'

The grave, he said, was in a little churchyard about three miles from the town.

'I know it well,' said his granddaughter, who had come in while we were talking. She was a lovely, dark-eyed girl, with that singularly spiritual expression so marked in one type of West Ireland woman. 'I could take you there now, if you don't mind walking,' she suggested eagerly.

We went out together and followed a path that lay along a canal where the ships were lying. The sunset light was touching it with topaz and rose.

The grave of the 'Yankee' was just inside the gate, overgrown with gorse and purple flowers. I copied the inscription carved on the moss-grown stone.

'And now,' said Hanna, 'we might kneel down and say a prayer for his soul.' So we did.

As we walked back to town, the turf fires were being lighted in the houses, and their smoke was mingling with the salt smell of the sea. That fragrance, more than any other, will always bring back Ireland to me.

AT A HOUSE, set a little back from the road, we stopped to see Mrs. Culnane, who was a friend of Hanna's. She greeted the girl in Gaelic, then turned to welcome me with that gracious dignity so characteristic of old Irish women.

She motioned us to a bench beside the fire, and in a kettle, hung above the glowing blocks of turf, she heated water and made us a cup of tea. With it, she gave us slices of crisp, home-made bread and a delicious jam.

Her kitchen, Hanna told me, is the gathering place for all the people of the countryside on winter evenings when the songs are made and stories told. It was a room full of beauty because of its sheer simplicity, and had that indefinable charm that comes sometimes to places that have been much lived in. The walls had been toned, by the turf smoke, to a soft brown that blended with the gray earth-color of the floor. In a far corner stood an oak dresser with plates shining in the red glow of the fire. There were a few home-made chairs, with hand-woven seats, and, on the hearth, a rude table and two benches.

Mrs. Culnane had white hair, and a handsome, strong face, refined by suffering. As she talked, I could understand little of her meaning, but I liked to watch her eyes light with humor and then grow sombre again as she spoke of the son away in America. These women live for their children, and, when they lose them, their grief has all the wistfulness and passion of an old race, worn with sorrow.

'I am sick at heart,' she said, and her voice made me feel shadows. It brought tears to the eyes as some poetry does.

It was late when we left, and when we reached the road the darkness had given way to moonlight. When we came to the brooding, black pile of Desmond Castle, the big, yellow harvest moon was riding high between its jagged turrets.

At the top of the hill, before we reached the town, we stopped to listen to the bugle at the barracks below, calling the soldiers to quarters. Hanna stood entranced until the two last, long-drawn notes, which, she said, sounded like 'Come home.'

ON ANOTHER night, we went to a crossroads dance. We walked more than five miles into the country to a place where an oblong of cement had been rolled smooth to make a dance floor. To this, on two nights a week, come the boys and girls from all the farms around. They dance to the strains of a melodeon.

As we drew near the place, we heard music in the darkness and the sound of laughter.

They were dancing a sort of polka of nine figures, and a boy kept the same partner for the whole dance, sitting with her on the wall in the intermissions between. Chaperons, it seems, never had been heard of, or needed.

ON ELECTION day we went to Dingle. All along the roads we saw people going in to vote. They were dressed in their Sunday best, and had turned out in carts, in pony traps, in jaunting cars, and on foot.

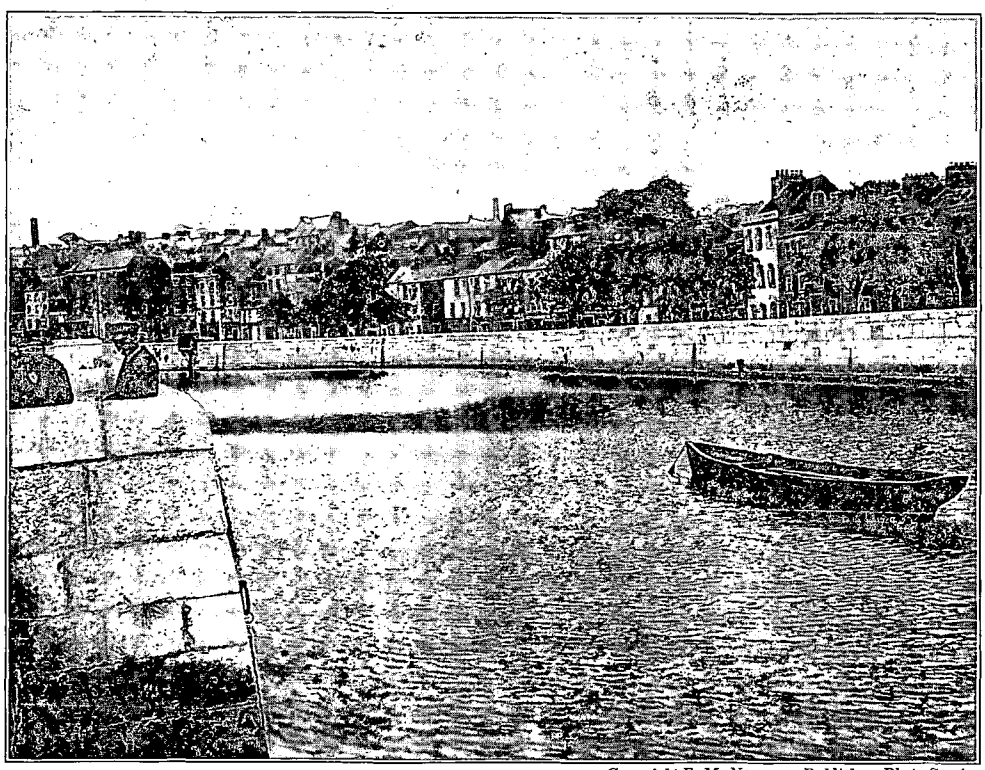
In the town, they were gathered about the market place and along the cobbled quay where the coarse brown nets were spread to dry. There was no disorder — only talking.

We went for lunch to a dark little inn, smelling of cabbage and onions. I asked the thin, brown woman who served us, 'Will Mr. De Valera be elected?'

She shrugged her shoulders. 'He can do no worse than those that are in it now.'

We went back and sat on the sunny quay, where the gulls were fluttering among the fishing boats. A group of girls were salting fish and packing them in barrels for market.

We rode home in an erratic little train



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THE RIVER LEE AT CORK

TO ANY VISITOR from abroad, this is the first sight of old Ireland, for the transatlantic steamers stop at Queenstown, which is but a few miles from the ancient and beautiful city of Cork.

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that took three hours to make the thirty miles across the hills.

WHEN I left Tralee, Hanna came down to the station to see me on board the Limerick train. She gave me a box of sea grass and a blackthorn stick to take home to my father.

It was, she said, as though I were not a 'Yank' at all, but one of her own. It is true there had been a bond between us that we both felt from the first, and we knew that, beneath our surface talk, we shared the same thoughts and the same emotions.

She asked that, when I reached the States, I send her a photograph the way she wouldn't forget me, but could remember our walks together whenever she looked on it.

AT WESTPORT, there was a three-hour wait between trains. I explored the town and had tea at an inn. Then I walked out along a road that led to the sea. A cold rain was falling and it was very desolate.

At the far end of a stone jetty, a single freighter was moored. Her name, *Vena*, was painted in white letters across her battered and rusty bow.

A man, in sweater and cap, came down the gangplank, and I asked him when she was to sail.

'On to-morrow's tide, for France,' he answered. He was not more than thirty, and as handsome an Irishman as ever I saw.

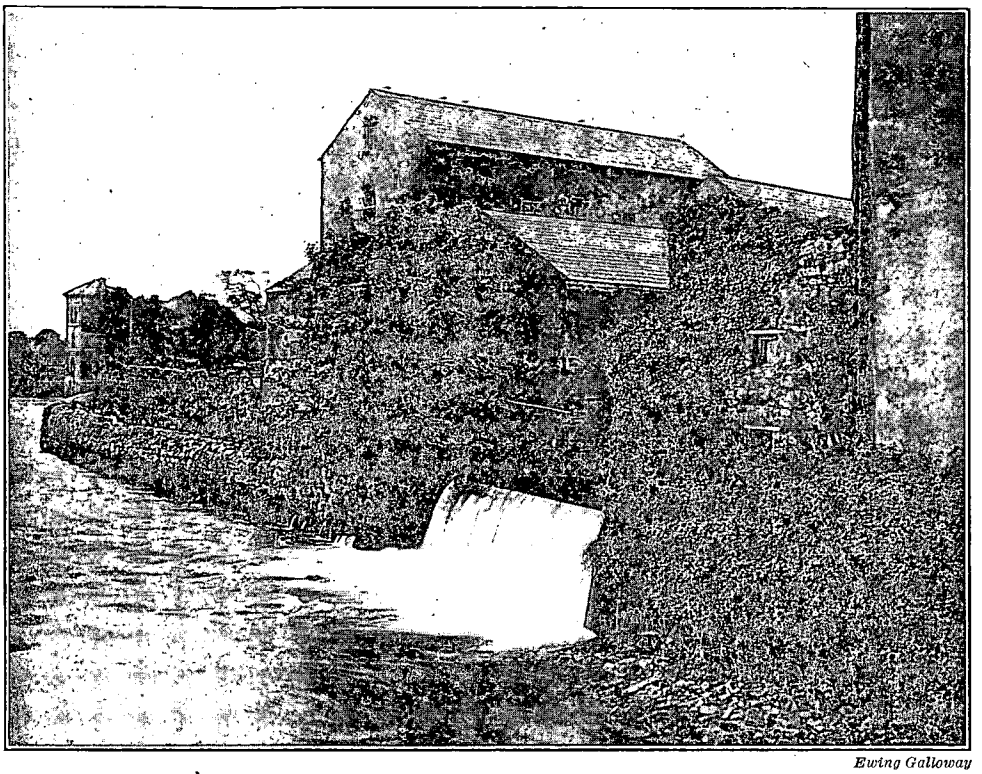
'Are you one of her crew?' I questioned.

He laughed. 'No, I'm her master.'

James Connor, he was. Captain James Connor of Belfast, and proud of his ship in spite of her age and lack of varnish. He invited me on board, and showed me his quarters under the bridge which, he assured me, were as snug and comfortable as those of any transatlantic liner. He showed me pictures of his wife and three children, and he told me tales of seafaring adventures, beginning with his first trip on a clipper ship to Melbourne when he was a cabin boy of fifteen.

I WENT to Achill Island because I had heard that it is one of the most primitive spots in all Europe. There is no train service there, and many of the islanders never have set foot on the mainland. It is reached by a footbridge at Achill Sound, which I crossed on a Sunday morning.

All day I walked along the bleak road between flat fields of naked rock, with occasionally a small field of potatoes tucked away in corners that had shelter.



Ewing Galloway

ALONG THE CORRIB NEAR GALWAY

GALWAY, ON THE WEST COAST of Ireland, has long drawn power from its river with which to grind corn and saw wood. It is such scenes as this which attract the traveler to Ireland.

Now and then I passed a lonely chapel or schoolhouse, or a stone cross marking a wayside shrine.

Sometimes I met women returning from mass, dressed in full red petticoats and white shawls. Or tall men with brown, weather-beaten faces. I saw no donkey carts, but sometimes there were riders sitting sidewise, and without saddles, on the extreme backs of their horses. It is a custom, they tell me, which grew from necessity for, on week days, they carry great panniers of turf or potatoes before them as they ride.

Toward evening, I reached the fishing village of Keel, where I had planned to spend the night. There were a dozen or more thatched cottages huddled together for protection against the wind that sweeps in from the Atlantic, and the road, winding among them, climbed steeply beyond to a rocky headland. From that, I thought, I could look out across the sea with nothing between me and America. But, upon reaching it, the trail dipped down again and then went on up another hill. I climbed that, too, and yet another. It became an obsession with me to reach the end of Ireland, and, though I was very weary, I could not turn back. There seemed something symbolic in that long trek through barren land to a high, far-seeing place, and there was an exultation, in finally reaching it, that lifted the heart. I stood there for a long time, listening to the boom of the surf on the black rocks below. Going back again to the village, I saw the lights coming on in the windows, and the slow smoke rising from the chimneys. There was a peace about it that was like a benediction.

I STAYED that night at the home of a Mrs. Barrett. An island woman, she was, who had gone to America as a girl and had married well there. On the death of her husband, she had returned to Achill, and her kindness had endeared her to every man, woman, and child in the place.

She told me much of the people, and the heart-breaking fight they wage against the elements.

Before bedtime, I went out to walk along the deserted beach. Returning, through a lane between the houses, I came upon an old woman dragging a sack of potatoes to her door. I stopped to help her, and then, because she was alone, and eager to talk, I sat for a while before her fire and drank a cup of tea with her. Her son and her son's wife were out for the fish, she said. The men go out in the boats and the women wait on the shore to bring in the first catch, so that the men may at once go out again.

'It's a hard life,' she said; in that low chant they all use in speaking. 'A hard life and many are lost, but none of mine yet, glory be to God.'

(*Continued on page 315*)

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An Open Letter to President Hoover

Together with an Article Which Points Out How Peace May Be Achieved in Europe, Not by Disarmament, but by Economic Means

By Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi

President of the Pan-European Union

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily, and the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

To President Herbert Clark Hoover of the United States: —

THREE years ago I had occasion to acquaint you with the aims of the young Pan-European movement. Since then, this movement to further the peace and well-being of Europe has made great progress. It is forcing Europe to new decisions. In making these decisions, Europe needs the sympathy and cooperation of America.

In your inaugural speech you emphasized the principle that the progress, well-being, and peace of the United States are very closely bound up with the progress, well-being, and peace of all mankind. But as long as Europe remains dismembered, as long as Europe comprises twenty-six nations that hate, fear, and distrust one another, the progress, well-being, and peace of the world will be constantly in danger. These unnatural circumstances will certainly lead sooner or later to a war, and to social and economic catastrophes, unless Europe follows the glorious example which your nation gave to the world a century and a half ago by forming a federation of states. For four centuries Europe has shared in the development of America. Now America is faced with the possibility of coöperating in the development of Europe.

The children and descendants of European peoples who hate each other and fight among themselves at home live peaceably in America as citizens of a single nation. What is more natural than that this great nation, which has experienced and made possible within its borders harmony among European peoples, should strive for reconciliation among the parents, sisters, and cousins across the Atlantic? Can the young American nation bear to watch its old European mother perish without offering to aid her?

Blood kindred though separated by the ocean, America and Europe are destined by fate to work together in unchanging friendship for the human ideals that unite them. A peaceful, united, and prosperous Europe will be more valuable to the future of America than a chaotic, barbaric, and bankrupt Europe. The ruin of Europe would involve the whole world in fresh catastrophes. A united Pan-Europe, in coöperation with the kindred nations of Pan-America and of the British Empire, and with the other great cultural groups of the earth, could assure the peace and progress of all humanity for generations to come.

The European question is a world question, and in dealing with it the United States of America could assume a prominent rôle. Therefore I appeal to you as head and leader of the American nation, as a champion of ideas of peace, and as a tried and true friend of Europe who has proved the strength of his friendship by his actions in periods of great difficulty. Lend our movement your moral support, and help to facilitate and hasten the unification of Europe by means of the actively expressed sympathy of America.

RICHARD N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI,
President of the Pan-European Union.

COUNT RICHARD N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI, who in this issue of THE LIVING AGE calls upon President Hoover to assist Europe in its effort to achieve unity on the American model, has for many years been a leader in the Pan-European movement. He is best known in this country for his book, *Pan-Europe*, which appeared a couple of years ago in an English translation, with an introduction by President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University. Since then he has founded a monthly magazine with the same name, devoted to the spread of ideas which he regards as vital to the future of Western civilization.

He is peculiarly qualified for his task. The Coudenhove family, originally Belgian, has long been part of the Austrian nobility. Count Henry Coudenhove-Kalergi, father of the author, was an Austrian diplomat in Japan, where he married a Japanese lady of noble birth. Their son is naturally interested in the movement for world unity; but he believes that the first step toward it must be a federation of the European peoples.

Military or Economic Security?

By Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi

AN ENGLISH newspaper publishes a secret memorandum of the German War Minister which treats of the necessity for a new cruiser. Immediately there is widespread agitation in Poland and France over Germany's military projects in the Baltic. Shortly afterward, a Dutch newspaper publishes forged documents which have to do with a supposed Franco-Belgian military alliance. Immediately there is great excitement in Germany and Holland over the military preparations of their neighbors on the west. The governments in question explain that these documents are forged; but the official denials are not convincing enough to calm public opinion in Germany until the forger has actually been arrested and made to confess.

These disturbances show how uncomprehendingly the European public views the political situation. Optimistic phrases like 'the era of the League of Nations' or 'the era of Locarno' have deadened its sense of political realities. Otherwise, the publication of such documents, genuine or false, would surprise no one. Military pacts and armaments are only the logical consequences of the political

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and economic anarchy in the midst of which contemporary Europe exists, in spite of peace pacts, resolutions of the League of Nations, and all the talk about doing away with war.

In the archives of the military staffs of the capitals of Europe, there are, very probably, military projects drawn up against all neighboring states, against enemies and allies alike. Should these projects be published, through some act of treachery, they would loose a universal storm of armament building. Yet the officers of these military staffs are only doing their duty when they develop the defenses of their respective nations to meet all conceivable political eventualities.

The history of the Triple Alliance teaches us that alliances and peace treaties do not make military guarantees superfluous. The Austrian and Italian officers who secured their boundaries even against their allies were amply justified.

Generals are not politicians. It is their duty, not to mix in politics, but to handle the situations brought about by the politicians' actions. They must reckon with the possibility that political leaders may violate an agreement and leave the nation isolated in the face of an overwhelmingly strong group of enemies. This continual danger of a war against a coalition of enemy powers leads responsible generals to put their armies, by means of armaments and military conventions, in such a position that they will be able to emerge victorious from a war on two fronts.

MILITARY security is the task of generals. Political security is the task of political leaders. Political security rests on a foundation of treaties. If alliances could not be broken, if political treaties were inviolable, military guarantees and armaments would be superfluous. But the experiences of the last War, in which peoples and their leaders violated treaties at a critical moment, warns the political heads of nations not to trust blindly in the treaty loyalty either of allies or of adversaries. They feel constrained to look upon their armies as insurance organizations to protect them in case their adversaries, their allies, their successors, or even they themselves should disregard a treaty.

Few political leaders are capable of relying on even their own good faith; they do not know what their actions may be under pressure of unforeseen situations. Much less can a statesman rely on his successors, whose points of view, character, and convictions he is able neither to judge, to shape, nor to know. And if he puts his trust in the fundamental character of his nation, what assurance has he that at some future time some small, powerful minority will not seize authority and nullify all his work? If a statesman cannot depend on his own people and their future leaders, how is it possible for him to depend on the future convictions and the future leaders of the people of a neighboring state?

Keystone

COUNT R. N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

PRESIDENT OF the Pan-European Union and one of the leaders in the movement to set up a 'United States of Europe' based upon the American model.

This uncertainty is to-day greater than ever. Formerly the leaders of nations could count on ruling for many years and then being replaced by their relatives as successors on their thrones. But national leaders to-day do not know whether they will still be in power at the end of the year, and have not the faintest idea who will be in their places in ten years' time.

As a result, treaty loyalty has been declining, generally speaking, since the cohesive forces of religion have disappeared from political life. In an age in which even politics are dominated by a sort of sacred egotism, treaties lose their moral significance, and their importance varies according to political relationships. But even in the absolutist epoch, treaty loyalty had its limits. The fate of the Holy Alliance, which rested on the solemn promises made by three Christian rulers, but which nevertheless disintegrated at a crucial moment, represents an impressive warning to all those who would like to trust uncritically in the League of Nations.

The duration of a political treaty depends on two suppositions: the good will of both parties concerned, and the power of the party which adheres strictly to the treaty to compel the other, even against its will, to observe and maintain the treaty. In the case of the Locarno treaty, both hypotheses hold good to-day, from the French point of view. Both the German and the French Governments undoubtedly have every intention of observing this treaty. In addition, France at the present time is strong enough to compel its observance. But this security is short lived — as is the guarantee which is an essential part of the treaty. For no political soothsayer can be certain whether even one of these two hypotheses will still hold good after a generation. No one knows what statesmen or what party will then be ruling in Germany, what form of government she will have, or whether at that time she will declare herself against, or in favor of, Locarno. And no one knows what balance of power will then prevail in Europe. The reversal of the balance of power between Germany and France from 1890 to 1920 shows the uncertainty of all such prophecies. For this reason, all political guarantees of the present day are necessarily provisory and short lived. On that account statesmen do not wish to give up military guarantees, either in the form of armaments or in the form of military conventions.

ARMAMENTS and military alliances often intensify the danger of war, but not always. Frequently they serve peaceful ends. If Belgium had been heavily armed and had had modern defenses in 1914, Germany would have respected her neutrality. If England had had an open military alliance with France and Russia at that time, instead of a mere entente, there would have been, in all probability, a bloodless settlement. If Rumania had not had a strong army and had not maintained military alliances in the post-War years, the Russians would have taken possession of Bessarabia as they took possession

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Pacific & Atlantic

COUNT AND COUNTESS COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

COUNTESS COUDENHOVE-KALERGI was formerly one of the best known actresses on the Viennese stage.

of Georgia, and would probably not have checked their advance at the Pruth. If France had disbanded her army immediately at the close of the War, the occupation of the Ruhr would have started a fresh European war. If the Soviets had not created the Red Army, Russia would have become a battlefield for all the armies of Europe.

These examples show how superficial it is to consider disarmament as the essential problem of peace; for armaments are not causes but consequences of the strained, menaced, and shaken situation of contemporary Europe. To-day, every nation that is open to enemy invasion must make itself secure by alliances and armaments. The peoples of Europe have not forgotten that the German Army near Tannenberg prevented the conquest of Berlin, that the French Army at the Marne prevented the capture of Paris, and that the Italian Army on the Piave prevented Milan and perhaps Rome from being taken. These experiences are a sufficient answer to those who claim that military guarantees are worthless, although these guarantees have undoubtedly become more problematical in the age of air combat. For to-day war is carried on behind the front, against the hinterland and the enemy capital. The watchword of security in the future must therefore be, not to prevent defeat, but to prevent war!

Bayonets guarantee international security just as completely as treaties. If new and better guarantees are not found, there will be no disarmament but a general enlargement of armaments. The Russian disarmament proposals will be fruitless, because Europe sees in them only an attempt to substitute civil war for wars between nations. The German disarmament proposals will be fruitless, because Europe sees in them only an attempt to reduce the other powers to Germany's own state of helplessness. Words which have the ring of command in the mouths of the strong sound like idle chatter in the mouths of the weak. It is clear that France and Italy are the only European powers from whom an impetus toward disarmament can be expected. But neither France nor Italy will take the initiative and give up the advantage in armaments that they possess over Germany — until they can be offered stronger and more permanent guarantees than armaments and treaties afford.

FRANCE persists in maintaining her thesis that there shall be no disarmament without security. In the same situation Germany would maintain the same thesis. One should not try to persuade France that she already has sufficient guarantees, but should offer her the most impregnable guarantee that exists — a customs union. For a German-French customs union is actually the only permanent assurance of Franco-German peace. No military or political guarantees could so surely and completely secure the eastern boundary of France as this economic guarantee.

Modern wars are economic wars: fields, mines, and factories furnish the means of war. A war between sections of a homogeneous economic territory is already almost a technical impossibility, and is becoming daily more nearly so. If there had been a Franco-German customs union in 1914, the World War would have been impossible. Germany could conduct the War only because she was in large measure economically autonomous. In a customs union, economic autonomy for the individual members disappears. The American Civil War and the German *Bruderkrieg* are not exceptions, for when they took place wars were far less economic in basis than they now are. A war between

(*Continued on page 315*)

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Gandhi

Leader of India's Nationalist Movement, Who Believes Religion Must Become a Vital Factor in Politics

By Upton Close

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI is the first revolutionary leader who has been clever enough to see the revolutionary value of the Christian maxim about 'turning the other cheek.' And, ironically enough, he is turning the forces which he thus controls against the very people who first introduced the Christian Gospel into India — the British.

Other Asian revolutionists have employed entirely different methods. Lenin scorned all religion as 'the opium of the people.' In Turkey, Mustapha Kemal Pasha is slowly persuading his fanatical Moslems to substitute national for religious feeling as the basis of society. But Gandhi is making religion a part of social and political life. Upon it he proposes to build India's nationhood.

Religion, as he understands it, however, is not any particular form of clerical institutionalism. It is primarily a personal force, by no means identical with orthodox Christianity, for Gandhi, in spite of all his tolerance, was brought up in the Hindu faith.

'The idea-tight division of human activity into religious, social, and political compartments is the prime fallacy of the modern world,' he said to me one day, as we sat on the rough stone floor of a house in his Sabarmati colony. 'If religion is not needed in politics, where on earth is it needed?'

Gandhi's problem is to restore the racial dignity of his people, beaten down by the rifle butts of the West — a problem familiar enough elsewhere in Asia. But Gandhi's method of meeting it is not an effort to compete with the West in its own 'game' of military and industrial prowess. Gandhi's method is more original. He proposes to repudiate the Western game entirely and to prove that man's greatest and only permanent good is to be reached by an utterly different activity with an opposite philosophy. Of this, Gandhi would have India be the example. But, like all great religionists, his outlook is more than national. India is to preserve the way of life which must be adopted by the 'modern' world when its prosperity shall have crashed and its 'progress' shall have led into a cul-de-sac. Then, he believes, India, if she has been true to her own soul, will automatically assume leadership of the world.

Brown Brothers

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI

THE LEADER of the nationalist movement in India. This photograph was taken a number of years ago, while he was in East Africa.

Because he is not content, like the rest of Asia (except the Russians), to take one step at a time, he may fail. But failure or Messiah, or both, he stands as a seer among statesmen, a saint among heroes. For the Mahatma — at first glance exactly opposite in spirit and purpose to the other nation-makers of Asia — is found on close study to profit as do they by Western attainment and experiment in freeing the East from the domination of the West. Gandhi does it with the long vision of the saint rather than with the narrower vision of the lawyer-demagogue which his legal training might well have made him. His *Swaraj* is founded upon Asian culture, imbued with its spirit, and implacably opposed to industrial civilization and the Western manner of life, yet it has the Western ideals of action, social equality, and economic prosperity as unmistakably as has Bolshevism.

I FIRST approached Mahatma Gandhi in the company of Chin the Golden of Young China. We drove at dawn in a miniature 'double-ender' cart behind a speedy trotting bullock over the bridge at Ahmadabad and up the Gujarat River. Below us on the sand bars, morning prayers, ablutions, burnings of the dead, and cloth-bleaching were proceeding, while great cranes standing with one leg knee-deep in water looked on. Chin said to me with Chinese practicalness and suspicion: 'If Mr. Gandhi is a holy man, he will know our minds — that we come to try him out — and will not speak freely and act naturally.'

A first view of him dispelled any such fears. A gnomelike man, with large ears, an enormous nose, and a skeletonlike body clad only in a coarse white cloth from waist to knees, sat with feet folded back beside his loins, chuckling joyously and unrestrainedly as a child, his great brown eyes dancing under low upper lids. He was listening to a serious young lady disciple recounting her misadventures on a recent mission. Soon she caught the spirit and laughed too. The visiting American and Chinaman joined in.

It was good, for one hears little laughter in India — in contrast to the sound forever on the ears among the sunny-tempered Chinese, Siamese, and Burmans. We were ready to regard Gandhi as the traditional Indian mystic. But we saw no kinship between him and the Indian fakir. With such an introduc-

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tion we were bound to study him as a man, rather than as a god. I am of the impression that he prefers such treatment.

It was in 1869, only twelve years after the Great Mutiny, that the young fourth wife of the *dewan*, or prime minister, of the native state of Porbandor, bore as her fourth son the one who, through the mystical power of organized nonviolent resistance, was to lead his people's struggle for nationhood and freedom. She named him after her venerable lord and husband, 'Karamchand Gandhi,' prefixing 'Mohandas,' — 'Servitor of the Great One,' — an index of her intensely religious character.

KARAMCHAND GANDHI, the father, took British suzerainty as a matter of course and was loyal to the raj, as were the heads of other native administrations; but he was a firm believer in the dignity of the native Indian. He belonged to the third, or merchant, group of castes, the Bania. If Gandhi's penchant for politics came from his father, his religious conscience was an inheritance from his mother. Her intelligence, gentleness, and willingness to face suffering dominated the life of the family. The dignified matron, Putlibai, draped in long robes and shawl, never failed to gather her children about her and kneel with them in long prayers. Frequently she fasted, and her youngest son in particular was always ready to join her in some new religious duty. An inferiority complex was the natural result of the extreme religious self-abasement his mother had instilled in him. The reaction from it was painful, but eventually complete. The lad who dared not speak to anybody became the most fearless orator of India. The boy who was deathly afraid lest someone should poke fun at him grew up to flout all accepted theories and manners of life, to dress only in a loin cloth, and to face trial and punishment as a felon, for the sake of his convictions.

Between his twelfth and thirteenth birthdays, he was married to Kasturbai, an attractive, lively, self-willed girl of the same age. At thirteen the Indian girl was already a woman. Her spouse, who had hardly reached active maturity, became absurdly suspicious, and then violently jealous. Eager that she should enjoy the same mental riches that came to him, and develop intellectually side by side with him, he returned from school each day and painstakingly endeavored to tutor her in what he had learned. But she was interested in other things. The lessons invariably ended in a quarrel with the unwilling and none too deferential pupil.

At eighteen he passed his examinations for the university and began attending lectures in an Indian institution. An old Brahman who befriended the family following Gandhi's father's death advised him to finish in London, and his mother consented. The Indian student arriving in London to-day is met by a committee of his fellow countrymen and led to congenial associations and to living arrangements in harmony with his customs, but it was not so in 1887. Gandhi found a lonely lodging, where he spent his days in homesickness and his nights in tears. He had starved himself almost to emaciation rather than eat 'the roast beef of old England,' for to the orthodox Hindu the cow is a sacred animal. And only when he was at length able to find a place where he could live on vegetables alone was he able to nurse himself back to health.

HE HAD wanted to take up medicine in college, but his brothers had told him that his father had regarded vivisection and surgery as practices in which a Vaishnava could not engage. The Brahman mentor therefore had recommended law. In June, 1891, Gandhi passed his examination for the bar, and two days later embarked for his own country. He began his practice in Bombay, where he soon came in contact with several older men who became his mentors. They were the Parsee, Dadabhai Naoroji, the 'Father of Indian Nationalism,' who first helped him apply the rule of 'good for evil' in a public controversy; the jeweler, poet, and mystic, Rajachandra, whose understanding and poise calmed Gandhi's spiritual difficulties; and the young Gopal K. Gokhale, three years his senior, who was to win fame as educational reformer and forerunner of the Indian independence movement.

Gandhi's conscientiousness gained him respect, even from enemies. It was his rule to abandon a case, sometimes abruptly in open court, if convinced his client had falsely represented it to him. He declined to undertake prosecution for debt. It was not long before he had achieved a reputation. A Hindu firm with interests in South Africa offered him a one-year contract to conduct a case in Pretoria. Gandhi went with high hope, little realizing the suffering that lay before him, or that his triumph over it would make him the leader of all his people. To his surprise, the inoffensive Indian found himself refused admission to hotels, thrown out of trains on which he had paid his fare, insulted on the streets, beaten and kicked. The only members of the ruling race whom he found to possess a human feeling for his people were the Christian missionaries. He read some eighty books on Christianity that first year, and began to wonder whether there might not be something deeper than the surface of any religion, yet common to all religions.

AT FIRST the injustice of the treatment dealt out to the Indian in South Africa, though it disgusted him, left him with a feeling of helplessness. But now came a request from the leaders of the Indian community in Durban that he should undertake a legal attack upon the legislation that discriminated against his countrymen. The Dutch in Transvaal would have shut them out entirely, but they were afraid such action would give the British an excuse for declaring war. Meanwhile, Natal had followed withdrawal of the land grants by a three-pound head tax levied on every man, woman, and child, prohibition of trade unless accounts were kept in English, and other laws especially designed to annoy the Indians.

As always, sense of duty and sympathy for his fellow men dominated Gandhi. His people were helpless. The young barrister, skilled in the white man's law, was their only hope. He took the case, and thus began the long task of organizing his people for the struggle he saw before them. He was, of course, accused of self-seeking; and wealth he might readily have had, for the Indians were able and willing to pay well for his legal service to their cause. Instead, he refused all fees.

In 1896, to strengthen his position, Gandhi went to India, where his speeches aroused intense interest and sympathy for the plight of the emigrants. Kasturbai now showed a new ability to understand and enter into the spirit of his work, and this was the beginning of a real partnership in which she was to become the able commander of the women of his forces.

THESE were the years when the little Dutch republics were defying England, and winning the admiration of the world for their pluck, while many a subject people were ruefully comparing that example of valor with their own passivity. But quietly and persistently Gandhi taught his people that their hope of freedom should rest in spirituality, not war. The announced war aims of the British, who by this time were fighting the Boers, promised amelioration of the Indian status in the Transvaal, and the victory was bound to be theirs in the long run. Not despising political acumen, Gandhi aided the government

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in every nonmilitary way. He recruited an Indian Red Cross service, nearly a thousand strong, and, leading it himself, was cited for bravery under fire. Thus early he showed that his policy was not one of mere passive contemplation of religious themes.

With his compatriots in Africa, as he thought, on the way to peaceful progress, he returned to India in 1901. But in a few months he was called back to Africa. The Boer War was scarcely over before it became apparent that the new régime would mean less and not more liberty for Indians.

Gandhi enrolled as a resident in Pretoria early in 1903. The first move in his campaign was the founding of a paper, *Indian Opinion*, which he edited in English and Gujrati. Then, in 1904, his eleventh African year, he founded his first *ashram*, or retreat, in the form of an agricultural colony fourteen miles from Durban, Natal. To it he devoted all his wealth, claiming nothing for himself but two loin cloths. He was bidding farewell to the pride of life. No more would he be known as the dapper, clever lawyer, or even as a mere statesman. His people were soon to call him the Great Soul, the Mahatma.

PASSIVE resistance started on a large scale late in 1907, and Gandhi as its leader was imprisoned two months. The authorities could not afford to keep him longer lest his followers get out of hand and forget the passive basis of his programme.

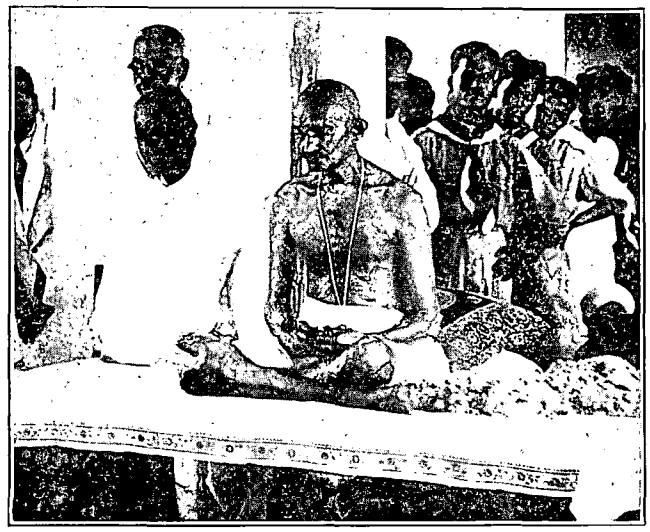
It was the fateful midyear of 1914 before the Mahatma, his stubbly hair by now sprinkled with white, his body thin as a mummy's, felt he could leave Africa in response to the tremendous demand which his work for the expatriates had created for him in India. Gandhi's interests had been primarily social, but the War created a tremendous need for him in the political field. Forces of insurrection had been piling up. Terrorism had almost made an end of orderly government in Bengal. Gandhi quieted the situation in a speaking tour that occupied him for an entire year, and the government rewarded his influence for peace and loyalty with the *Kaisar-i-Hind* medal.

When the European War broke out, Gandhi accepted the orthodox view of the Allies: that it was to establish justice and to end war. He had such a desire to 'play fair' with the British that he even advocated enlistment, up to the very end. For this deviation from the principle of nonviolence, 'I was to be severely punished,' he later admitted, referring to the trouble caused in India by the War. After the Armistice, young Indians who felt their country had done its part were impatient for the reforms promised in 1917 and 1918. But manifestations of this feeling were drastically suppressed.

GANDHI waited upon British justice until the anger of his people could be restrained no longer. The time had come when he must either direct their action or cravenly withdraw and let them burst forth into useless violence.

He who had been loyal to the British raj by tradition and experience assumed the headship of implacable opposition to it in a ringing challenge to the Viceroy. Hundreds of noted Indians followed his example. Sir Rabindranath Tagore returned his knighthood with one of the most cutting letters that a king of England ever received. Gandhi proclaimed a *hartal*, or strike, to inaugurate a definite noncoöperation campaign. He planned details carefully. 'Complete order through complete organization' was his slogan. Instruction sheets were issued to all patriots which warned that experienced group leaders must be used, flag and whistle signaling be understood, patriotic slogans and songs used at certain times, and streets and stations kept clear. Noncoöperation included repudiation of titles of honor, resignation of office, nonsubscription of government loans, substitution of private arbitration for official law courts, a suspension of their profession by lawyers, boycott of the schools, and peaceful agitation for *Swaraj*.

The further step which Gandhi called 'mass civil disobedience,' and which would involve refusal to pay taxes, with mass violation of all orders not involving moral principle, was to be taken as soon as the people had been disciplined. Realizing more fully than other Asiatic leaders the full implications of nationalism, Gandhi instituted a cult of the spinning wheel and the wearing of homespun cloth. This had both practical and symbolic value. No foreign machine industry had taken more wealth out of India or injured home industry more than the textile industry of England. India was raising the cotton, selling it cheaply to England to be made up, and buying back the machine-made product.



Pacific & Atlantic

MAHATMA GANDHI TO-DAY

THIS PICTURE of the great Indian nationalist leader was taken as he addressed the women students of the Vellore Medical School. The Mahatma wears everywhere the ascetic costume in which he appears in this photograph.

It seemed impossible for the peasant to maintain a decent standard of living through agriculture alone. Gandhi saw in a combination of home industry with agriculture the only hope for economic rehabilitation short of the establishment of great industrial centres and the moving of the population to cities — the solution adopted by Japan but opposed by Gandhi as ruinous to native culture. He believed that industrial work is necessary to the soul's health. Moreover, a universal interest in spinning would break down the caste barriers which he opposed.

UNDER such conditions, the British put into effect the new Montagu-Chelmsford constitutional experiment, popularly called the 'diarchy.' A voting constituency of seven per cent of the population was to elect provincial legislatures and a national assembly, on a 'balance system' specially protecting the Mohammedan minority. These representative bodies would ratify appointments of, and provide budgets for, ministers of education, sanitation, etc., while the British kept control of finance, justice, and military affairs. 'Noncoöperation,' of course, ignored the system entirely, Gandhi pronouncing any participation in the sinful British administration to be 'contamination.'

In December, 1920, Gandhi was able to persuade the Indian National Congress, meeting at Nagpur, to incorporate his nonviolent noncoöperation policy in its very constitution. Begun as an informal and unofficial body, gathering somewhere in India in December of each year, the National Congress was now a state within a state.

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The pot was boiling. The government, previously merely annoyed at what it believed would be a 'five-minute enthusiasm' or a saint's vision, was at last thoroughly alarmed. In March, it definitely declared the Congress and affiliated organizations to be seditious.

The next National Congress wanted to adopt the final step of mass civil disobedience. Gandhi prevented this for the time being. But by August, 1921, he had become more drastic, and indorsed the burning of foreign-manufactured goods in huge bonfires in the streets of Bombay. Men like Rabindranath Tagore and C. F. Andrews protested. Tagore, who knew much of the West, saw no evil in European material standards of living, and Andrews suggested that the destroyed goods might have been given to the poor. Gandhi replied sturdily that it would be like offering jewels to a starving man.

IN MAY, 1921, twelve thousand coolies struck in the tea gardens of Assam. Riots ensued and there was a railroad strike in Bengal. In August, a bloody outbreak of the fanatical Mohammedan Moplahs took place in Malabar. Gandhi's word could have thrown the entire nation into active revolution. There was assurance that the native troops, especially the Sikhs, awaited his command to rebel. He had the power of a political dictator and of a saint. But he was truer to his principles than to opportunity.

'The British want us to put the struggle on the plane of machine guns,' he said. 'They have these weapons and we have not. Our only assurance of beating them is to keep it on the plane where we have the weapons and they have not.'

So Gandhi issued his 'declaration of war' to the Viceroy on that plane. The date of his open letter was February 8th, 1922. It gave Lord Reading seven days to change the government's policy.

The letter had scarcely been delivered when an outrage took place at Chauri Chaura in the district of Gorakhpur, which allowed the British to throw the stigma of 'atrocity' back upon the Indians. Twenty-seven police who interfered with a nationalist procession were chased into their barracks and burned to death there. Immediately, Gandhi retracted his ultimatum to the Viceroy and stopped the campaign.

'I know that the drastic reversal of practically the whole of the aggressive campaign may be politically unsound and unwise,' he said, 'but there is no doubt that it is religiously sound. The country will have gained by my humiliation and confession of error.' The patriots of India who did not live on Gandhi's high spiritual plane suffered intense disappointment. They did not repudiate him there nor at the next conference, but they did give him the feeling that they were looking for a new leader.

GANDHI had been constantly threatened with arrest since 1920. All his affairs had long been in order and he had printed instructions to his followers entitled, 'If I Am Arrested.' Herein he told them that any violence of resentment would be to him a disgrace and a repudiation.

Now, taking advantage of his lessened popularity and the general puzzlement, the advocate general of Bombay proceeded against him. With his young editor, Banker, Gandhi was taken to the drab red-brick jail within sight of his *Ashram*. When he entered the courtroom of District Judge Broomfield of Ahmadabad, on March 18th, 1922, the entire court stood as a mark of respect to the unusual prisoner. He pleaded guilty on every count, and confessed considerably more than he was accused of. The judge commented on the prisoner's 'noble and even saintly life.' He asked Gandhi to name his own punishment, suggesting that his forerunner, Tilak's, sentence had been six years. Gandhi expressed delight that he might suffer the same penalty. 'I cannot refrain from saying,' remarked the judge, 'that you belong to a different category from any person I have ever tried or am likely to have to try.'

Young Banker made the same humble, yet accusing confession as his master. The prosecutor declared that the Mahatma must be buried alive in prison and no one allowed access to him lest his cell become a Mecca for the whole world. The two prisoners were sent off to Yerawada, a prison of none too savory reputation.

Gandhi's programme of self-improvement, with which he proposed to occupy his sentence, was interrupted by a dangerous illness. The prison physician diagnosed it as appendicitis. Gandhi was asked to submit to an operation. The British wondered if they would have trouble with him, in view of the fact that his writings followed the Tolstoian view that 'medical science is the concentrated efforts of black magic.' The Indian community watched Gandhi in this crisis, and his followers expected their Mahatma Guru to avoid contradicting his own precepts. He did so by saying, 'In prison I must accept the prison régime. It involves medical supervision which now prescribes surgery. I submit.' Later, when attacked by casuists who asked, 'Why did you go to the hospital?' he replied, more simply, 'Because I wanted to live.' Some have made much of this, but Gandhi never claimed consistency.

THE doctors said he would die if compelled to remain in the prison. Consternation spread throughout the country. Dark threats were heard among the lower classes. There was no need to set India afire again by permitting the death in a British jail of its human god. On the recommendation of the judge who had sentenced him, Gandhi was released on February 5th, 1924.

Meanwhile, the young political chiefs had turned *Swaraj* from a national movement into a political party. From absolute nonparticipation in the elections, they changed strategy to election of a majority of the legislators, who would then noncoöperate from within the government — a process which they called 'wrecking.' The young leaders had hoped that they would have the Mahatma with them, but he — always unmoved by the opinions of his followers, as by those of his enemies — roundly condemned their abandonment of principle and the tinge of chicanery involved in 'wrecking.' He granted them the privilege of pursuing their own plans, but demanded that they separate themselves from the Congress. Discussion showed that Swarajist participation in the elective system had gone too far for a return to the original noncoöperation; and, after a threat to separate himself entirely from the Swarajist Party and form another Congress, Gandhi compromised on making the programme of the Congress preëminently social-economic. Men of primarily political activity were virtually barred from membership by a new qualification requiring the spinning of two thousand yards of yarn a month by each member. The Mahatma himself, the busiest man in India, never failed to do his stint.

'Do you always spin during interviews?' the writer once asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, kindly and yet not without a 'bite.' 'Thus I can always feel that my time is not wasted, no matter to whom I must talk.'

GANDHI has long been gathering strength for the present year, which he regards as crucial. In 1929 the ten-year trial arrangement of the diarchy ends. The English Parliament will have to consider its workings and draft a system to succeed it. The civil service, backed by the Conservative Government in power in England, demands an end of

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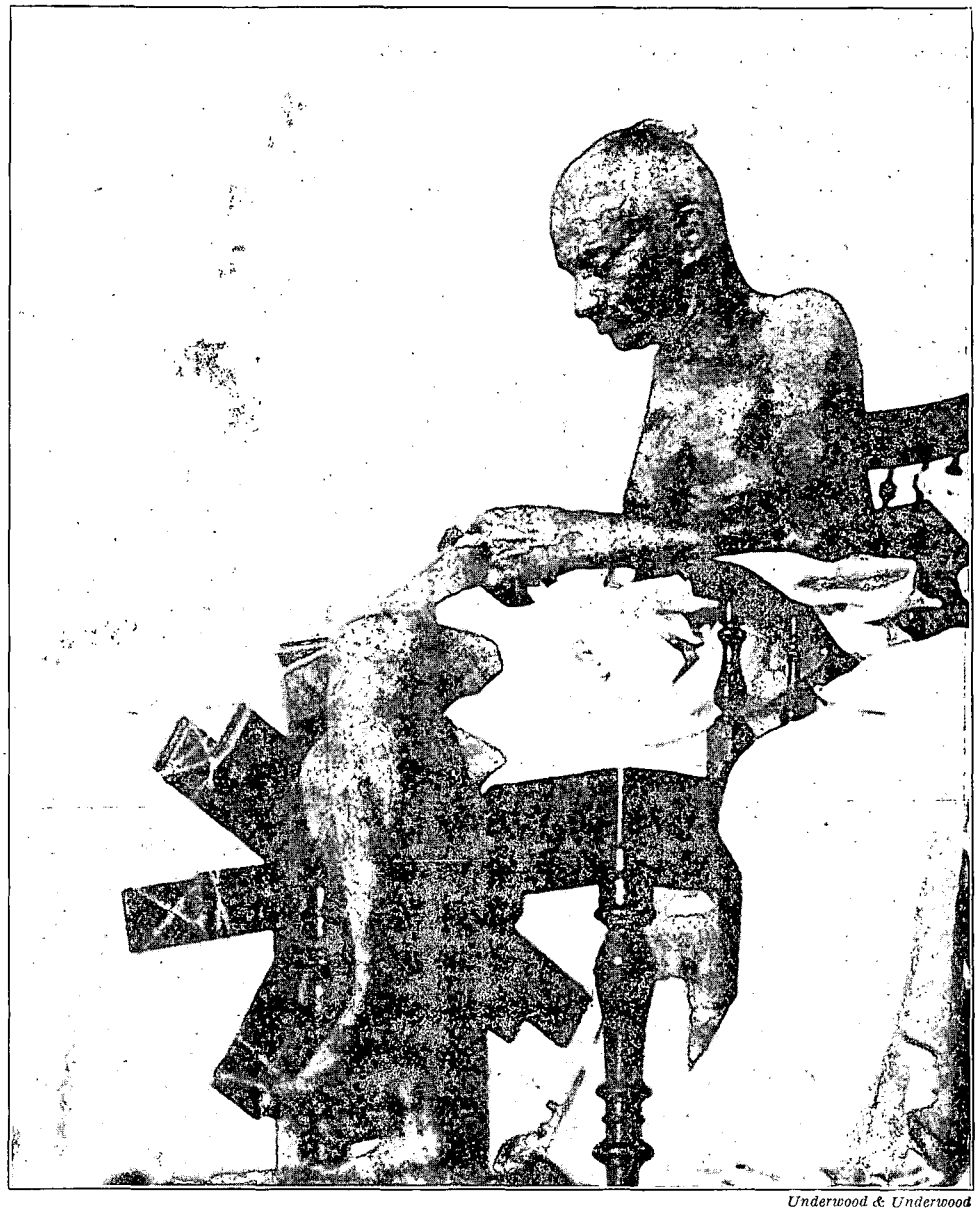
compromising with native truculence — a return to the dignity of unquestioned British dominance. India demands the establishment of a régime which would grant the dignity of complete independence. Meantime, Gandhi placidly pursues the path he long ago chose for himself.

DURING the gravest political crises, he could never forget that his prime purpose was cultural. In November, 1920, he founded the National University of Gujarat at his own home city of Ahmadabad. Its basis was Hindu and Islamic culture; it was dedicated to the preservation of the dialects of India and the Persian language and to carrying out a 'systematic study of Asiatic culture, ranking it as no less essential than the study of Western sciences.' Every Asiatic nation faces the alternatives of reverting to its ancient agricultural basis, adopting the methods of industrial society, or trying to find some new combination of the two. Gandhi's aim is that his university should 'build a new culture based on the traditions of the past and enriched by experiences of later time.'

Gandhi's educational campaign is not confined to institutions. His four greatest books, published by the tens of thousands, are parts of a definite mass educational campaign. They are *Hind Swaraj*, his doctrine of individual and national self-rule; *Ethical Religion; Guide to Health;* and *Adventures in Truth*. His intense human sympathies and his religious theories meet in his care for the physical needs of his people. He is on perpetual crusade against dirt. Even in his sermons and in his religious and political magazines he includes receipts for simple and palatable food.

In Gandhi's tilt against the machine he will certainly lose. Even now the great factory chimneys of Ahmadabad overshadow the thatched roofs of his *Ashram*. And even *Swaraj* itself is turning to development of steel, cotton, and woolen mills, and to a tariff for protection of home industry. The breakdown of the villages and the industrialization of the cities must inevitably continue, as in every land on whose shores the all-conquering machine has gained a foothold. But possibly Gandhi's protest will teach his people that the machine is made for man and not man for the machine, and save them from the terrible experiences that preceded the humanizing of industry in Western societies. And the campaign of the spinning wheel, in coördinating the economic activity of the nation to one end, may help to teach the Indian masses hygiene, improved agriculture, coöperative buying and marketing, and eventually, let us hope, population control.



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GANDHI AND HIS SPINNING WHEEL

PART OF THE NATIONALIST campaign against Great Britain takes a form similar to that of the American colonists in 1776, and consists of a return to home spinning and weaving, together with a boycott on British manufactured cloth.

THERE are disturbing narrownesses in Gandhi. He has gone so far as to say, 'We have nothing to learn from the foreigner. The traditional old implements, the plough and the spinning wheel, are our wisdom and welfare.' The Mahatma often speaks in hyperbole, which those who see his smile can understand, but which his readers may take too literally. 'I would have my windows open on the world,' he told Tagore. Yet a Swarajist writer says: 'It is wrong to import others' products and ideas and to export one's own.' If Gandhi had never imported ideas — and never exported them (intentionally or otherwise) — he would not be a Mahatma to-day.

India was floundering in the morass of her own traditions when Gandhi came. Out of these he has organized a coherent doctrine and a forward movement, salted with the definiteness of the Sermon on the Mount, applied with the pragmatism and vigor of the West, and inspired by his own life of sacrifice. He has taught India what she wants in her inmost soul and what she must do to get it. Whether or not his method is followed and the ideal result is attained, he must go down as the creator of the Indian Nation that shall eventually emerge. He has made the masses of India a factor in the struggle. Politicians could never reach them. To do that required a saint.

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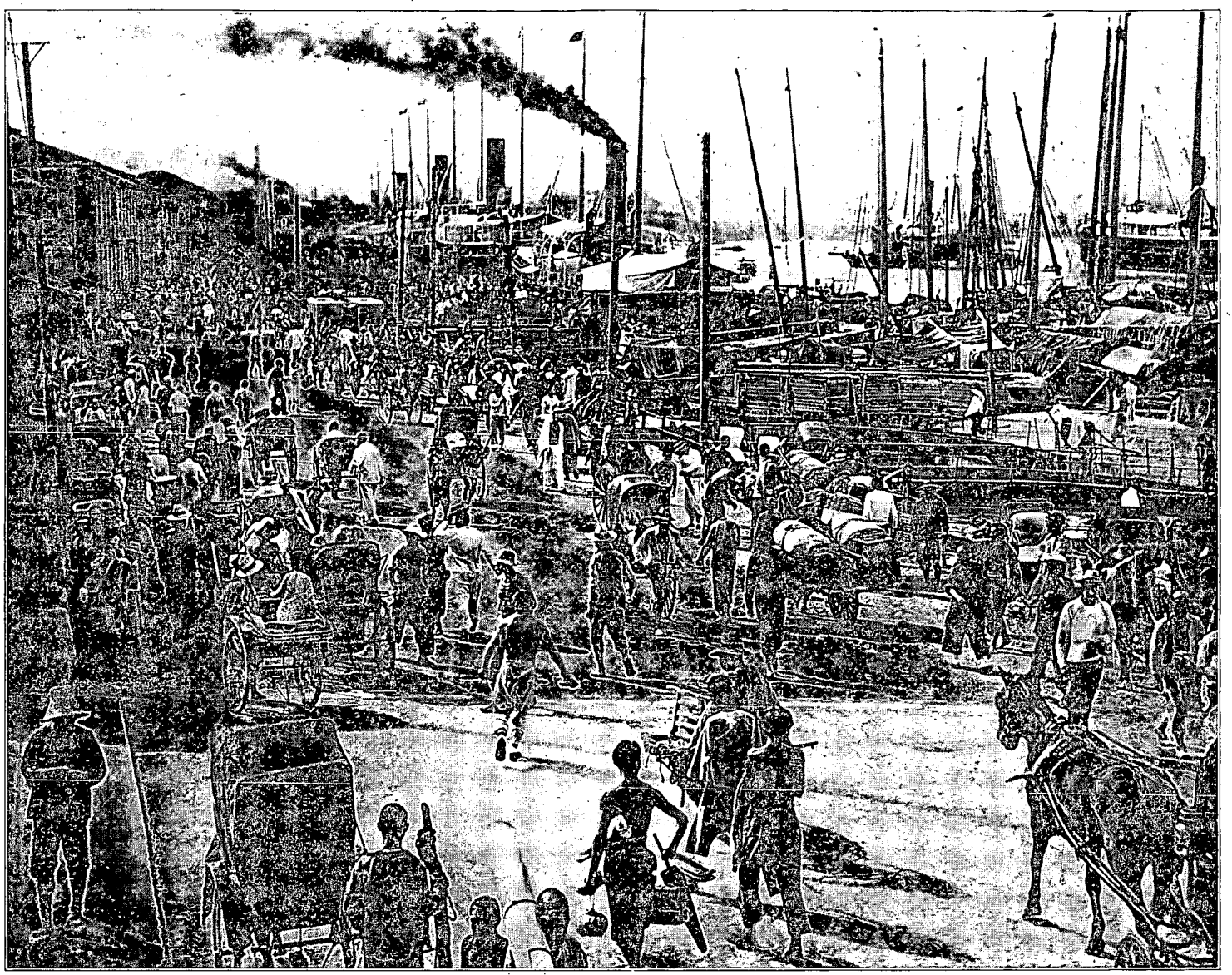

Ewing Galloway

THE SHANGHAI BUND: THE FRENCH CONCESSION

A BUSY SCENE along the waterfront where trade and commerce continue in spite of revolution and civil war. Here the products of the Orient are loaded into steamers and shipped to Europe and America.

China Bound

A World-Famous French Globe-Trotter Has a Foretaste of Modern China While He Is Still aboard Ship

By Roland Dorgelès

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*, Paris Veterans' Monthly

'ALL foolishness!' said the Shanghai broker, dropping two lumps of sugar in his coffee. He was one of these Frenchmen who have lived abroad for many years.

'No doubt,' I said. 'What are you talking about?'

My new-found friend looked at me sidewise out of his sly eyes, and winked. Then, with a jerk of his head, he indicated the tall Englishmen who strode around the deck from morning till night.

'Why are people always surprised that the English travel so much? It's clear as day to me. They get bored with their fog. They are so tired of red meat and clergymen that they won't even take their Peninsular Line. They take a French boat instead.'

He bowed his bald head and smiled at a pretty English girl who passed. Then, with a sigh, he continued: —

'You see a great many Englishmen in the world, and very few Frenchmen. Perhaps that's a good sign. It proves that we French are content at home.'

Such a statement, from a man who had never spent more than three months at a time in France since he was eighteen years old, amused me. But I knew that this time the broker was not leaving his homeland without regret. When you have to leave a wife and children behind you, it is different.

'I take it you don't like the English,' I said, trying to start him talking again.

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He demurred.

'Oh, yes! I like them very much. They are well brought up, at least. You can't say that of every European. How about you? Do you like them?'

I prudently avoided the question.

'I prefer Frenchmen who live in China,' I answered.

His sly smile returned.

'Flatterer . . .'

BUT it was not flattery. The moment the trip began, I picked out from all the other passengers the Frenchmen who lived in Peking, Canton, Shanghai. Why? I don't know. Intuition, perhaps.

The first evening aboard I listened to their conversation in the smoking-room. The phrases which they bandied back and forth carelessly, and which appeared to be a sort of recognized jargon, startled me.

'He preferred to drop $100,000 rather than lose face,' said one.

'I've just cabled Shanghai to ask for the closing prices on the Exchange,' said another, as he came down from the upper deck.

Merely hearing such scraps of conversation made me want to know these men. They seemed like strange, unusual beings, living in a fantastic scene which shifted from big banks to pagodas, from the luxurious bar of the *Cercle Français* to the squalid Chinese quarter. Pounds, yens, taels, dollars — all the patter of the Stock Exchange. But they spoke without vanity, in a tone of well-bred detachment. People who handle money the way they do no longer reverence it very highly.

The French colonial has to count his pennies. The Frenchman in China grows richer every day. Perhaps that is why the two are so different. Brokers and lawyers, merchants and bankers, these Frenchmen symbolized for me the tremendous adventure of modern life — check book, rubber, Stock Exchange, silver, oil.

I wanted to study them, discover their secret, learn their language.

THE first opportunity I had, I joined a group of them on the promenade deck, and was immediately made welcome. I had no reason to regret it. I couldn't have hoped to find more obliging companions, or better informed guides. There was nothing small or mean about them. They were men of the hour, made in the image of their adopted Paris — Shanghai, the banker's capital, the gambler's kingdom, the land of fortunes made overnight, and of sudden ruin. I could imagine them either as millionaires, or penniless, but not as the sort of men who retire and live on a modest income.

Once I was accepted as one of them, I spent all my time in their company. There were long walks on deck, long stops at the bar; and strolls after dinner when the evening wind blew cool. In their conversation, and even in their silences, I discovered an amazing new world. The most curious, most uncertain of worlds — China.

It was difficult to get a clear picture of the country from their contradictory stories, full of untranslatable terms. Nevertheless, I soon became familiar with the strange names that used to seem so difficult in the newspapers: Wu Pei-fu, Chang Tso-lin, Feng Yu-hsiang. Before long I learned to keep the provinces separate, and even to change francs into piastres and dollars without making too many mistakes.

Orac

A CHINESE MONEY CHANGER

IN HIS WIRE CAGE he keeps thousands of cash pieces with which he makes change for as large a commission as he can get. To such business men as this social upheavals mean little so long as people have money to change.

STRANGE land! The China that was revealed to me knocked helter-skelter all the ideas that I had previously held. It was a Republic, but it kept its Emperor. Ten *tuchuns* were in control, but none of them ruled. There was no budget, no money; yet all the wheels kept turning. Why? How? Nobody knew. Sheer momentum, perhaps . . .

'Ah! It is a changed country!' sighed an antique merchant who goes out to China every year to buy a stock of old lacquers, silks, and porcelains (as well as a supply of opium which he keeps for himself). It was easy to see that republican China had not made them forget the China of the good old days. But however great their regret for the old might be, they did not seem alarmed at the new.

Of course, they live in the midst of civil war. Cities are bombarded and seized; soldiers pillage and rape; railroads are broken, garrisons taken. Those who are defeated hang their hostages. The victors cut off the heads of the vanquished. American gunboats level their guns across the Blue River; troops disembark from cruisers. But in the midst of all this bloody charivari, the Chinese merchant, magnificently indifferent, continues his trade; the people go on working as if nothing were taking place. And since business goes on, so does everything else.

While troops are digging trenches on the outskirts of a city, inside it the

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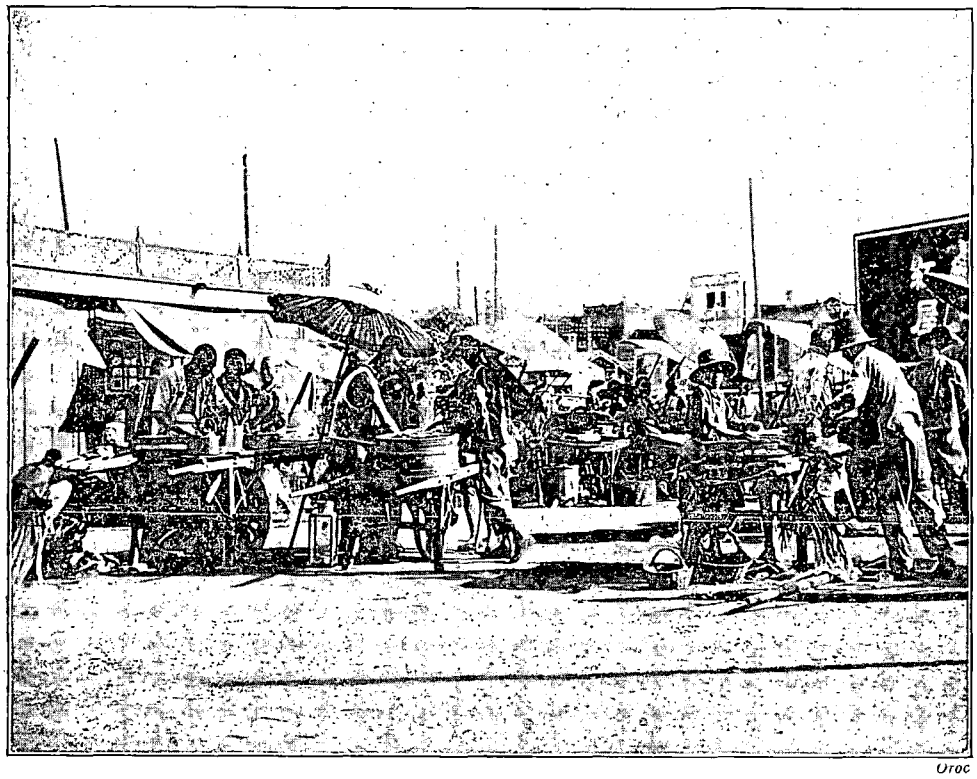

Oroc

CHINESE FOOD VENDORS

THEY CARRY their utensils and dough boards about with them on wheelbarrows. Despite revolution, the people of China must eat.

telegraph offices are busy sending orders for Canton silk, and the fur dealers keep their prices up. Cannon rumble in the distance; but the trolley cars are jammed, the stores are crowded, and the brokers rush from bank to bank shouting the rate of the pound like fish merchants.

When things get too bad and fires break out in the city, the rich Chinese scramble to get into the foreign concessions, and bury their wealth in a garden. But this prudent retreat never lasts for long. As soon as the uprising is over and the new dictator in place, the merchants come out of their hiding places with their treasure, and once more you hear them asking how much the dollar is worth. Play has begun again . . .

No doubt a less agitated atmosphere would be better for business; but it is, after all, a question of habit. My companions preferred such disorder, however troublesome it might be, to the order which the small fry of the Occident wished to put in its place.

'A lot of damned wine merchants,' cursed the antique buyer, opening a sleepy eye. 'Europe and America know nothing about the situation, but they generously demand China for the Chinese, the abolition of the concessions, the renunciation of extraterritoriality, all the old shibboleths. Why don't they first ask the opinion of the Chinese business men, who are interested in keeping their heads on their shoulders, and of their concubines, who prefer not to be raped more than once in every so often?'

'Who says the Chinese hate foreigners?' shouted the broker. 'There isn't a more peaceful race in the world, nor a less militaristic one.'

The lawyer, however, did not share this optimism. He had a cold, far-seeing mind, and he studied events as if they were legal documents.

'The danger is that they will turn communist,' he said quietly. 'There is no use denying it. The facts are against you if you do. Soviet propaganda is taking greater and greater effect.'

'Bah!' said the broker, not in the least worried by this prophecy. 'They won't get anywhere with propaganda. Chinese communism is far older than Russian.'

BUT the lawyer was not to be put off. 'You can't get around it by talking,' he said, 'and there is no use blinding yourself to the facts. The situation is so serious that it must be faced. European statesmen don't know very much about it, and the public knows nothing at all. They visualize a war to drive us out of the country. That is idiotic. The Chinese don't need to go to war to drive us out. Let the water supply break down and the street cleaners and garbage men go on strike, and cholera will annihilate our concessions far more certainly than an army could.'

'Luckily there are still the generals left,' said a Peking banker reassuringly. 'So long as they can be held responsible to Europe for what happens, we can sleep peacefully.'

'Especially since the generals are always in need of ready money,' said the broker, practically.

I LISTENED to them, perplexed. They told amazing stories of state ministers attacked by subordinates demanding wages; of public buildings sold as if they were bicycles; of *tuchuns* who changed sides every year and paid their troops by allowing pillage once a month; of missionaries kidnaped at night and dragged off in their pajamas to the mountains for ransom. Most amazing of all was the story of the coolie who became a bandit and then a dictator, and who now commands an army of four hundred thousand men, though he can neither read nor write!

Europe surveys the scene from a safe distance. Sometimes, when a particularly bold kidnaping or a particularly violent bombardment occurs, Paris, London, and Washington pretend to be angry and send vehement protests to Peking which never reach the responsible parties, who are completely independent of the central authority. A placid Chinaman, who may not even hold office the next day, acknowledges the protest to the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Sometimes an interpreter performs this function, or even the porter. Afterward everything proceeds as if nothing had happened.

Once in a while, however, a provincial governor becomes annoyed at the activity of brigands. He chooses the simplest solution. He makes regular soldiers of the bandits and appoints their chief a colonel. Then a new set of ruffians takes their place in the mountains, waiting for the next promotion.

BUT how long can this sort of thing last? It doesn't take much to turn such a carnival into tragedy. A strike, a few shots, two enemy dictators suddenly becoming friends. . . . An armed uprising is not necessary. The vast nation that is China has only to close like an ocean over the tiny islets of the concessions, and it will all be over . . .

While my companions argued, I watched the Chinese bartender who was shuffling about from table to table in his sandals. The lawyer watched him, too.

'If you order something from him in French he will pretend not to understand,' he said. 'But you can be certain that not a word of our conversation has escaped him.'

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The antique dealer shrugged his shoulders.

'That's not true,' he said. 'I talked to him in the dialect of Peking and he looked at me in astonishment.'

'No wonder. He is from Canton. You're a joke with your Mandarin language. It's all right for scholars . . .'

THEY were always squabbling like this about everything and nothing. As fast as one of them offered an explanation, another would shrug his shoulders. The lawyer had no sooner advised me to visit Yün-nan than the antique dealer swore to me that there was nothing interesting there. But there was one occasion when they all agreed, and this was when they attacked Japan. A single mention of that hated name, and a chorus of indignation arose: —

'They are the *Boches* of Asia!' shouted the angriest.

I still don't know why, but, if one thing is certain, it is that the Europeans in China hate the Japanese. The only exceptions they make are in favor of the Japanese nobles, who are well bred and courteous, and the simple people, the obliging peasants who still respect the old traditions. Toward the others — business men, officials, soldiers, the whole middle class — they feel only disdain. The least belligerent goes out of his way to condemn them.

THE affected correctness of the Japanese, his insolent stare, his ambiguous smile, apparently are intolerable to the whites. The Chinese, too, has the reputation of being impenetrable; but he is talkative, and always ends by giving himself away, whereas the Japanese never does. The Japanese asks questions, but he does not answer them.

'They annoy us like that out of vanity,' the lawyer explained. 'They want to prove to us that they are not barbarians upon whom the white man may impose. It doesn't make any difference if they happen to look like monkeys when they dress like us; they want to prove that they are civilized by the very clothes they wear . . .'

I was so surprised at this burst of hostility that, in order to hear more of it, I decided to praise the Japanese.

'But at the time of the earthquake . . . ,' I began.

They would not let me go on. They fought each other to see who should refute me first. In all the hubbub I was backed by only a single person — a hotel keeper who was returning to Yokohama.

'I was there at the time of the earthquake,' he said. 'The Japanese were superb.'

Interruptions, protests, sneers. An official took up the argument: —

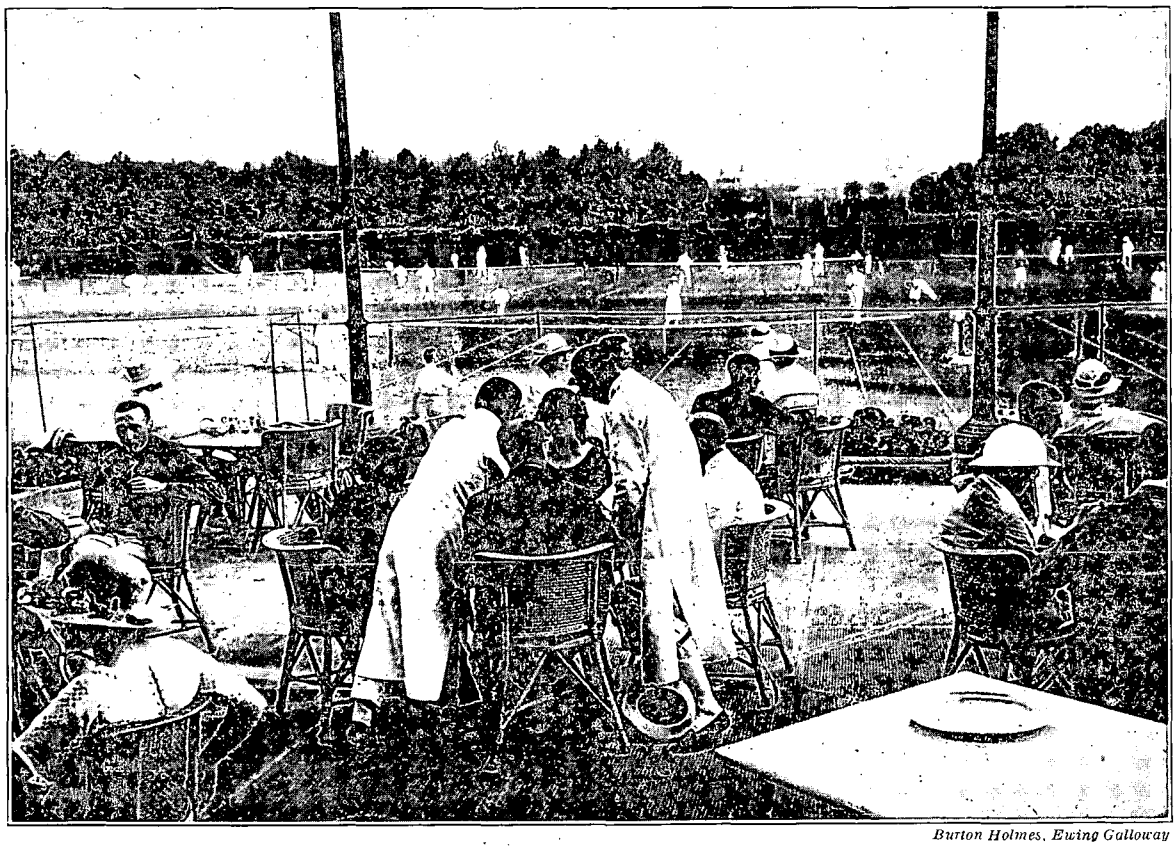
'Was their first thought to seek help for their injured and their homeless? Far from it. They began by sealing up all the wireless stations in the country and then, once they had gained complete control of the cable system also, they sent cables purchasing silk all over the world, cornering the supply before the inevitable rise in price!'

'But that is magnificent!' exclaimed the hotel keeper, amazed at this stroke of good business.

HE TRIED to appeal to our emotions and told us of the wireless operator who, while the city was in flames, continued coolly to send his telegrams in reply to the appeals of the ruined cities of Japan, and never forgot at the end of each to excuse himself very respectfully for the mistakes he had made in transmitting the message. All this was of no use, however. My friends refused to be convinced.

'The Chinese are another race entirely,' said the antique merchant stubbornly. 'I have done business with them for twenty-five years, and I have never once asked for a signature. Their word is enough. Well, I wouldn't dare try that in Europe. Even with you, sir!'

The Chinese barkeeper continued to move from table to table. He watched us. He listened to us. And he smiled.



Burton Holmes, Ewing Galloway

THE 'CERCLE FRANÇAIS' IN SHANGHAI

WHERE THE BANKERS, brokers, speculators, merchants, and officials of the French Concession take their afternoon tea and enjoy recreation.

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Metropolitana

The Tango in Tokio — Singapore English — The Executioner of Budapest — Camels in Peking — Vienna's Bathing Children — The Crumbling Parliament of London — Vaudeville in a Berlin Terminal — Pajamas for Buenos Aires

TOKIO

THE fox-trot and the tango have taken such firm hold of Tokio that there are now nineteen authorized dance halls in the city, with nearly two hundred professional dancers in attendance. Some of these places, which are rigorously watched by the police, employ thirty girls, and it is estimated that good dancers make more than two hundred yen ($100) a month, working on commission. Western dancing was very popular in Tokio even before the earthquake of 1923; but orthodox Japanese had always considered it highly scandalous, and looked upon the earthquake as a manifestation of divine disapproval of such unseemly conduct. A bill against Occidental dancing was immediately introduced into the House of Representatives, and the Metropolitan Police Board of Kobe and Osaka took active measures to stop what was considered a licentious pastime. The result was that many professional dancers came to Tokio, where police regulations seem to be milder.

Director Suga, in charge of dance-hall affairs in the capital, has shown himself to be a man of wisdom and liberality. After a close inspection of all dance halls where jazz is king, he has come to the conclusion that there is no harm in Western dancing. The operators of dance halls in Tokio are required to report to the police the number of dancers they employ, and each dancer has to produce a certificate from her parents, declaring their willingness to let her adopt this profession. It speaks well for the integrity of dance-hall owners that so far none of the halls have been closed by the police, although the latter have authority to close any one of them immediately upon proof that it is threatening the well-being of the community.

Law and order seem to be the keynote of all Tokio's activities. Recently Teruchiyo Fujii, a geisha, put before the Diet a request that café waitresses be restrained from usurping the privileges of the geishas. She charged that these waitresses wear attractive costumes and entertain their clients so successfully that geisha houses are becoming deserted. 'Those who indulge in pleasures at cafés,' reads the representation, 'will desert their parents and become desperate — and are liable to become Communists.' This latter threat is a sure-fire one, cleverly conceived to influence the legislature of Japan, who have shown themselves to be exceedingly tender on the subject of opposition to the monarchy.

SINGAPORE

TO WRITE 'a letter to the *Times*' is the prerogative of every Englishman; and he does not leave his habits behind him when he quits his native island for the distant places of the Empire. Wherever he goes, in Asia, in Africa, in Polynesia, he sets up his journals and then proceeds to write to them, in a style that always astonishes the stranger with its forcefulness, its clear-sightedness, its humor. But not only does he thus use his pen to defend his own rights and those of his fellow colonials, in great things and small; he also manages to teach the native the same trick, and thereby hangs many an amusing tale.

For, with the best will in the world, the Chinese in Singapore, while they may feel all the outraged dignity of an Englishman at some local abuse, cannot always express themselves with the Englishman's clarity in the Englishman's tongue. The amusing contrast between the epistolary styles of the English resident of Singapore and of the Singapore Chinese is indicated by the following two letters to the *Straits Budget*.

The first, from a Britisher who signs himself 'Felix,' concerns the annoying habits of a Hindu breaker of the peace.

To the Editor of the *Straits Times*.
Sir, —

May I be allowed to vent a grievance through the medium of your hospitable columns?

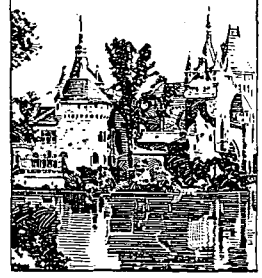
Every morning at about 6.10 A.M. an Indian uses the lake in the Botanic Gardens for washing purposes; and the raucous thoroughness of the details connected with his ablutions is very penetrating — in fact quite audible for a distance of a quarter of a mile in any direction.

While we must all agree that such attention to hygiene is to be admired and not to be deprecated in any way, we must admit there is a time and a place for everything. And it can't be good for the fishes in the lake.

The second, from an aggrieved Chinese, concerns the annoying habits of a Hindu guardian of the peace. It appears that the correspondent, while walking in the local public gardens, observed a Chinese couple in the act of kissing. Having seen a film the evening before in which he had been deeply and pleasantly affected by a similar romantic scene, he was horrified to see a Hindu policeman brusquely break in upon the idyl of Celestial love.

'I with my companion went Wilkie Rd. hills seen a couple of Cantongese Lover to whisper and kiss in a shade of a tree,' he begins his protest. 'Looking this person is very sweetheart. First time I seen, to-day very nice. Like last night saw the cinema.' He goes on to describe what he saw in the cinema, then to protest at the unfeeling interruption of the lovers in the park. 'I think very poorly against it. Any time ever been, can see kiss at park, dance hall, and cinema. I thought this thing is commonly matter, not third person matter to do. Contribution results. Excuse me, sr.'

BUDAPEST



IN BUDAPEST at this moment there is one man who is supremely happy, for a reason which persons of imagination might consider insufficient. His name is Antal Kozárek; he was formerly a butcher and official dispatcher of stray dogs; and he has now been assigned the coveted position of State Executioner. He comes by the post naturally, for his father, Ferencz Kozárek, was the fourth State Executioner before him. Evidently the position of State Executioner attaches no stigma to the holder of it, for the elder Kozárek was a famous personage in the late '90's.

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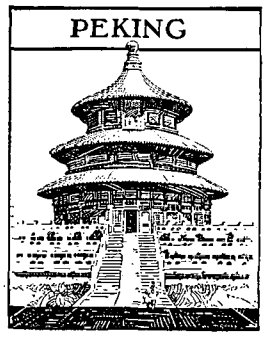
His reputation seems to justify Gilbert's famous words: —

Behold the Lord High Executioner! —
A personage of noble rank and title —
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital.
Defer, defer,
To the noble Lord High Executioner!

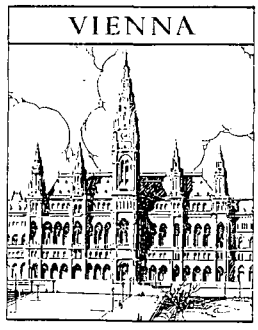
The popularity of Kozárek's father with the young men about town is explained by the fact that the sporting youths of Budapest of that time considered a piece of hangman's rope as a necessary talisman if they wanted to have good luck at cards. Kozárek was well paid for the hempen strands which young gamblers begged of him, and no doubt he kept the ropemaker busy supplying him with sufficient 'actual' nooses. Sometimes these requests nearly had disastrous effects. One devoted mother owes her prematurely white hair to the shock she received when she opened a telegram addressed to her favorite son, who was an inveterate gambler. 'The rope is waiting for you — Kozárek,' she read, and fainted. When she was brought to, the young rascal explained the meaning of the terrifying words, but the damage had been done.

Kozárek's son seems to fit naturally into his grisly duties. Besides being a butcher and dog dispatcher, he was, just before he was appointed to his present post, a dissector in the city's Animal Welfare Department. One imagines him growing up on a literary diet of Edgar Allan Poe, with perhaps some of the more gruesome folk tales of Maurus Jókai as light relief — immune to the terrors of commonplace, sensitive mortals.



PEKING, which the Nationalists have attempted to rechristen Peiping with but indifferent success, has of late become even more picturesque a city than heretofore. Famine to the North, in the Suiyuan and Chahar districts, and the entire devastation of the Chinese-Mongolian frontier region have caused a falling-off in the bandit industry. But even bandits must eat, and business has been so bad that predatory bands are leaving their mountain fastnesses and coming down into the plains around Peking itself. The roads out of the city are considered unsafe on this account, and caravan owners hesitate to entrust their valuable animals to them.

As a result, Peking is full of camels. An occasional caravan used to be no novelty in the ancient streets of the city, although to Occidental eyes there always must be something incongruous in the sight of those ungainly, humpbacked beasts in any setting other than a zoo or a desert. Itinerant barbers, portable kitchens, and vendors of every description have always made Peking a veritable happy hunting ground for the camera fiend. Now, with camels at every turn, there probably is not room to set up one of those tripods which invariably accompany the serious photographer on his journeys. Caravan owners, naturally, see nothing picturesque in the presence of their camels in the streets of the Chinese city. The law of supply and demand holds, and the prices of hay, grain, and straw have practically doubled. Exasperated owners of many camels are heard to mutter that not all the bandits about Peking ply their nefarious trade on the almost deserted highways. Owners of other live stock are also hard hit, since there is a rapidly growing shortage of the commodities which camels and cattle alike must have. It seems to be a sort of vicious circle, this combination of hungry bandits, starving live stock, and voracious camels, which latter, as everyone knows, at one sitting generally eat enough for a week!



ONE thing which strikes the grateful visitor to Vienna is the ease with which one can command a bath, either indoors or in the many refreshing public pools which dot the city. With the Danube so near at hand, the municipality, which does a great deal for the average citizen, has built a number of excellent bathing places. Some of them, like the one near the Schwedenbrücke, are inclosed, with separate pools for men and women. Outside in the sun is a common *plage*, where the Viennese — men, women, and children — in abbreviated costumes that lend themselves most readily to natural violet-ray treatments, enjoy the sunlight and the fresh air. A vaulting bar in charge of a remarkably athletic young instructor is the centre of a lively group. One girl, in a candy-striped suit, performs all sorts of incredibly agile stunts here, every day after five. The urge of the Danube current, flowing powerfully through the captured waters of the pool, seems to have imparted itself to the lithe, sun-browned young bodies that leap and twist and remain suspended in air above the gymnastic apparatus.

There is another pool, hidden among the trees that adorn the riverside park of Franz Josefs Quai, where Vienna's youngsters disport themselves. The sound of laughter and merriment ripples out from this retreat; and the actual sight of all those plump, brown younger citizens of Vienna, romping in their own special pool, is equally charming. The post-War régime of insufficient milk is happily over for these children, and their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes show the difference.

It is hard to believe that the predilection of Vienna for frequent and sportive bathing is a comparatively recent development. Although few houses in Vienna to-day are unequipped with bathrooms, this is a strictly modern touch. Even the mansions of the aristocracy and the palaces of royalty had no such luxury before the War. The Empress Elizabeth, who was considered an advanced liberal in many other ways, added to her reputation for eccentricity by insisting on a private bath. She got it only at the expense of severe criticism.

To-day anyone in Vienna may, for about half a *schilling*, or seven cents, shake off the heat and discomfort of work or sight-seeing by plunging into one of the immaculately clean and orderly public pools. The most picturesque one is at Schönbrunn, once the home of royalty and now a public park for Vienna's bourgeoisie. This, too, is hidden, like the children's pool on Franz Josefs Quai. Through the cracks in the high board fence that surrounds it you can see what seems to be the glorified youth of the world basking in the sunlight or plunging into the pool. The late George Bellows could have done justice to that scene — the gleaming wet bodies, the rhythm of eager movement. The world moves onward, even in this pleasure ground; the children of rich and poor play where formerly only courtiers walked.

UNDER the Victoria Tower and in the Cloister Court of the Houses of Parliament is to be found a little unofficial museum which not the most assiduous student of Baedeker is likely to discover. Bits of flying buttresses and shards of

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shattered pinnacles are heaped untidily among noseless gargoyles and heraldic chimeras clutching undistinguishable standards. This museum of decay is a mute reproach to that much maligned natural phenomenon, London weather. The ornate Gothic style of the Houses of Parliament is not happily adapted to the atmospheric conditions of London. When the plans for the buildings were approved, in 1836, the question of the practicability of Gothic style was raised, and the Chapel of Henry VII was pointed out as an example of the ruinous effect of London air on this type of architecture. Sir Robert Peel himself advised an investigation previous to building, but his advice was ignored, and work was begun in 1840. Before the buildings were completed, in 1852, decay had already set in. Since 1920, when a fall of large fragments imperiled passers-by, one hundred and twenty-eight tons of loose stone have been removed. Other parts of the buildings show bad cracks which will eventually have to be repaired.

If you could cruise low over the Houses of Parliament in an aëroplane, you would notice that the numerous crowns on the pillars spiring above the parapets are, with the exception of five, now made of cast iron. The Anston stone of which the Houses are built has had a losing battle with the elements. Moisture has also attacked and expanded the ironwork beneath, bursting the masonry and causing the dangerous fall of huge chunks of stone.

As persons fond of checking up statistics have discovered, there are two hundred and fifty-four statues of the sovereigns of England and of saints on the main façades. Most of these have a queer, bashed-in expression, due to the effects of wind and weather. A workman recently found a bird's nest imbedded in the débris behind the statue of Queen Victoria.

Under the supervision of Lieutenant Colonel Sir Vivian Henderson, repairs are under way. Bronze will replace iron, and the original carvings will be restored in Clipsham stone, which will leave them less open to damage. This work will take ten or twelve years, and the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor may have to move while their particular residences are under repair. Sir Vivian has pointed out that the Clipsham stone, found by investigators to have a more enduring quality than the original, may at first give the restored parts a rather patchy appearance. But time, which smooths out other difficulties, will make peace between the old and the new, and the Houses will ultimately settle down to their pristine dignity.

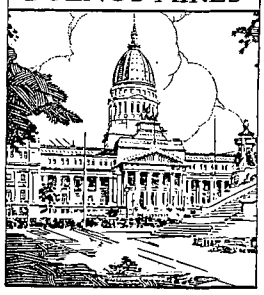
BERLIN

THE Eastern Railroad Station — the imposing work of Schinkel, an architect of whom Germany is justly proud — has at last come into its own. It was originally built to accommodate the trains which steamed out of Berlin for Warsaw, Moscow, and the East. But, shortly afterward, the establishment of the belt line which swings in a circle through Berlin and allows travelers arriving on all lines to get off at any one of four or five other convenient stations, made this one unnecessary. So the dignified old building was used to store salt and flour — a grievous comedown for a structure that once knew the romance of gleaming tracks and adventure-bound international express trains.

Now romance once again inhabits the great edifice. Across its façade, in letters of light, one reads the word Plaza. The station has become a vaudeville theatre, one of the largest in the world. Where platforms and tracks once stood, is a huge auditorium which houses 3,200 spectators. The stage, nearly 4,000 square feet in area, compares favorably with that of a modern opera house.

The Plaza is for the masses. The prices of the seats range from fifty pfennigs to two marks. And there are other attractions beside the vaudeville programme. A restaurant and a dance hall accommodating another 3,000 people have been constructed within the old station, connected with the theatre by two tunnels. Berliners, who love sensation, were quick to patronize this new combination of diversions, all housed within Herr Schinkel's impressive classic edifice. Those travelers who enjoy mingling with the masses when they explore a new city should by no means miss the Plaza, though they should also try the Scala, which caters to perhaps a more select crowd. The environs of the Plaza are not beautiful. Streets unadorned by public edifices and private mansions offer only plain houses and the smoking chimneys of commerce to the beholder. Yet this district is a definite part of the everyday life of Berlin, just as the boys and girls and soberly dressed, middle-aged couples in the auditorium are typical everyday citizens. Here, rather than in the cosmopolitan splendor of the Adlon, will you find the true Berlin flavor. The succulent goodness of the *Pfannkuchen* in the restaurant, the slightly outmoded jazz in the dance hall, the stolid strong man and the almost-human poodles of the vaudeville arena — these things are German to the core.

BUENOS AIRES



IT IS against the law in Buenos Aires to appear in the street minus a coat, and this city ordinance is responsible for a new and rather startling fashion for men in the Argentine. When the temperature last 'winter' began to average ninety-eight degrees in the shade, a young man appeared in the street wearing the coat of his pajamas instead of the coat of his usual business suit. Since this was strictly within the law, and far more comfortable than even a linen suit, other men quickly fell in line. Almost overnight, a fashion was born. Pajama manufacturers, quick to seize the opportunity, soon presented numerous new interpretations of this sensible mode. It immediately became sartorially correct to appear on the street in the new style, and after a time whole suits of pajamas replaced the heavier Palm Beach suits of former 'winters.' Pajamas, being cooler, cheaper, and more easily cleaned, rapidly became the favorite garb among the Beau Brummels of the city. The brilliant hues and wild patterns seen in the streets seem to lend weight to the theory that men, in their secret hearts, long to transcend the drab sobriety of their ordinary raiment. Pink and purple vie with green, yellow, and red, and only a few content themselves with subdued blues and grays.

Not that the whole male population of Buenos Aires approves the new fashion of pajamas for promenading. The more conservative element, priding itself on its reputation for setting the style for all South America, eschews the public pajama. The hottest days on the *Calle Florida*, Buenos Aires' *Rue de la Paix*, find a goodly number of prominent fashionables clad in proper, if uncomfortable, sack suits. A sprinkling of these sober-minded individuals provides contrast for the vividly clad partisans of the pajama, who gather at the small tables outside the cafés when dusk is falling in the *Avenida de Mayo*. On the beach at Mar del Plata pajamas are of course *de rigueur*. It was undoubtedly from strollers on the sands that the young pioneer who delighted Buenos Aires by introducing pajama jackets for street wear got his inspiration.

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Letters and the Arts

How the French Make Money—A Literary Character Comes to Life—A Communist Dream of the Future—Americans from Asia?

How the French Make Money

A money question has arisen in France which bears no relation to inflation or to the stability of the franc. To everyone's great relief the value of the franc now seems permanently fixed. The nervous times of three years ago, when the franc seemed only too likely to follow the example of the mark, are almost forgotten. The money question now being discussed is of a quite different nature. A few months ago the Bank of France issued a new thousand-franc note which has been received with violent and almost unanimous disapproval — because of its design. Only in a country which prides itself on being the artistic centre of the world could the æsthetic qualities of a piece of money arouse such bitter feeling.

The offending bank note is the work of a certain M. Charles Walhain. So bitter are the jeers of the French Press that one would be almost inclined to sympathize with him, were it not for the fact that the Bank of France — which the newspapers say should have known better — is being held mainly to blame. To quote M. Gabriel Boissy, writing in *Comœdia:* 'Decidedly, we are a funny country. All the artists of the world gather here; the sidewalks of Montparnasse are crowded with them. They come to us to get inspiration, experience, or fame. And our own artists deserve the admiration of these foreigners; at no time have we had as many skillful and original artists, draftsmen, and designers. Why, then, are all the official publications of the Government so uninspired, so unworthy of a country famous for her good taste? Now, as a last blow, they have inflicted upon us this thousand-franc note, which is as absurd technically as it is humiliating in design and color. Opinion from all quarters is the same. Only one institution seems pleased, and that is the pompous cavern where the guilty ones are enthroned, the Bank of France.'

Marcel Zahar, in *L'Art Vivant,* goes into the history and æsthetics of paper money in France and other countries. In his opinion the bank notes which were issued in the eighteenth century were truly dignified, because they were simple. It was during the nineteenth century that a tendency toward the use of flourishes and allegorical figures developed. This tendency has culminated in the present outrage, 'with its nude and pensive children, its meditative workmen, posing proudly as if they expected the photographer any minute. It is a melancholy thing to discover such pompous foolishness in a country whose artistic genius has shown itself in so many ways.'

Lions and Lambs: Harcourt, Brace

Arnold Bennett
From a Caricature by Low

M. Zahar thinks that the principal reason France should be ashamed of this bank note is the fact that the paper money of most other countries is good. He considers the five-pound note of the Bank of England and the American five-dollar Federal Reserve Note particularly fine, because they fulfill his standard of what bank notes should be. 'Paper money, the ambassador of the bank, deserves a turn-out suitable to its dignified functions. It is not becoming for it to go in for allegory. That it owes its prestige to the combined efforts of Agriculture, Commerce, Science, and Art we are all perfectly convinced. There is no need of saying these things over and over again, particularly if they are to be said badly. In matters of finance cupids, shepherdesses, and such are out of place. A bank note is the fragile symbol of money; the numeral which tells the amount should stand out to fascinate the beholder.' M. Zahar suggests that the artists who design the money should go for their inspiration to the master printers and bookbinders of the past, because, of all men, these dealt most skillfully with the problem of supplying harmonious and pleasing embellishment to printed matter.

A Literary Character Comes to Life

The post-War school of analytic realism in German literature has brought peculiar responsibilities to its members. It is difficult to call to mind any other period in which characters and psychoses have been so thoroughly delineated. In the past, novelists have aimed at the creation of what might be termed a social relationship between reader and character; the present German style is to present the human creation of the author as a sort of specimen for the microscope. Frequently the treatment of a character reminds one of a psychopathic

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examination — performed with the thoroughness which its German authorship implies.

Of those characters whose complexes and inhibitions have thus become public property, one heads the list: Etzel Andergast, the hero of Jacob Wassermann's latest book, *Der Fall Maurizius* (The Maurizius Case). This nine-hundred-page novel by one of Germany's foremost authors deals with a murder case that was tried twenty years before the book opens, and that resulted in the life imprisonment of the alleged murderer. The novel itself details the story of how, through the efforts of Etzel Andergast, the sixteen-year-old son of the State's Attorney who prosecuted the case, the imprisoned man is proven innocent and is released. Altogether, it is a plot that might be suited to a lesser pen than Wassermann's; yet his magnificent style, coupled with matchless analytical treatment, makes the book a masterpiece that is easily recognized as the finest work its author has produced.

The greatness of *Der Fall Maurizius* lies in the luminous characterization of young Etzel, whom Wassermann has endowed with an incredible reality. The boy is a typical but unusually precocious product of twentieth-century education and influences, and in many instances is fully aware of it; yet he has a thoroughly agreeable personality and the rigid moral principles which are usually associated with an earlier day. Certainly he is a proper subject for the extensive analysis to which Wassermann has subjected him. As one turns page after page of the book, one becomes always more fascinated by this extraordinary Etzel Andergast; and, toward the last, one feels keenly the deep experience of living with him. One might even finish the book with a feeling of pain at having to abandon the companionship of its hero. To such as have experienced this regret, the last sentence of *Der Fall Maurizius* glows as a ray of hope: 'So ends the Maurizius Case — but not the story of Etzel Andergast.'

What Wassermann meant by this conclusion is hard to say. Perhaps it was, or is, his intention to write another book on the later life of the extraordinary person he has created. In any event, the readers of *Der Fall Maurizius* — and they were many — did not let the matter rest. Hundreds, even thousands of letters, telephone calls, and verbal requests came to the author, all asking for more news of Etzel Andergast. These requests began immediately after the publication of the book, and increased week by week. Etzel Andergast gradually became a public figure, and was discussed as generally as if the story of the Maurizius Case had actually occurred. He was mentioned and argued over in salons, in debates, in classrooms, in churches; and almost every opinion arrived at was sent to Wassermann with a request for his view of it.

The famous author must have felt like the apprentice in Goethe's *Der Zauberlehrling*, who, having called a magic broom into action, forgot the abracadabra to make it stop. Nothing could temper the flow of inquiries about young Andergast; their volume was so great that Wassermann was prevented from working on his newest opus. Finally, however, what appeared to be a method of appeasing the curious suggested itself: Wassermann was to engage the huge Philharmonic Hall in Berlin and lecture to the thousands who were interested in hearing of the creature of his pen.

Accordingly, in March, the lecture was announced. Almost immediately a scramble for seats began, and long before the date set, everything had been sold. The night of the lecture found an enormous crowd fighting for seats and standing room, and the Press was represented in full force. As Wassermann mounted the platform, the vast audience was agog, as if it were a family assembled to hear news of its long lost child. The novelist began to speak of the characteristics with which he had endowed his hero, saying that it was the strength of his desire to see a person possessed of them that had prompted him to create young Andergast. Wassermann's words were impromptu, and he spoke of Andergast in a hundred different ways; it seemed as if he were really telling his listeners of a mutual friend, always in a glowing paternal tone. After more than two hours of examples, analyses, and even extemporized anecdotes, the exhausted lecturer bade his hearers good night. But it was fruitless — the audience stamped and shouted for more. Wassermann's kindly face shone as he continued to tell of Etzel Andergast, and people sat spellbound. Finally, after having been persuaded once more to continue after he had planned to stop, the author-lecturer was able to convince his listeners of his almost complete exhaustion and to send them home. But this was only after he had promised to tell more, at some later date, either in speech or writing, of the life of Etzel Andergast.

A Communist Dream of the Future

AMONG the personages who have been active in the theatre in Moscow during the Communist régime one of the most important is Vesvolod Meierhold. He gained the reputation of being the pioneer and foremost authority in proletarian drama by a series of productions which were all very much alike in plot, but which all showed the wildest and most fantastic ingenuity in staging. The plots were invariably a reiteration of the story of the revolution. The staging was, to say the least, unrestrained; anything and everything was brought on to the stage, including automobiles and machine guns. But Meierhold — and perhaps also his audiences — began to tire of this, and he turned his attention to revamping the classics of the Russian stage to revolutionary taste. His revamping was so uncompromising that it included turning some of the characters into animals.

After a time, however, Meierhold's popularity began to wane and the books of his theatre showed a deficit. The head of the government department which controls the subsidizing of certain theatres, of which Meierhold's was one, began to talk about closing it. Meierhold, girding himself for a last grand gesture, reorganized his theatre and combined with a futurist poet named Vladimir Maiakovski to produce a play which turned out to be the sensation of the end of the season just past.

It is called *Klop*, which means bug, or, more frequently, bedbug. It is divided into two parts. In the first, the action takes place in Moscow in 1929; in the second, in Moscow in 1979. The hero or central figure, Pretsepkin, is a husky young worker who is engaged to be married to a charming working girl. He is 'corrupted' and led astray by association with the family of an anti-Communist business man, until finally his proletarian fiancée commits suicide in despair. Pretsepkin then marries the daughter of the business man. His wedding is celebrated with wild gaiety and drunkenness. In the course of the party the house takes fire and burns up, killing everyone. But through some unexplained miracle, Pretsepkin's body is not hurt by the fire, and is put into a condition of artificial preservation. Fifty years later his body is found by archæologists. Science has by this time made it possible to bring him to life again, and this is done — after an international discussion of the advisability of the procedure.

The Meierhold-Maiakovski conception of the world in 1979 is typical of the boundless, somewhat naïve faith of Bolshevist thinkers in the influence of science and invention on the life of the future. It also indicates what a sad thing life would become if everything were reduced to formulas. According to

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Meierhold, the people of 1979 do not drink or smoke or fall in love or shake hands. In fact, about the only thing they do which smacks of the present day is to hold meetings and make speeches. For them, Pretsepkin is a great curiosity; he is put in a cage and made the subject of scientific lectures. They have to go to histories and dictionaries in order to understand a good deal that he says. They are not clear about the meaning of such words as prison, suicide, and over-crowding. Most startling of all to them is the *klop* which was resurrected with Pretsepkin, and which gives the play its name. There are apparently no such bugs in 1979 — another evidence of the Russians' optimistic view of the wonders of science.

The play would probably make rather dull reading, but through Meierhold's unquestioned genius for producing lively entertainment on the stage it is having a great success in his theatre. The citizens of Moscow, however, are already a little impatient with the Government's much advertised five-year economic programme, which unfortunately promises nothing for the immediate present. Meierhold's play may amuse them, but whether it is likely to convince them that it would be worth their while to try to live fifty years more in order to partake of the joys of 1979 is another question.

Americans from Asia?

ARCHÆOLOGICAL evidence has definitely established the fact that there was a Maya civilization in Central America of very high development and complexity which was just breaking up when the Spaniards came in and destroyed it altogether. The statement has been made that the Mayas were in some respects on a higher plane of culture than the Spaniards. Just what their origin was and what may have been their connection with the peoples of Europe and Asia is a puzzle which has troubled archæologists since the Maya cities first began to be unearthed. One of the theories which was rejected at first by the more sober experts was that the Mayas were a people who came to America from Asia, probably from Ceylon and Java.

An archæologist who has done as much as any other in the investigation of the Maya regions is Dr. Thomas Gann of the British Museum. He is the type of explorer who is not deterred by the difficult conditions under which archæological work in Central America must be carried out. In some regions the jungle is so dense that an exploring party could pass within a hundred yards of a ruined building of considerable size and never be aware of its existence. Exploring is only practicable in the dry season; but drinking water is then so scarce that to stay any length of time it is necessary to establish a water-carrying service.

After his last investigations in Central America, Dr. Gann became deeply interested in the persistent reports of other archæologists and explorers that the ruined cities and temples of Ceylon, Java, and Cambodia closely resemble the Maya remains. He decided to see the Asiatic remains for himself, and to compare them with his Maya cities. So he went to Indo-China and made an extensive examination of old palaces and buildings. He is now on his way back to Central America, whence he will go to England to make his report. In an interview which he gave to reporters in Japan he made statements which, if he can verify them with evidence, will be of the greatest importance. He is now convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that the people of Central America were of Indo-Chinese origin.

Lions and Lambs: Harcourt, Brace

HUGH WALPOLE

FROM A CARICATURE BY LOW

We quote his statement: 'On the walls of the temples, carved in the stone, were the gods, the mythological animals, the life of the people, fighting, eating, hunting, sleeping, exactly as I found them in the Maya area. I found the five-, seven-, and nine-headed snakes in the temples of Cambodia to be exactly like those in Maya cities. The pillars, the walls, the steps leading up from four sides — all were the same.

'These things were convincing, but the thing that convinced me beyond all doubt was this: In one of the temples of the old Maya city, on the stone wall is depicted a Buddha sitting upon a double-headed lion, a suppliant, holding in one extended hand a flower, presumably a lotus, and in the other a pot of incense. During my investigations in Cambodia our elephant train came upon an old Cambodian temple, which is seldom visited. I found, upon entering, many similarities, many images and carvings of which those of the Maya area are undoubtedly replicas, but I was suddenly struck dumb when I saw before me on the wall a Buddha sitting upon a double-headed lion. I stood for what must have been fifteen minutes gazing upon the old stone carving. There was the same extended hand with the lotus and there was the pot of incense. Upon closer inspection I found the image to be the same down to the minutest detail. My investigations were over. I was firmly and finally convinced. Some photographs were taken and I left for home.'

It will probably be some time before the slow-moving and properly skeptical learned world makes up its mind about Dr. Gann's discoveries. But his evidence is certainly of great interest.

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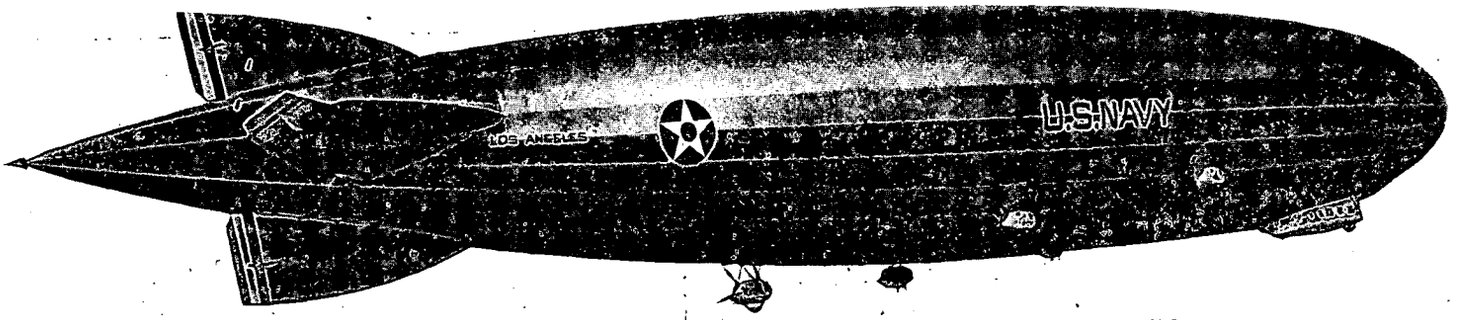


Crossing the Ocean by Zeppelin

Germany, Britain, and America All Plan Monster Airships to Serve on Transatlantic and on Transpacific Lines

By Hugh Allen

American Representative, Luftschiffbau Zeppelin, Friedrichshafen; and Executive, Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation, Akron, Ohio

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

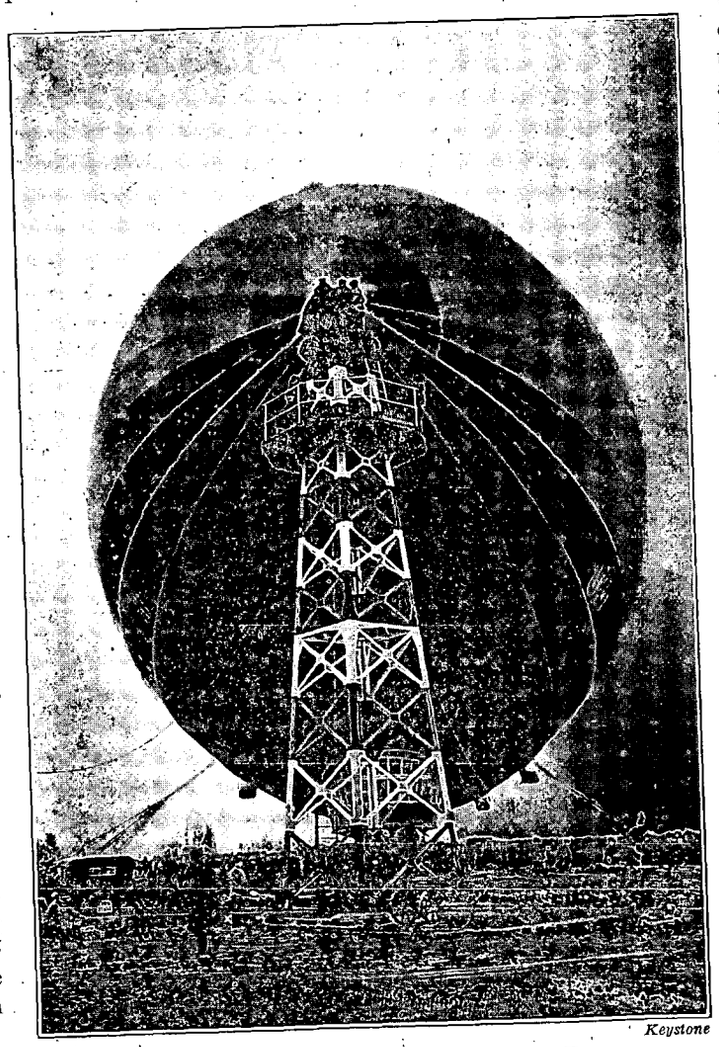
REGULAR transoceanic passenger travel by dirigible airship now seems definitely assured at a comparatively early date.

A German service between Europe and America; a Spanish service between Seville and Buenos Aires; an American service between Los Angeles and Honolulu, with later extension toward the Far East; a British service to Montreal, and others to Egypt, to India, to Australia — these are projects which are now taking definite shape.

The Germans have made the first start. But with Great Britain completing two great ships, each half again as large as the *Graf Zeppelin*, and with America constructing two naval ships, each almost twice that size, as precursors of the American commercial fleet, the next five years should bring many significant developments.

The Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen, too, are about to begin the construction of another ship much larger than the *Graf Zeppelin*, which, together with the latter, is intended for a regular transatlantic service. One of these may be diverted to the projected Seville-Buenos Aires route. With this rapid approach of the use of Zeppelins for commercial transportation, it is interesting to note where each country stands in dirigible construction and use.

AFTER its round trip across the Atlantic, which was highly successful in spite of extraordinary difficulties, the *Graf Zeppelin* recently completed two Mediterranean cruises, each lasting over eighty hours. Both of these were without other incident than the magnificently smooth performance of the ship and the rigorous following of schedule and route. The many passengers on both cruises were enthusiastic over the opportunities the air cruise offered for sight-seeing, and were loud in their praise of the convenience of this mode of travel. The transatlantic voyages and the two Mediterranean cruises comprise the first long commercial journeys made by a rigid airship, and they are excellent evidence of its practicability, both as a means of travel and as a commercial enterprise. But in order better to appraise the value of this type of aircraft and to have a better basis on which to determine the future, it would be well to analyze something of the history and properties of dirigibles.



Keystone

THE *Graf Zeppelin* AT HER MOORING POST

IN A VERY FEW YEARS this will be a sight familiar to all travelers. This photograph was taken at Staaken, near Berlin, before the *Graf Zeppelin* crossed the Atlantic.

It was in 1900 that Count Zeppelin built his first airship. Although the ship was presently wrecked due to motor failure, the principles incorporated in its design were those that still form the basis of dirigible construction. By 1908, Count Zeppelin had built five ships, and had won recognition for the inherent soundness of his ideas. France, Italy, and Great Britain began experimenting with lighter-than-air ships, though the larger expansion was not to come until the World War.

By 1912, the Zeppelins produced at Friedrichshafen had reached the point of development where they contained comfortable passenger quarters.

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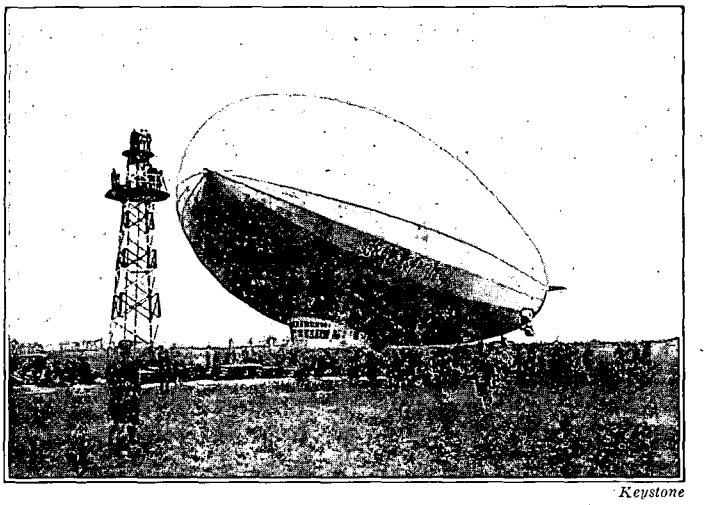
They were used for regular passenger transportation within Germany — a service which was continued and was expanded on several routes until the late summer of 1914, when all Zeppelins were commandeered for military purposes. While the War paralyzed the development of Zeppelins as a means of peace-time transportation, it did much to increase the experience of the men who were designing and manufacturing Zeppelins. From the beginning of the War, the works at Friedrichshafen were going day and night at full force; and toward the end of the War, using the full resources of the enormous works, the Germans were able to complete a Zeppelin every six weeks. At the cessation of hostilities in 1918, the Zeppelin Company had manufactured one hundred and sixteen airships since the memorable first one produced in 1900.

IN THE meantime, the British and French had made serious efforts to reproduce Zeppelins. They had an excellent example in a German ship which was captured intact when it landed in error behind the French lines, through the mistaken directions of its pilot. However, the War was over before Great Britain was able to produce a practical, large airship. The *R 34* was the outgrowth of British development in dirigible construction and as such was the first airship to cross the Atlantic, flying in 1919 from Pulham, England, to Mitchell Field, Long Island — a distance of 4,700 miles — in seventy-five hours.

Activities at Friedrichshafen ceased after the War, due to Allied restrictions, but were resumed for the construction of the *Z R 3*, afterward the *Los Angeles*, which was turned over to the United States Government as payment of reparations. This craft, upon its completion in 1924, was the one-hundred-and-seventeenth to be built at the Zeppelin works. It was flown across the Atlantic and delivered to the United States Navy at Lakehurst, New Jersey, after having made a flight of 5,100 miles in eighty-one hours.

After the *Z R 3* was completed, the Inter-allied Disarmament Commission ordered the dismantling of the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen — an order that had once before been given, when the Treaty of Versailles was signed, but which had been suspended so that the Zeppelin Company might construct the airship ordered by the United States Navy. The Zeppelin Company, in the face of the new order, disposed of its rights for America to the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio. However, in time the restrictions were waived and finally removed altogether, permitting the building of the huge *Graf Zeppelin* at the Friedrichshafen works.

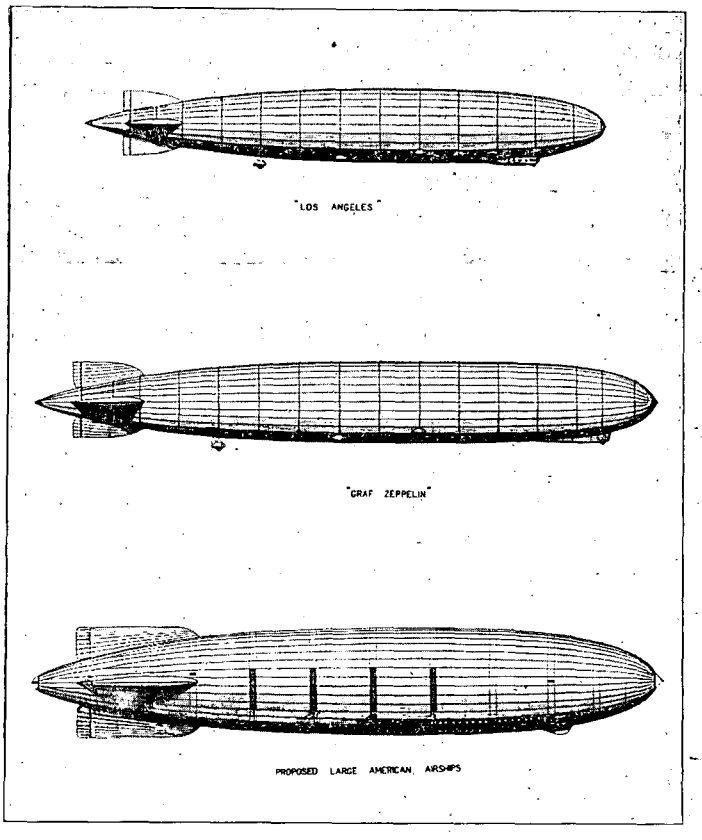
In the early days of the development of the Zeppelin airship, activity was restricted, for the most part, to the original works in Germany. During the last year, however, development has been international. At the time of this writing, while the *Graf Zeppelin*, the highest refinement of German dirigible ingenuity, is cruising over the Mediterranean, Great Britain is building two enormous airships of the Zeppelin type — each of 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity — and the United States is building two more aircraft of the same type, each of 6,500,000 feet capacity (almost twice the size of the *Graf Zeppelin*).



Keystone

THE *Graf Zeppelin* COMPLETING A LANDING

AT THE SAME MOORING POST as shown in the photograph on the opposite page. The photograph shows clearly the maze of landing ropes used in manœuvring the great balloon.



COMPARATIVE DRAWINGS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DIRIGIBLES

THE LOWEST SHIP is at present being built; she will be filled with noninflammable helium in place of the commoner inflammable hydrogen, and will be made more rigid by having three 'backbones' in place of one.

WHILE all the specifications for the construction of the new British ships have not been made public, it is known that they will incorporate a number of improvements over the earlier ships. They will have accommodations for a hundred passengers, and will be both stronger and faster than the *R 34*. Instead of being shaped like a lead pencil, as the earlier ships were, they will be shorter and fatter — shaped more nearly like a cigar.

On October 6th, 1928, the United States Navy Department awarded a contract for the construction of two airships of 6,500,000 cubic feet capacity to the Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation; and in the same month, immediately after the letting of the contract, the construction of the hangar for them was begun at Akron, Ohio.

These new American ships will be inflated with helium, which is a non-inflammable, natural gas. Helium is superior from the point of view of safety to the hydrogen gas used by Great Britain and other nations, but it requires a somewhat greater volume to lift a given weight than does hydrogen gas. For that reason the American ships of 6,500,000

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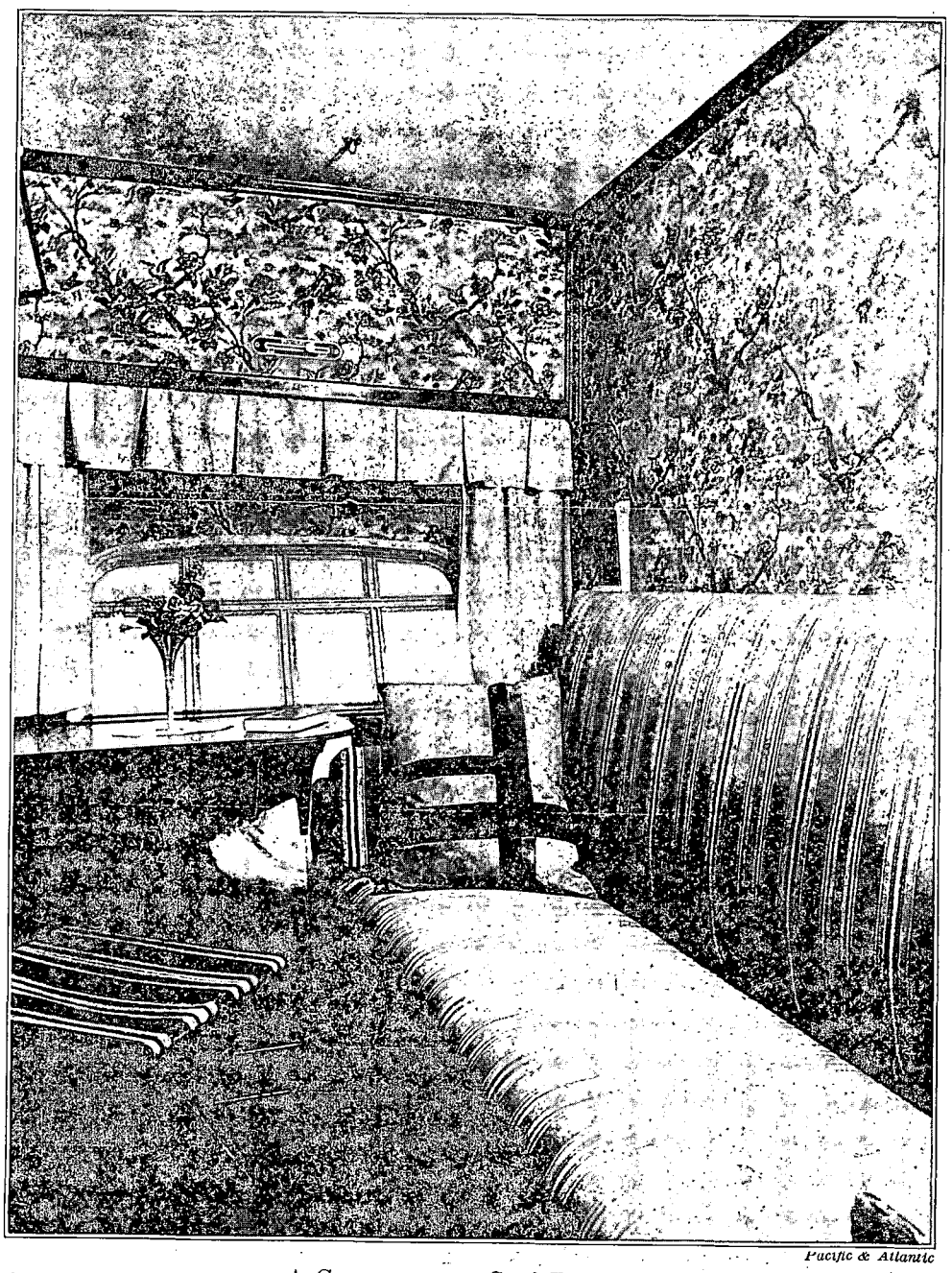

Pacific & Atlantic

A CABIN ON THE *Graf Zeppelin*

THE LATEST-DESIGNED DIRIGIBLES will have even more comfortable accommodations than this. The British ships, now under construction, will have space for a hundred passengers each.

cubic feet capacity will have approximately the same lift as the British 5,000,000-cubic-feet-capacity ships.

SINCE these two ships being built in the United States will influence the development of transoceanic passenger carriers, a number of points in their construction are of special interest. A feature peculiar to helium ships is a ballast device on the motors worked out by the United States Navy. A problem that has vexed dirigible pilots since the inception of this type of aircraft is the fact that Zeppelins in flight grow continuously lighter with the consumption of gasoline and oil by the motors. The *Los Angeles*, on its delivery flight to the United States in 1924, was twenty-two tons lighter when it landed at Lakehurst than when it left Friedrichshafen. In order to compensate for some of this decreased weight, some of the lifting power had to be discharged during flight. In the instance of the *Los Angeles*, Dr. Eckener drove his ship up to an altitude of 10,000 feet twice, to release surplus hydrogen. However, this procedure would involve a serious difficulty for the American ships, in view of the fact that helium gas is considerably more expensive and is a natural product that cannot be manufactured on demand.

The consequence is that American naval engineers have developed a water-recovery device which receives the gasoline fumes (mixed with moisture from the atmosphere) and condenses them, using the resultant water as ballast. Since water has a higher specific gravity than gasoline, and is therefore heavier than the gasoline which it replaces in the airship's fuel tanks, this is an extremely practical method of stabilizing the ship without loss of any of the precious helium gas.

The new American ships will also be stronger and safer than any that have yet been built. On previous airships it has been the practice to build a single longitudinal rib from end to end, along the keel of the ship. This duralumin rib is so much stronger than the many others which form the skeleton of the ship that it might be called the backbone. Into this keel rib is built the control car, the fuel tanks, and the crew's quarters. Its entire length becomes the 800-foot gangway from the nose to the stern of the ship. The new American ships will have, not one, but three such backbones, one at the keel and two others, each partly up its sides, so rigidly connected as to form a triple backbone which considerably increases the strength of the ship.

Again, on previous Zeppelins, the power cars hung from the body of the ship and the control car and passenger quarters projected below the ship. These will be actually built into the new American aircraft, so that the whole will retain an accurate streamline shape. Since every object outside or projecting from the ship offers additional resistance to the air, and is therefore a drawback to speed, this new improvement will add greatly to the value and swiftness of the American ships.

As far as a regular German transatlantic service is concerned, the plans of the Germans to execute another ship like the *Graf Zeppelin*, but on a larger scale, at Friedrichshafen, have been delayed far beyond the time originally intended. In order to build a larger ship and one that will carry a paying load of passengers and freight, it will be necessary to build a new hangar at Friedrichshafen. It has been generally conceded that a ship equivalent in size to the two British and two American craft now in the process of construction is required for a commercially feasible unit for regular service. The present construction hangar at Friedrichshafen will have to be superseded by a much larger one if such a ship is to be built there, and since the German Government, in the recent formulation of its budget, has practically cancelled the appropriation and subsidy intended for the Zeppelin works, this may be delayed for some time.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

Time-Space Consciousness in America

In the pages of an enterprising art review published in Amsterdam appear articles in Dutch, German, and English. The English is sometimes noticeably original and unique. Some philosophical observations on American architecture are introduced by photographs of 'University Ann Arbor,' labeled with the caption: 'These show clearly what the buildings are: educational factories, and shocked by this unpleasant revelation the University hurriedly camouflages the front: "Please don't look round the corner; the poor girl is only dressed on the front!"' From this starting point, the article rambles on as follows. The Living Age has not undertaken to change the text in any particular.

Americas greatest achievement so far has been in the field of pure 'time-problems.' 'Time is money.' America has sufficient space. The result has been a dominating appreciation of time. America has to 'catch-up' with Europe.

Has to do in one century what Europe did in ten. Europe — on the other hand — always faced the opposite problem: space. Time seemed eternal. The European architecture is a clear indication of this space-feeling. The architectural understanding you can find in Europe — the appreciation of form and space, is unknown in America. What appeals to the American in the European monuments is the historic element — time. Form means very little. What is going on in Europe at the present time — what is behind the interest for America — American production, American methods is — I believe — a new understanding of time as an essential element of life. Final aim: Time — Space.

America has only developed the 'time-faculty.' The finest intelligence has been working with time-problems. Communications. Autos. Elevators. Railways. *Moving-pictures*. And first of all: Production. Efficiency: time-saving.

Time-study is a profession. And a highly paid profession. What the Peters Church was for the European Renaissance is Henry Fords assembly line for America of to-day. The most perfect expression for a civilization *whos God is efficiency*. Detroit is the Mecca of this civilization. And the pilgers come from all over the world to meditate before this always moving line. American constructions — inspiring for Europeans — have got their form from the construction-methods — based on efficiency. The Europeans reënforced concrete constructions are solutions of space problems. The construction is in itself something new. The American frame-construction is very old as structural idea. New are only the erection methods.

The value of a building is for the European chiefly in the finished product. For the American chiefly in the building process. '*How was it done?*' The architectural problems are: The efficient layout — the elevators — and the efficient erection. Then besides it has '*to look nice.*' And an architectural designer — who does not need any brain — is employed to dress the finishing product up — on the outside — in the prevailing fashion.

It seems to me that this over-development of the 'time-faculty' and the complete negligence of the sense for space and form can explain much of the American paradox. As Europe has developed a pure form and space aestetics so has America developed a pure time aestitics. Speed as a value in itself. Away from its utilitarian value. Americans go autoriding — to speed. Time is the dominating factor in Jazz and movies. But you do not find any American sculptor — or painter of interest. Only European imitations.

The European who travels from New York to the Pacific enjoys the immense space. The American traveler enjoys the trip if he can cut down the record time.

The undeveloped possibilities.

The American architect has not yet realized that architecture is a time-space problem. A few European architects have. What is going to happen in America?

America is not any more without space-limits. The American civilization is naturally finding a space-expression. Getting form. But the cities based on efficiency — and a conventional desire for 'nice-looking' — are still chaotic. A city exists in space — and must be conceived thus to get a satisfactory form.

It is easy for the European to criticize the American architectural form. But the buildings were really never intended to be form. The undeveloped possibilities in American architecture mean something different to the European and the American.

Only recently have the American architects realized that a building exists as form. He has no tradition to help him to solve this problem — without losing his 'time-achievement.' He turns to the old European 'space-architecture' and the result is false.

The Stuttgart exposition has evidently been a very important effort. The planideas seem rather conventional. How do our American professional brothers react? They can not take it. It took them two years to digest the Paris Exposition which was successfully sold to America. Mixed with a heavy dose of German 'Expressionismus.'

You have to know the American copy-writers to be able to picture to yourself the lyric heights they reached in their salestalk. The art-writers — although not inspired by the cash-profit of the increased sale of bricks, did their part equally enthused. The architects surrendered without resistance. The 'expressionismus' may be dead, but the skeleton can still dance macabre.

Put in one part of Maya-architecture before you shake the cocktail — and then at last we have the real genuine American architecture. The designers are hurriedly sent to Europe to bring back the latest models. The romantic reaction against the commercial everyday life finds itself in the expressionistic art of Europe.

You cannot then expect the American to accept the work and the ideas of the advanced group of architects in Europe. He has no understanding for space and form. He has however a romantic craving for beauty as a counterpoint to his 'efficient' life. That his purely commercial conception of efficiency might be the real trouble has not entered his mind. His efficiency is inefficient.

It is peculiar to see old ideas — längst erledigt — live up on an entirely different background. Probably not more than a changing fad.

Simplicissimus, Munich

'Hoover's Own Men'

'In my Cabinet no one is forced to be a grafter; they are all millionaires already!'

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More interesting — and more promising is the new scale of values that already unconsciously has become characteristic for America. Vitality is more important than abstract ideas. The American youth's much talked of craving for motion is surplus of vitality.

U. S. has at last gone 'modernistic' in such a way that an honest man wants to vomit just he hears the word. New York Department stores have window-trimmings 'à la Stuttgart' — an army of spinsters is lecturing on modernistic furniture (French Bordello Style) and the architectural magazines which a short time ago just had pity on Europe are now the parading grounds for an increasing number of natives who are bragging about the glorious discovery that a modern man should live in a modern house. Whereupon — with the tools of the old aestetics they set out to construct — or rather compose this modern house. All the stupidities. The busy interpreters turn every sound idea into a caricature. It is just a new fad. A new sensation.

German Advice to Hoover

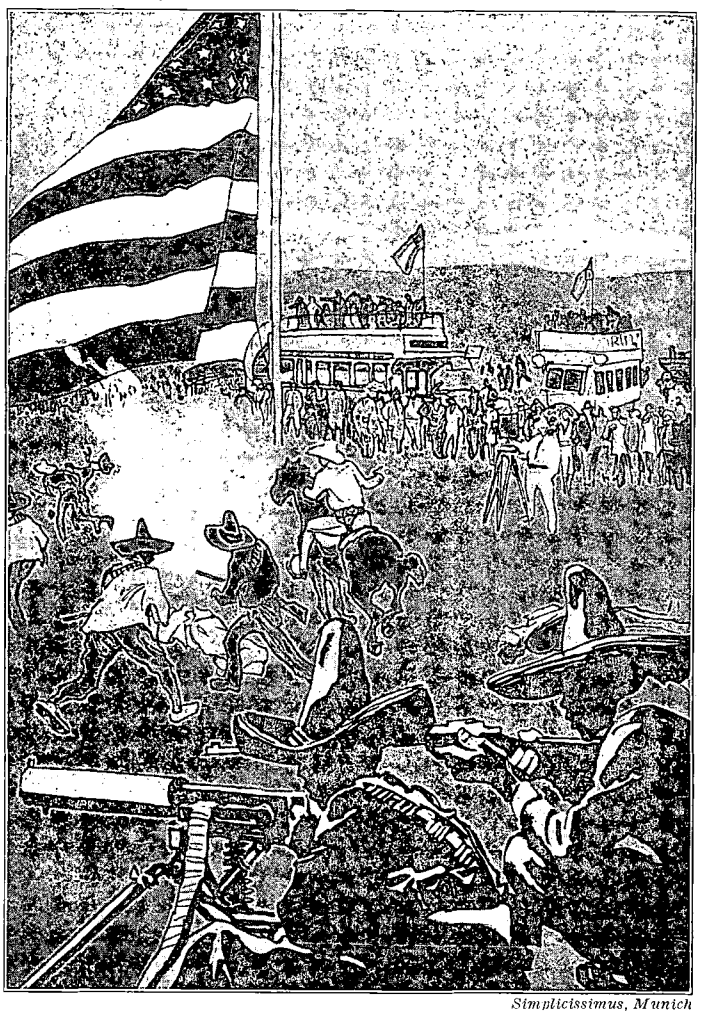
DISPATCHES in the foreign Press concerning the probable governmental policy of the United States over any given period are usually cabled from Washington and proceed from official sources of information. It is rare that a European newspaper takes the initiative in making suggestions to America in matters of policy. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin conservative daily) does not hesitate, however, to express its conception of the obligations of the present government of the United States toward the world. In a leading editorial, the newspaper appeals to President Hoover to encourage an equitable solution of the reparations problem 'in order to save the economic structure of the world from tumbling into ruins.' The exhortation continues: —

There is a second problem, affecting the whole earth, whose solution Hoover must at least try to discover, if he wants to avoid crushing the hopes of millions who are weary of war and to render the position of his own country less dangerous. This is the problem of disarmament. His predecessors prepared for him a moral disarmament which appears on the paper of the Kellogg Pact. There are important factions in Congress which envisage positive guarantees for the Kellogg Pact in an embargo on the export of arms from the United States to countries at war with one another, thus keeping the conflict within definite limits. The real means of preventing war will still remain disarmament, the disarmament of the strong powers, for it is on them that disarmament, in the last analysis, depends.

In terms of American policies, this means that Hoover must endeavor to arrive at an understanding with England on naval matters. This will make real disarmament possible. Bearing in his hand the trump card of the naval increase approved by Congress, Hoover could call a new naval conference which would have far happier prospects of success than one initiated by the Coolidge administration. The essential problem arising from the opposition between England and America is the creation of a new maritime law, or, to be more explicit, the freedom of the seas. Hoover could assure himself of a chapter of fame in the book of the history of mankind if he would become the champion of that freedom of the seas which has been desired by all peoples but withheld from them for centuries by England. Hoover undoubtedly possesses the dynamic personality and forceful character that such a task exacts. One expects this powerful man, accustomed to struggle, by nature a pioneer, to forge a way through thick and thin, wherever he catches sight of the trail of justice.

Reflecting that the adherence of the United States to the World Court is the one and only frail tie with Europe that the American people, who are satiated with Europe, will permit, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* goes on to prophesy a more soothingly tactful policy on the part of Hoover and Stimson toward South and Central America. The editorial concludes abruptly as follows: —

The League of Nations is being forgotten! It is futile to speak of the League in conjunction with American politics. The League is dead as far as the United States is concerned, and no American, least of all Hoover, will think of resurrecting it.



Simplicissimus, Munich

On the American-Mexican Frontier

'If the American demand for front-row seats continues, all the expenses of the Revolution will soon be paid off.'

American Designs on Mexico

THE latest imperialistic blot on the fair name of the United States is, in the opinion of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Austrian socialist daily) our activity on the Mexican border during the recent hostilities: —

The armed forces of the United States which have been concentrated at the border, ostensibly to prevent the war from overflowing into American territory, are actually out of all proportion in numbers to the weak, shattered remains of the Mexican Clerical Army. Thus it is not improbable that the American Government will use such border encounters as that of Naco as a pretext to enter Mexico and to take possession, temporarily or permanently, of Mexican soil in order to increase the influence of the dollar in Central America.

Such a policy would be directly in line with Hoover's plans, which envisage the conquest of the American Continent. It will be made to appear as if the American Government were helping the Mexicans; but experience has shown that, though it is very easy to summon American soldiers to a South or Central American country, it is very difficult to induce them to take their departure.

Introducing the President

A FRENCH humorous weekly, *Le Rire*, took sufficient notice of the recent change of administration in Washington to pay the following 'homage to the new President of the United States': —

Mr. Herbert Hoover, the new President of the United States, has just assumed his duties. We thought that there ought to be a detailed biography of the new American president in our pages. 'Mr. Herbert Hoover is a *self-made man*.' (We do not know — and doubtless most of our readers share our ignorance — the meaning of these words, which we copied from a novel. In any case, we are convinced that they do not imply any insult.) In France we should call him a man who has made his way in the world by means of his own resources. The biography would continue: 'He is a sincere friend of France.' For the rest of this biography our readers have only to look up the one we might have published when Coolidge, Hoover's predecessor, was inaugurated. We cannot urge our readers too earnestly to save these lines with care so that they can use them again when Hoover's successor is elected.

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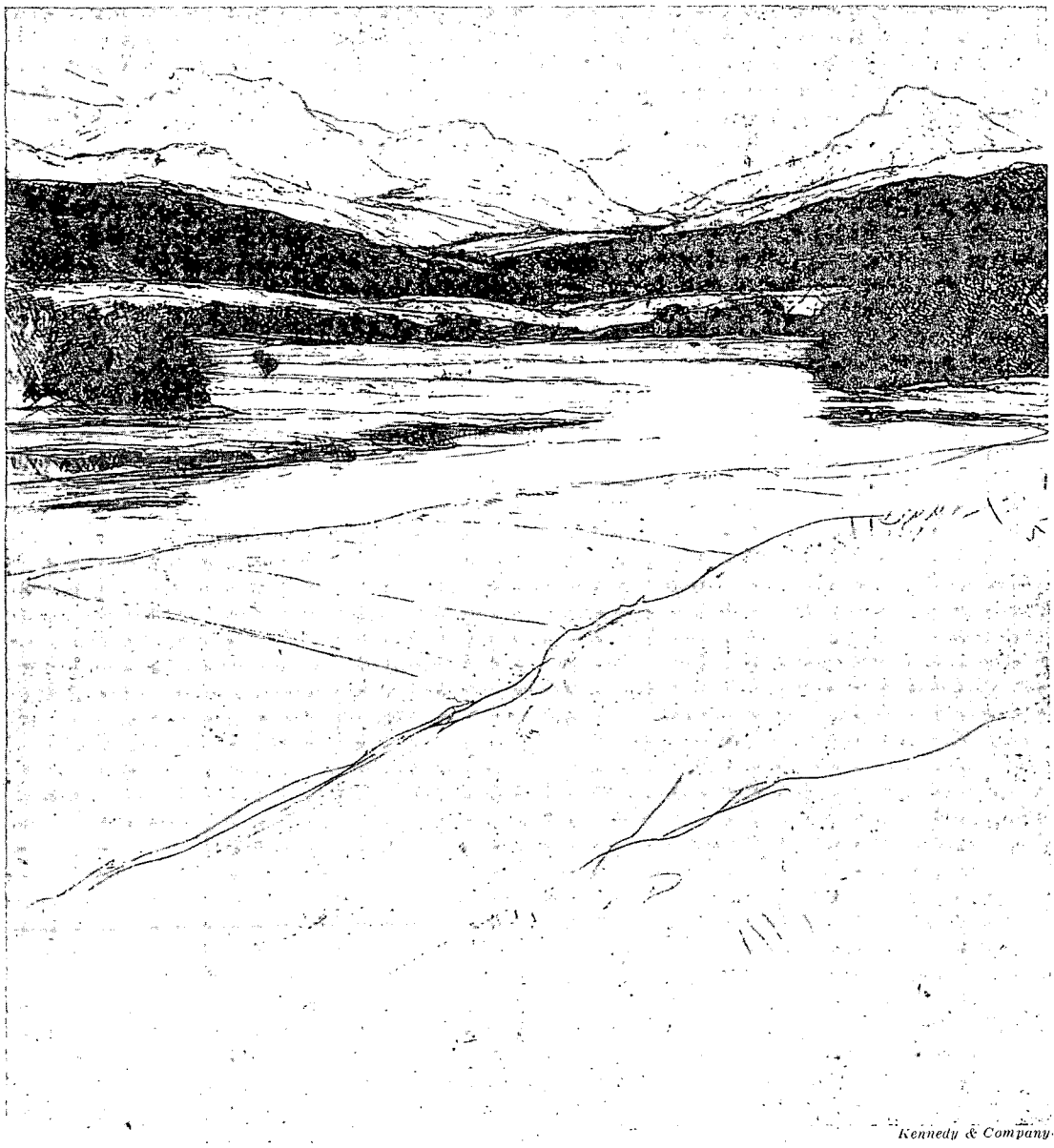

THE HILLS OF TULLOCH

FROM AN ETCHING BY SIR D. Y. CAMERON

World Travel Notes

England and Scotland

FOR such a comparatively little country, England spreads a delightful and varied fare for the traveler in almost every season, and particularly for the traveler whose time is limited. Points of interest are conveniently close together, and the longest run, to Devon or the Lakes, takes only a fraction of the time it takes Americans in the eastern United States to get to the National Parks. It is fortunate that nature has arranged it so in England, for there is a wealth of things 'for to admire and for to see.'

London is fast becoming one of the most, if not the most, fascinating city in Europe. In addition to her smart modern shops and amusement places, she has the lovely, rich patina of days gone by, and the relics that her famous men have left behind. To stand in Westminster Abbey and scan the names enshrined there is an incredibly moving experience. To wander through the Tate Gallery or the British Museum and to absorb even a little of the legacies of art and letters to be found there is more than pastime. There is an electric atmosphere about London, an air of getting important things well done that most people find extremely stimulating.

London is rich in excursion places. Oxford is only two hours away, and Cambridge is also near. From Oxford the tourist agencies run buses to places of interest. You can see Shakespeare's town on the Avon; Warwick, with its magnificent Beauchamp Chapel and its old castle; Kenilworth, crumbled with the years; Leamington Spa, that lively health resort; and Banbury, famous for its cakes and ale, in two or three days, traveling in comfort and staying at comfortable old hostelries. The best way to see the English countryside is, of course, by motor, or, if you can navigate a bicycle, that way is still safe in England, and most rewarding in adventure.

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River trips out of London are pleasant, especially in summer and early fall. The trip to Hampton Court, with its glimpses of English gardens and English families taking tea, is charming. If you come back by way of Richmond, you can make your own tea memorable by sampling the Maid of Honor cakes for which the town is famous. It is said that Anne Boleyn first introduced these delectable morsels to Henry VIII. Tea, you will find, is an important part of the day's excursion. If you go to Windsor, where the royal family sometimes stays, and to Eton, that hamlet of boys across the bridge, you can sit on a veranda overlooking the water, and feed the swans with bits of plum cake.

Kennedy & Company

GLEN STRAE

FROM AN ETCHING BY SIR D. Y. CAMERON

NORTH of London, the cathedral cities of St. Albans, Lichfield, Carlisle, Peterborough, Lincoln, York, and Durham are all worthy places of pilgrimage. If you disembark at Southampton you will probably go to Salisbury to see the highest, and what some people consider the most beautiful, spire in England. If Plymouth is your port, Exeter Cathedral, Wells, with its beautiful stained glass, and the Roman Bath and Abbey at Bath, are the highlights nearest to hand. If you happen to enter England through a Channel port, such as Harwich, you may stop and be enchanted by Canterbury on your way to London.

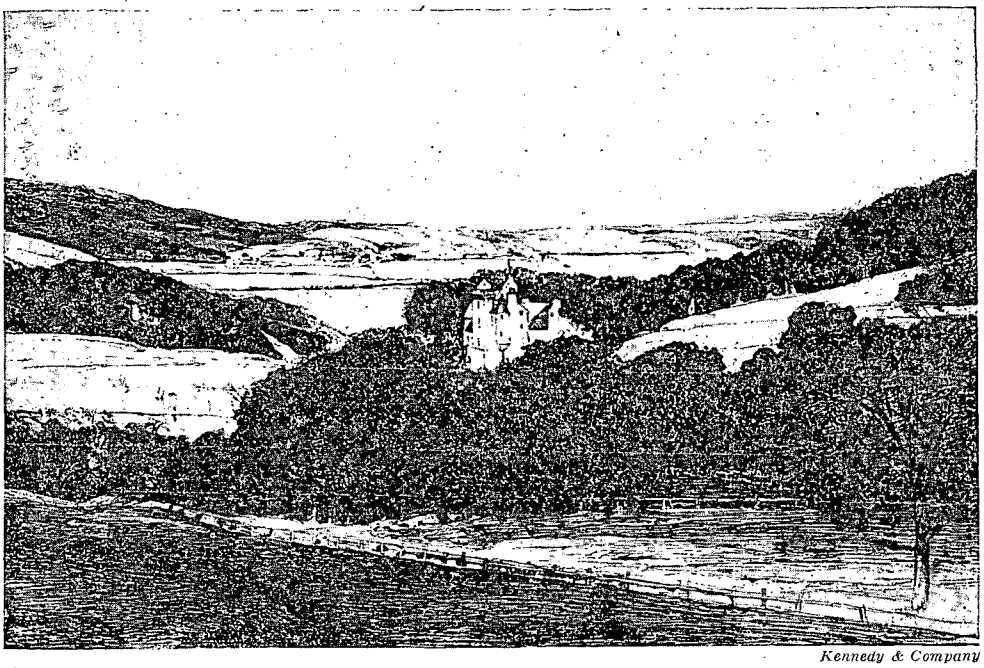
If beauty of rocky coast, uphill towns, and dunes attracts you, go to Devon, but if you must see Clovelly, that overadvertised 'quaint little village,' go in the early morning or after sunset, when the excursionists have gone on their clamorous way. Then, and only then, are the little gray donkeys, the rose-trellised cottages, and even the famous strawberries and clotted cream of Clovelly truly enjoyable.

IF YOU come into England by way of Liverpool, the Lake District, whose beauty is closely intertwined with memories of some of England's great men of letters, is a natural objective. The Lake District is only about fifty miles long and forty miles wide, in the northwest corner of England, between Lancaster and Carlisle. There are no less than sixteen lakes, with the highest hills in England, old castles and churches, Roman ruins and pretty towns thrown in for good measure. The Lake poets, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans, and the essayists, De Quincey and Ruskin, and numerous artists, including Romney and Turner, were enthusiastic about this part of England. The fact that opinion is divided as to whether the north or south section has greater natural beauty shows that you may choose either or both and find yourself admiring 'the flower of England's face.'

Windermere, which is over ten miles long, is considered the most beautiful of the lakes. Wordsworth's favorite approach to the hills and lakes was from the southern extremity of Windermere — a good route to follow. From Windermere it is possible to get a bus through Ambleside to Keswick, then another bus to the steamer for Penrith. From there it is a simple matter to go on into Scotland. The old stone cobbler's shop at Ambleside, built on a bridge above the rushing waters, is a pretty sight. The old maxim, 'It's a' nabs, and neuks, is Windermerwatter,' is proved by the bays and islets which give the lake so picturesque an aspect.

All sorts of legends and old wives' tales add their glamor to the Lake District. Near the famous Ferry Hotel, headquarters for Windermere yachting, is the ancient ferry for which the monks of Furness Abbey were held responsible. Once a boatman is said to have gone out in his craft in response to a shrill, ghostly voice which used to cry out 'Boat!' on stormy nights. When he returned, his boat was full of water, and he was speechless and white with terror. He died without explaining what he had seen, and the evil spirit he had ferried over had to be laid with book, bell, and candle.

The red sandstone ruins of Furness Abbey, set in great old trees and velvety lawns, combine the sad loveliness of noble architecture in decay with magnificent natural beauty. Norman ornamentation is in evidence in many of the churches of this section, notably in the cloisters here and in the Priory Church at Cartmel, a little village with a family



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CRAIGIEVAR

FROM AN ETCHING BY SIR D. Y. CAMERON

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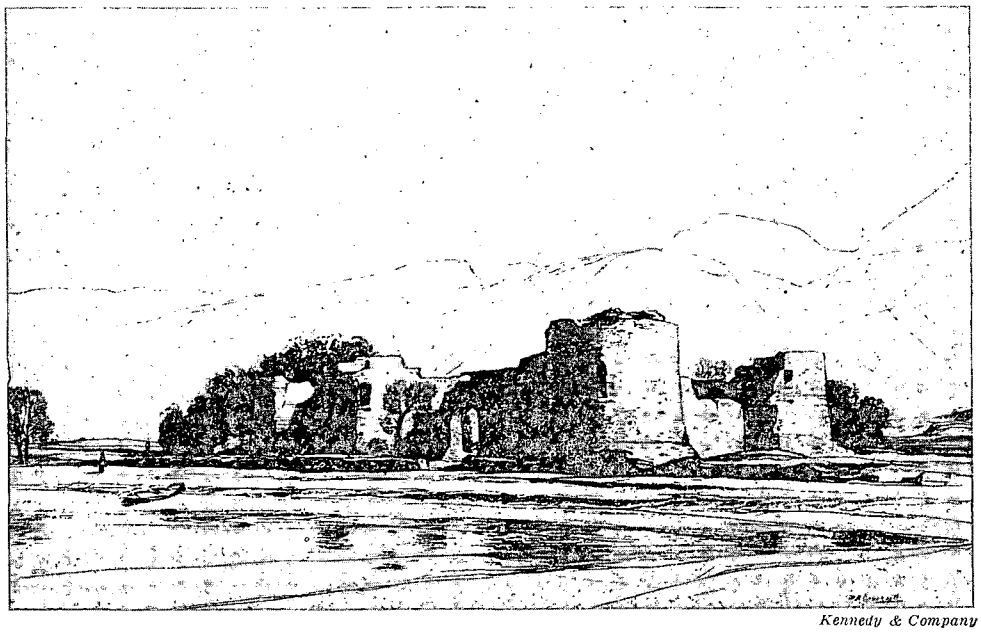
tree dating back to 677 A.D. Cartmel and Warton, where the Washington family lived before they migrated to Sulgrave, are about ten miles from Furness Abbey.

KENDAL, less than ten miles from Windermere, has some quaint houses and a castle which was once the home of the last wife of Henry VIII, Catherine Parr. Bowness is a good place to stay, since it has yachting and various other resort amusements. Ambleside, near the centre of Lakeland, is a pleasant headquarters if you are bent on making a walking trip. Nearby is Rydal, with its pretty lake and the rock known as Wordsworth's Seat. A mile further on is Grasmere, where the August races and wrestling matches are held. Grasmere is entirely old-world. Hawkshead, also, is charmingly ancient, and not far away is Hard Knott, with its Roman camp. From here you may take the toy railway to Ravenglass, once a Roman harbor, but now a fishing port. Or you may push on to Wast Water, wildest of the lakes, where the Red Screes, curious rocky formations, add their brilliant color to the beauty of the lake. Or, again, you may walk over Bow Fell (if you are a good hiker) and down to Ambleside.

Keswick, largest of the lake towns, is situated on 'lovely Derwent Water.' Southey and Coleridge lived here, and Shelley spent his honeymoon nearby. Just south lies Borrowdale, whose beauty of rocks and woods and water is exquisite. In the olden days, 'beautiful but dumb' seemed to fit Borrowdale, which outsiders considered a very backward village. It was here that they arrested a ticking watch for having consumed its missing owner, and here that the town's Solomon said that the first donkey he beheld must be a peacock since it answered to no other description in his lore!



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INVERLOCHY CASTLE

FROM AN ETCHING BY SIR D. Y. CAMERON

Penrith and Ullswater are a convenient exit to Scotland, and attract travelers because of the Swiss aspect of Ullswater, the second largest of the lakes; because of the house where Bonnie Prince Charlie stayed, when Penrith was the scene of furious fighting; because of King Arthur's Round Table, near Yanwath Hall; and because of Aira Force, where Wordsworth

'. . . wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills.'

THERE are five chief excursion centres in Scotland — Glasgow, Oban, Inverness, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, arranged in a rough sort of circle. Scotland altogether is a very small country, smaller than the state of Maine, and its interesting variety of historical and romantic backgrounds may be encompassed without much traveling back and forth. Glasgow has a 12th-century cathedral, excellent golfing in and near the city, and affords many pleasant trips on the Clyde estuary. Ayr, the birthplace of Burns, is not far away. Oban, on the west coast, has a fine harbor, and yachting during the summer season. From Oban you may go by steamer to the glamorous isles of the Hebrides, or you may walk back of the walls of the town to Loch Awe and the Pass of Melfort. Fort William, within easy access of Oban, is the point from which Ben Nevis, Scotland's Mt. Everest, is ascended.

From Oban to Inverness is less than a day's trip by steamer. Some people, in fact, like to make the whole trip from Glasgow to Oban and Inverness in a day. Inverness is the capital of the highlands, and offers golf to the sportsman and lovely walks to the nature enthusiast. At Aberdeen, also, golfing is a great attraction. Curious old streets, such as Ghaist Row and Ship Row, make Aberdeen an interesting city to explore. It has a mile-long bathing beach, and the neighboring fishing villages on the Moray Firth make it a good excursion centre as well as a pleasant place to loll and be lazy.

Edinburgh, 'mine own romantic town,' as Sir Walter Scott called it, is both picturesque and of rich historical interest. Its high Old and New Towns, separated by a ravine, make it interesting to the eye, while the mind is fed by its associations with famous people, from Mary, tragic Queen of Scots, to Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson loved Edinburgh. He wrote, 'There are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps.

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NITHSDALE

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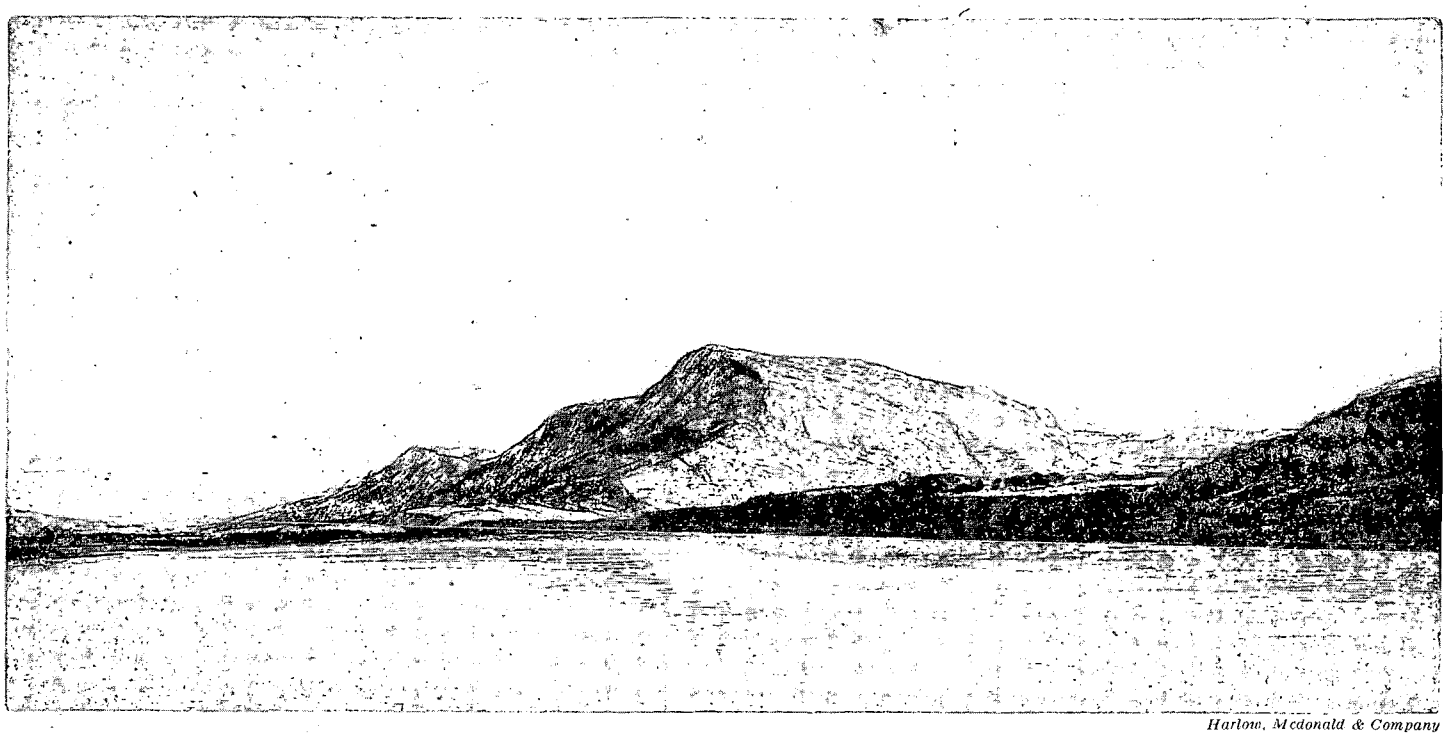


Harlow, Mcdonald & Company

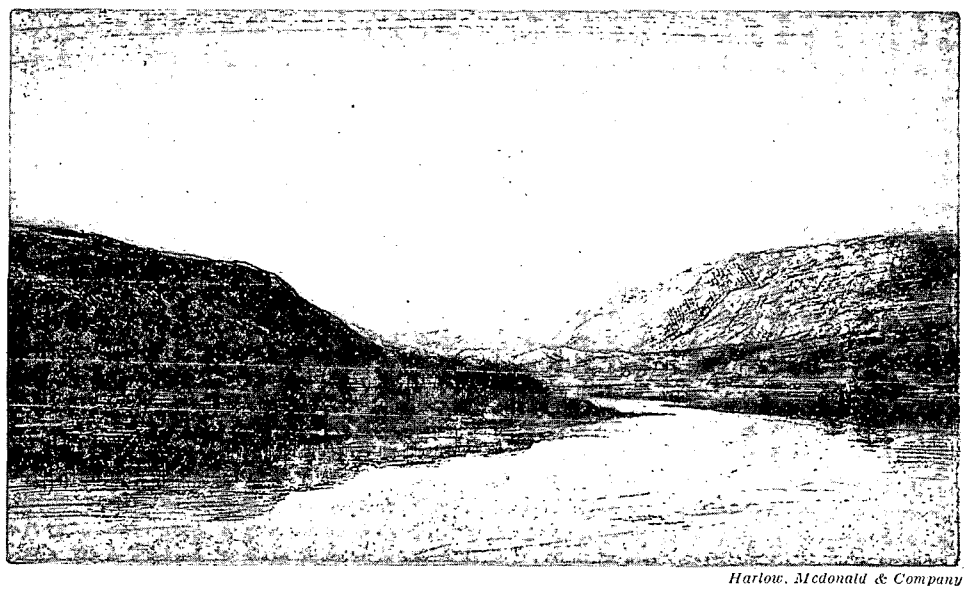
LOCH RANNOCH

FROM AN ETCHING BY JOSEPH GRAY

When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning.'

From Edinburgh it is just a day's excursion to Abbotsford, where Scott lived, and on August 15th there is a Scott celebration at Melrose, close by. Golfing is always easily accessible in Scotland, since there are more than five hundred courses, open to tourists at negligible cost.

FOR a feast of visual beauty, go from Glasgow to Stirling, viewing Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond, Loch Katrine, the wooded Trossachs, and Callander, a favorite touring centre. This can be done in one day, if you are hampered by a hurried schedule. If you have the leisure, a month is all too short in which to see this magnificent district, which has been extolled by many poets and painters. If you want to climb Ben Lomond, which is 3,192 feet high, if you want to take the twenty-mile steamer trip on beautiful Loch Lomond among wooded isles rich in the legends of Wallace, Bruce, and Rob Roy, you must devote several days to the Scotch Lakes. The steamer takes you to Inversnaid, where you go by coach to Loch Katrine, which Scott immortalized in *The Lady of the Lake*. From Loch Katrine there is a coaching trip through the narrow pass of the Trossachs, where majestic scenery and noble castles reward the traveler. At Loch Achray, you will most likely stop for lunch, and then take coach for Loch Vennachar and Callander. Stirling, with its ancient castle, captured by Edward I of England and recaptured after Bannockburn by Robert Bruce, is full of ancient glory. It is a fit climax to the trip through the Lake District and the Trossachs, where romantic beauty and the past mingle so appealingly.



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THE TUMMEL

FROM AN ETCHING BY JOSEPH GRAY

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Did you ever

Stand in line at a European RR. station and try to make the ticket clerk understand where you wanted to go?

Get on a train and discover that all of the seats were taken?

Arrive in a strange city and wonder what hotel to go to, and how to get there?

Arrive in a city late at night and try to get a room and be told that the Hotel was "au Complet"?

Start your Sight-Seeing in a new city, and wonder what to see first?

Try to cash a cheque on a Bank holiday?

Wish that you could avoid the embarrassment of having to tip, and wondering whom to tip?

? ? ? ? ? ?

These are just a few of the things we can do, and save money for you . . .

Write, — or better still come in and see us, and we will be glad to go over your plans with you . . .

Be sure you mention "The Living Age"

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521 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

Telephone: Murray Hill 1039

AIRPLANE
RAILROAD & STEAMSHIP
TICKETS

At Tariff Rates

World Travel Calendar

(Continued from page 244)

ENGLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 5 Bank Holiday.
CAMBRIDGE. *August* 9–17, Chamber Music Hall.
COVENTRY. *August* 2, Lady Godiva's Procession.
HARROWGATE. *July* 9–13, Royal Agricultural Show.
HENLEY. *July* 3–6, Henley Regatta.
LONDON. *July* 4–7, American Orthopedic Association Convention; 10–19, opening of British and American Students' Conference on International Affairs; *July* 19–*August* 15, Holiday Courses for Foreigners, University of London.
NORWICH. *August* 3–17, Summer Vacation School of English Folk Dance Society.
OXFORD. *July* 10–19, opening of British and American Students' Conference on International Affairs; 30, opening of Summer School at Oxford University; *August* 1–15, opening of Summer Course in Music Teaching.
PONTEFRACT. *August* 1, races.
SANDOWN PARK. *July* 19, Eclipse Stakes Races.
SCARBOROUGH. *August* 15–18, Yorkshire Tennis Championships; 19–24, North of England Tennis Tournament.
SHREWSBURY. *August* 21–23, Floral Fête.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *July* 1–*September* 7, Shakespeare Summer Festival.
SYDENHAM. *July* 6, Salvation Army Festival at the Crystal Palace; *August* 1, First Fireworks Display.
YORK. *August* 28, Ebor Handicap Races.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *July* 14, Bastille Day; *August* 10, St. Philomena; 15, Fête of the Assumption; Grand Pilgrimage to Lourdes.
BAGNÈRES-DE-BIGORRE. *July* 16–*September* 15, Vacation Courses for Foreign Students, University of Toulouse.
BANNALEC. *August* 4, Pardon.
BÉNODET. *August* 11, Pardon.
CAEN. *July* 4–*August* 4, Holiday Courses open at the International Institute of Pedagogy.
CARCASSONNE. *July* 14, Fête and *Illumination de la Cité.*
DEAUVILLE. *July* 14, opening of Horse Races; *August* 8, Horse Races; 25, *Grand Prix* Race.
DIEPPE. *July* 29, opening of Summer Courses for Foreign Students.
GRENOBLE. *July* 1, Vacation Courses for Foreign Students open at the University of Grenoble.
LILLE. *July* 18–*August* 28, Summer Courses for Foreigners.
LOCTUDY. *August* 11, Pardon.
MARSEILLE. *August* 15, Fête of Notre Dame de la Garde.
NANCY. *July* 7–*September* 28, Summer Courses for Foreigners at the University of Nancy.
PARIS. *July* 15–*August* 3, Summer Course of *Institut de Phonétique*, University of Paris; *August* 1–8, French Teachers' Association Congress.
PEDENEC. *August* 2, Breton Fair.
PENMARCH. *July* 7, Pardons.
PLOUJEAN. *July* 7, Pardons.
QUIMPER. *August* 15, Pardon.
ROUEN. *August* 24, St. Anne Celebration.
SPEZET. *July* 7, Pardons.

GERMANY

ALTONA. *August* 31, Folk Festival of Lower Elbe.
AUGSBURG. *July* 7, 14, 12, and 28, Mystery Plays in front of Ulrich Cathedral.
BADEN-BADEN. *August* 23, opening of Grand Week of Opera and Festivals.

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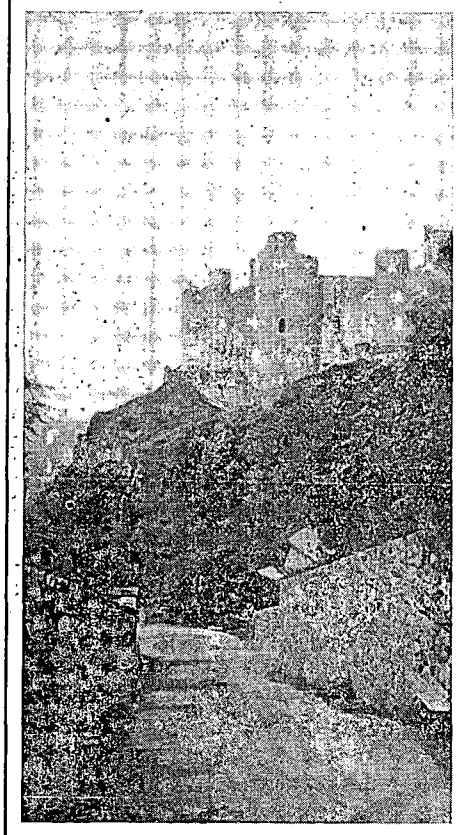

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BAVARIA. *July* 15, St. Henry's Day.
BERLIN. *July* 11–*August* 21, Summer Courses for American Students at the University of Berlin; *July* 14, 19, 21, Grunewald Races; *July* 17, Hoppegarten Races; *August* 12–16, Convention of International Advertising Association; 30, Wannsee Lake Week opens.
BREMEN. *August* 3, North German Poultrymen Meeting.
COLOGNE. *August* 4–17, 18–31, Motor Tours to the Rhineland, Bavarian Alps, and Black Forest.
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN. *August* 10, Bodensee Week opens.
LINDAU. *August* 10, Bodensee Week opens.
HAMBURG. *August* 5–24, Vacation Courses for Foreigners at the University of Hamburg; 24, Textile Sample Fair.
HARZBURG. *July* 7, 14, Gallop Racing Week.
HEIDELBERG. *July* 14, Rowing Regatta.
HERINGSDORF. *July* 18, Dog Races.
JENA. *August* 2–15, Summer Courses for Foreign Students at the University of Jena.
KÖNIGSBERG. *August* 11, opening of 17th German Eastern Fair.
LANDSHUT. *July* 6, 10, 14, *Landshuter Hochzeit 1475*, Mediæval Folk Plays.
LEIPZIG. *August* 25, Sample Fair.
LÜBECK–TRAVEMÜNDE. *July* 2, Travemünder Week.
MAGDEBURG. *July* 24, General Meeting of German Good Templar Societies.
MARBURG. *August* 1–28, Courses for Foreign Students at the University.
MUNICH. *July* 5–12, Bavarian Week (Wörth See); *July* 10–*August* 6, Summer Course for Foreign Students opens at Ludwig-Maximilians University; *July* 13–20, Bavarian Week (Ammer See); 23, 28, 30, Wagner Festival, Prince Regent Theatre; 24, Mozart Festival, Residence Theatre; *July* 24–*August* 20, Courses at American Institute for Foreign Students; *August* 1–31, Wagner and Mozart Festivals at Prince, Regent, and Residence Theatres; 11, Bavarian Week (Chiem See) opens.
NÖRDLINGEN. *August* 4, Open-Air Plays.
NUREMBERG. *August* 10, St. Lawrence Day.
SALZBURG. *August*, Reinhardt Festival Plays.
RÜGEN. *July* 5–12, Pomeranian Week.
SCHLESING. *July* 14–21, Schlei Week.
SCHREIBERHAU. *July* 23, Festival and Costume Carnival.
STETTIN. *July* 5–12, Pomeranian Week.
SWINEMÜNDE. *July* 5–12, Pomeranian Week.
VELDEN. *July* 20–*August* 18, Festival Weeks on the Wörther See, Riding, Rowing, Tennis, Swimming, and Motorboat Contests.
WARNEMÜNDE. *July* 8, Water Sports open.

GUATEMALA

GUATEMALA CITY. *August*, International Sample Fair.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 31, Queen's Birthday.
AMSTERDAM. *July* 8, International Chamber of Commerce Meeting; *August* 26, International Settlements Conference.
THE HAGUE. *August* 26–*September* 26, Exhibit of Paintings by Jan Stuyters.
OMMEN. *August* 1–8, International Convention of Order of Star of East.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *August* 20, Festival of St. Stephen's.
BUDAPEST. *July* 29–*August* 2, Preliminary Congress of the 21st International Esperanto Congress; 2, opening of 21st Universal Esperanto Congress; 8–21, Congress of International Student Association; 14–20, International Water Polo; 18–25, St. Stephen's Festivities.

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THE TRAVEL SOCIETY has secured this space because it believes that, for travel information, THE LIVING AGE is the best possible medium.

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IRELAND

BELLEWSTOWN, COUNTY SOUTH. *July* 3, Bellewstown Races.
DUBLIN. *August* 6, Royal Horse Show.
GALWAY. *July* 31, Galway Races.

ITALY

GENOA. *August* 10, St. Lawrence Day.
LEGHORN. *August* 4, 11, 15, 18, 25, Gallop Races.
MILAN. *July* 4, Gallop Race at the San Siro Hippodrome.
MESSINA. *August* 15, *La Vara* Festival.
MONZA. *August* 25 and 29, Gallop Races.
PALERMO. *July* 11, Feast of St. Rosalie begins.
PESCARA. *August* 2, Abruzzo Cup Auto Races; 4, Acerbo Cup Races.
ROME. *August* 1, Festival of San Pietro in Vinculi; 4, St. Dominic Fête; 4, 11, 18, 25, Trotting Races at Villa Glori Hippodrome.
SCANNO. *July* 5, Feast of Our Lady of Grace.
SIENNA. *July* 2, First Palio Races in Piazza del Campo; *August* 16, Second Palio Races.
SOUTHERN ITALY. *July* 16, Festival of Madonna del Carmine.
SPEZIA. *August* 15, Festival at Madonna di Saviori.
TURIN. *July* 7, 14, Gallop Races at the Mirafiori Hippodrome; 21, International Auto Race, Monte Nero Circuit.
VARESE. *August* 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, Gallop Races.
VENICE. *July* 1, opening of the Open-Air Dance Floor, 'The Lido Follies'; *August* 11, Great Night Fête on Grand Canal.

LATVIA

RIGA. *July* 15, Open-Air Fête; *July–August*, International Industrial and Agricultural Exhibit and Fair.

LUXEMBURG

LUXEMBURG. *August*, International Commercial Fair.

NORWAY

BERGEN. *July* 5, 12, 19, 26, Thirteen-Day Pleasure Cruises from Bergen to the Land of the Midnight Sun.
OSLO. *August* 17, Royal Yachting Regattas.

POLAND

CRACOW. *August* 4, Long-Distance Swimming Championship.
POZNAŃ. *August* 4, International Football Match.
WARSAW. *August* 11, International Swimming Match; 18, Swimming Match, Poland v. Belgium; 18–31, General Assembly of Slavonic Singers.

SCOTLAND

BRIDGE OF ALLAN. *August* 3, Strathallan Highland Games.
DUNOON. *August* 30–31, Cowall Highland Games.
FORT WILLIAM. *August* 20, Lochaber Highland Games.
INVERKEITHING. *August* 3, Highland Games.
ST. ANDREWS. *August* 13, Lammas Fair; 13–17, Eden Open Golf Tournament.
THORNTON. *July* 19, Highland Games.

SPAIN

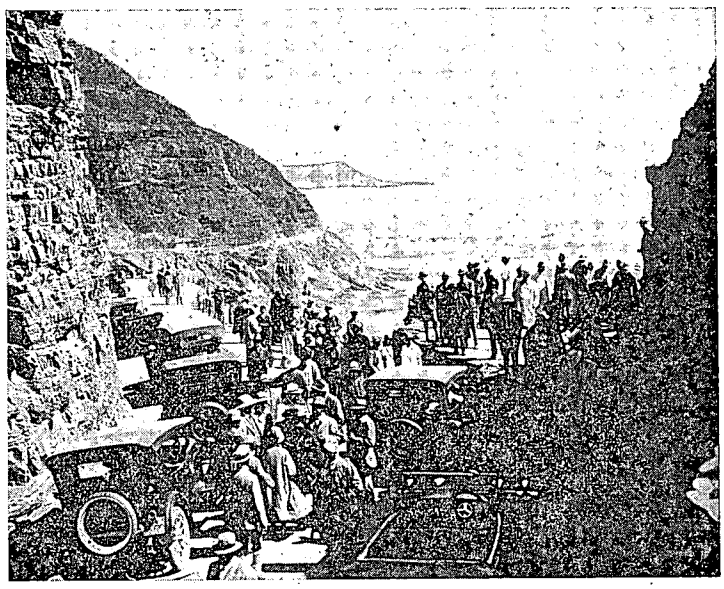
GIJON. *August* 10–25, International Sample Fair.
MADRID. *July* 11, opening of Summer Courses for Foreign Students; *August* 10, St. Lawrence Day; 5–31, Spanish Language and Culture Courses at University of Madrid.
SANTANDER. *July* 17–30, Summer School in Spanish; *August* 3–30, Main Course of Spanish Studies.
SARAGOSSA. *July* 1, Summer Course for Foreign Students open at the University of Saragossa.
VIGO. *August* 4–15, International Sailing Regatta.
VILLAGARCIA. *August* 18–31, International Sailing Regatta.

SWEDEN

HALSINGBORG. *August* 6, International School Conference.
HULTSFRED. *July* 7, The 14th Homestead Feast.
LUND. *August* 9–*September* 25, Exhibit of History of Culture; *August* 10–*September* 10, Arts and Crafts Exhibit; *August* 27–29, International Congress for History of Religion.
SÄTER. *July* 1, The Säter Games.
STOCKHOLM. *July* 26, Carl Bellman Day, Choral Celebrations in the Djurgården; *July* 28, *August* 5, Sandham Regatta.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. *August* 26, St. Jacques Commemoration.
BELLINZONA. *July* 12, National Shooting Fête begins.
BERN. *August* 18, Horse Races.
CAUX. *August* 12–25, International Tennis Tournaments.
DISENTIS. *July* 12, St. Placid Fête Procession.
GENEVA. *August* 4, opening of Institute of International Relations.
INTERLAKEN. *July* 4, American Ball at the Kursaal; *August* 31, Dutch National Fête Ball at the Kursaal.
JUNGFRAUJOCH. *July* 13, 14, Twelfth International Summer Ski Race.
LINNÆA. *July* 10, Summer Botany School opens.
LOCARNO. *August* 1, Confederate Day Celebration on lake.
LUCERNE. *July* 6, International Horse Show.
NEUCHÂTEL. *July* 15–*August* 10, Vacation Courses, University of Neuchâtel.



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World Business

The Economics of International Coöperation

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

Two conflicting forces dominate the world of modern business — the competition of nationalism and the coöperation of internationalism. The various empires of business are grappling with each other for commercial dominion, but at the same time there is also an underlying need for mutual understanding which reduces the impact of these conflicting economic forces upon each other and which, by so doing, helps to stabilize the commercial world as a whole.

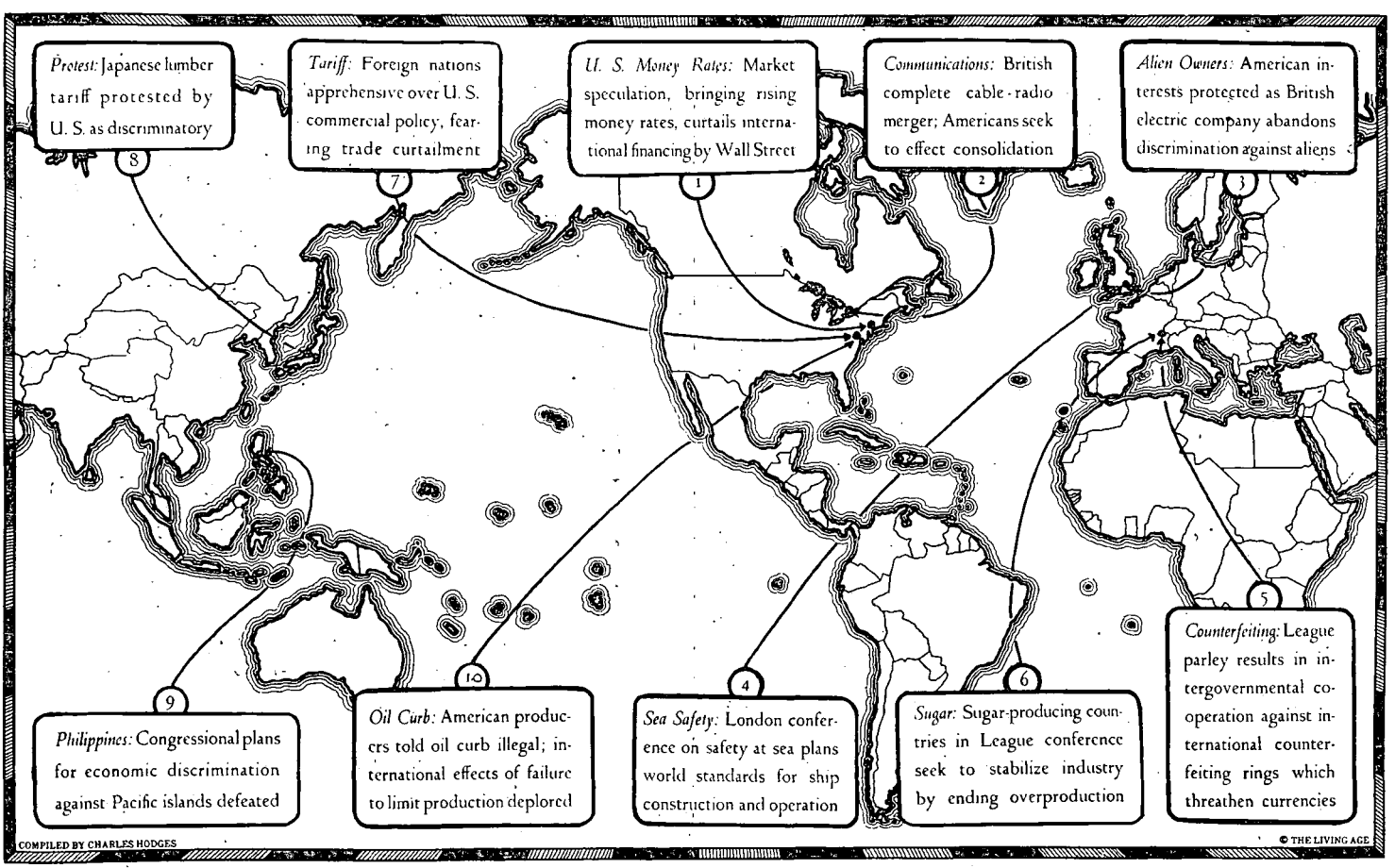
The cross-play of these interests, which at first sight appear to be diametrically opposed, reveals one of the most significant tendencies of our times. More and more, nations are obliged in sheer self-interest to temper their own national policies to conform to the policies being followed by the rest of the world. This applies equally to industry, trade, finance, and diplomacy. The tendency manifests itself in many ways — sometimes in the international sensitiveness of the world's money markets; sometimes in the bond which comes from international stock ownership; sometimes in the restraint upon national action which arises from international agreements; sometimes in parleys between governments and business interests to arrange concerted action.

1. U. S. Money Rates

Against the sombre background of the Reparations Parley in Paris, the financial position of America stands out in vivid contrast to that of the Old World.

Heavy trading on the New York stock market, in spite of the Federal Reserve Board's much discussed pressure on speculation, continues to influence international finance. The 'speculative loans' attacked by Washington have brought about a disproportionately high level of money rates on our side of the Atlantic. This has heightened the difficulties encountered by European nations in defending their gold holdings, already threatened by New York's demand for money. While money can be employed so profitably in the United States, the rest of the world will have increasing difficulty in securing financial accommodation; and foreign flotations, which depend largely upon money rates, have naturally been declining in volume because of the domestic situation. But while Europe will probably continue to find difficulty in raising loans because of dear money in Wall Street, South American needs seem likely to be met in New York as soon as conditions become a little more favorable. There are many American authorities who look with approval upon this trend, holding that the third of a billion dollars which Latin America is now trying to borrow here is a more desirable underwriting than the financing of America's Old World competitors in foreign-trade fields.

Denunciation of the Federal Reserve policy of discouraging speculation, it should be added, has extended from


Protest: Japanese lumber tariff protested by U. S. as discriminatory
8
Tariff: Foreign nations apprehensive over U. S. commercial policy, fearing trade curtailment
7
U. S. Money Rates: Market speculation, bringing rising money rates, curtails international financing by Wall Street
1
Communications: British complete cable-radio merger; Americans seek to effect consolidation
2
Alien Owners: American interests protected as British electric company abandons discrimination against aliens
3
Counterfeiting: League parley results in intergovernmental cooperation against international counterfeiting rings which threathen currencies
5
Sugar: Sugar-producing countries in League conference seek to stabilize industry by ending overproduction
6
Sea Safety: London conference on safety at sea plans world standards for ship construction and operation
4
Oil Curb: American producers told oil curb illegal; international effects of failure to limit production deplored
10
Philippines: Congressional plans for economic discrimination against Pacific islands defeated
9
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business circles to the floor of Congress, and the usual fears with regard to 'foreign entanglements' have been voiced on Capitol Hill. There were for a time prospects of an inquiry designed to discover whether we are acting in concert with European central banks to control credit; whether we are not being involved in the League of Nations through the 'Reparations Bank' proposed at the Paris parley; and whether such a superbank might not have an adverse effect upon American prosperity.

2. Communications Mergers

Confronted with the British Empire's new world-wide communications combine, American radio, telegraphic, and telephonic interests are being forced into closer working relations. The Radio Corporation of America has separated its manufacturing activities from its operation of wireless circuits by forming the R. C. A. Communications, Inc., to handle both domestic and transoceanic communications. Gigantic possibilities are opened up by rumors of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation's plan to acquire the R. C. A.'s newly formed subsidiary. The success of the plan remains in doubt, however, for such a combination would encounter a legal barrier in the White Act, which forbids the amalgamation of land wire and radio interests. The completion of the deal therefore depends upon Washington.

The oversea merger ends destructive competition among British companies and places them in a strategic position *vis-à-vis* foreign concerns. The holding company, Cables and Wireless, Ltd., brings together three cable operators and the Marconi wireless units, with the backing of the Imperial and Dominion governments. With Britain controlling over one half of the world's cable mileage, the need for a solid American front grows more apparent.

3. Alien Ownership Wins

British public opinion and farsighted leadership deserve much of the credit for the abandonment of discrimination against alien ownership of the British General Electric Company shares. The fight, precipitated by the plans of the management to prevent all but British subjects from acquiring further interests, affected extensive American holdings. Spokesmen sent to London from the United States were backed by British financial leaders, who feared not only damage to England's reputation for fair play but the possible weakening of the pound sterling through the withdrawal of American capital. The 'British only' attitude has now been abandoned, and over half the total shares outstanding will remain in American hands.

4. Safety at Sea

Just as the sinking of the *Titanic* provided an impelling motive for the First International Conference for Safety at Sea, so the *Vestris* tragedy has been the background for a second international maritime conference.

Representatives of eighteen countries, with Britain and the United States in the leading rôles, have gathered in London to increase the security of passengers on the high seas. Extension of wireless installations to small vessels, regulation of the load line on cargo boats, the carrying of lifeboats, and standards of ship construction are among the leading problems before the conference.

5. Bad Money

The Conference on Counterfeiting Currency, called by the League of Nations as a result of the famous Hungarian financial plot against the French franc in 1927, has been attended by thirty-five nations. These governments, which include five nonmembers of the League, Russia and the United States among them, have all favored the draft convention drawn up by a mixed commission. Every state is threatened by such operations, which now utilize all the modern technical progress of science, the widespread distribution of foreign currencies due to travel, and the international ramifications of crime. A million dollars of false money has been seized by various governments within the last year.

6. Too Much Sugar?

That problem of the 1890's, overproduction of sugar, has returned to plague post-War producers. Now, however, the Economic Committee of the League of Nations is available for the investigation of the situation. The committee began work early this year on the international aspects of the problem, the task being advanced by the coöperation of sugar experts. While the prospect of altering governmental policies which stimulate production has been none too good, the limitation of production by the industries themselves seems to have made progress. Plans to stabilize output far into the 1930's and efforts to increase consumption appear to be the guiding principles commanding the support of such producing countries as Cuba, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Hungary, Belgium, probably France and Italy, and possibly the Dutch East Indies.

7. Watching the United States Tariff

With Congress debating tariff revision plans, the United States is under close observation throughout the world, from Latin America to Europe. The strong set of the tide of American sentiment against drastic upward movement of rates has been increasingly manifest in financial and commercial circles, but has not allayed the feeling abroad that further barriers are likely to be erected against foreign imports. Rumors in Central America that apple growers are pushing a campaign for a tariff against bananas excite editorial comment in Panama. Uruguay threatens tariff reprisals, Canada talks of a commercial 'war,' and European business unites in pessimism over the commercial outlook if American manufacturers have their way on valuations and duties. Even Egypt joins the hue and cry, seeking to protect her vital trade in high-grade cotton staples. A world-wide feeling against the United States, controlled by European statesmen, who are much more familiar than their American rivals with the technique of tariff wars, may lead to difficulties greater than those usually encountered in the development of the economic nationalism of the United States.

8. U. S. Protests Tariff

The United States, however, finds the shoe upon the other foot in the protection of its own trade interests. Our controversy with France over the film-quota regulations continues. Washington maintains that this threatens to destroy American movie exports to the continental nation, and has simultaneously begun a fight to save United States lumber markets in Japan from the protectionistic policies of the Mikado's Land. Timber interests in the American Northwest fear that a market worth $40,000,000 may be closed by the Tanaka Government's higher rates on pine, cedar, spruce, and hemlock. The State Department contends that Tokio is violating the most-favored-nation treatment due the United States under the Treaty of Commerce signed in 1911.

9. Fair Play for the Philippines

The Philippines feel that they have a real grievance to lay before Congress in the matter of threatened trade discrimination in the United States. There appears to be a well-directed drive from agricultural interests against the free importation of insular products. Sugar, in particular, has been singled out for

(*Continued on page 314*)

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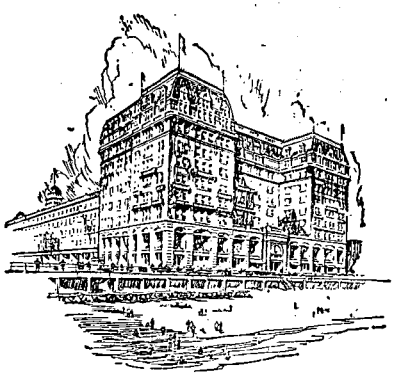

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Views & Reviews

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS — A CHAPTER IN WORLD POLITICS. *By John Spencer Bassett. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $3.50.*

THE ORIGIN, STRUCTURE AND WORKING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. *By C. Howard-Ellis. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $7.00.*

A HANDBOOK TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. *By Sir Geoffrey Butler. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $4.00.*

PSEUDO-SECURITY. *By J. M. Spaight. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $5.00.*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. *By Sir Geoffrey Butler and Simon Macoby. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $9.00.*

Last fall brought forth a plethora of books directly or indirectly concerning the League of Nations. Their differences seem at first glance merely to show how many dissimilar things may be written about the League, and how many analyses may be made, in attack or defense, without ground in common. On second thought, the truth emerges that the decade which has elapsed since the drafting of the Covenant has seen the disintegration of that happy collaboration between the 'idealists' and the 'realists' of 1919, and the recrudescence of a sharp cleavage between those two habits of political thought which Roth Williams styles 'progressive' and 'Laodicean.' Many who might have been the 'practical men' of ten years ago now apparently take for granted the premise that the League of Nations is a perfectable instrument for the preservation of peace. Their criticisms do not lock horns, however, with those which would have us believe that Geneva, whether consciously or not, has closed its eyes to the sinister forces underlying the international status quo — forces, they assert, which will sweep away covenants and protocols in another maelstrom. Thus political thought is returning to the normal cynicisms the world knew so well during the years preceding the World War.

The books under present consideration are none of them comparable to each other in treatment or content. The second edition of Sir Geoffrey Butler's *Handbook*, like the first of 1919, is primarily intended as propaganda rather than as a contribution to scholarship. The body of the book consists of a rather glib explanation of the derivation of the League from the conception of a concert of powers, developed in contrast to the balance of power doctrine; a superficial description of the League's machinery; an oversimplified account of its history to the close of the Fifth Assembly; and a blithe estimate of future developments. The appendices include a useful chronological abstract of the League's activities, brought down to April, 1928, and the texts of the major League instruments, including the defunct Treaty of Mutual Assistance and its protocol, but not the treaties of Locarno. Professor Bassett's book is an informal and very readable account of the part played by the League in recent political history. Mr. Howard-Ellis's history, on the other hand, is patiently detailed, heavily documented, and highly controversial. Nowhere, heretofore, have the origin, structure, and working of the League received such adequate and objective treatment as in this volume, though the author has reserved certain topics for fuller discussion in two forthcoming sequels: *The League of Nations: Its Record and Possibilities*, and *Toward World Polity: A Survey and a Forecast*. Although such an ambitious trilogy can hardly be written without betraying a *parti pris*, which in this case is clearly pro-British, the method of this work is such as to recommend it as the most useful to scholars likely to appear for years to come. In *Pseudo-Security* we have a provocative, indeed, nearly overpowering, statement of the objection to all plans for peace which are based on good faith in the fulfillment of international obligations when these obligations are not intimately associated with immediate national self-interest. In his destructive analysis of the League's programme for the maintenance of peace through arbitration, disarmament, and security founded upon sanctions, Dr. Spaight emphasizes the revolutionary effect of air power, upsetting the mechanics of 'pooled security' and even reversing the apparent desirability of disarmament. Readers, especially British readers, who overlook the solacing relief of absurd overstatements and fanatical repetitiousness, will at once retire to bomb- and gas-proof cellars; but no one can ignore the sinister plausibility of Dr. Spaight's general thesis or recover a naïve and unqualified enthusiasm for the projects by which the world is to lay down its arms.

Of major interest in any discussion of the League of Nations is the relationship between Articles X and XVI of the Covenant, the proposed Protocol, and the Treaty of Locarno. Although the Protocol now seems demised for all

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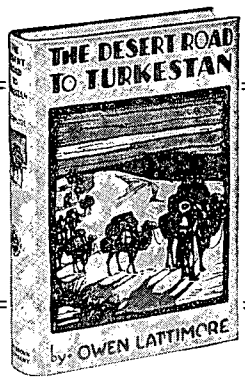

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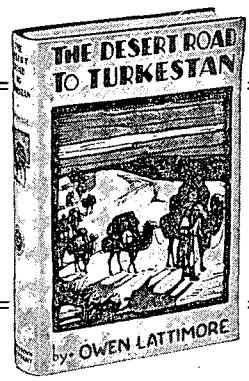

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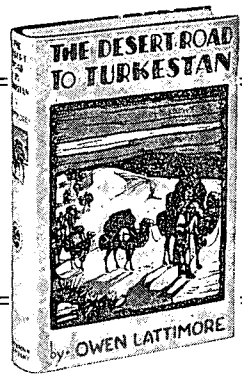

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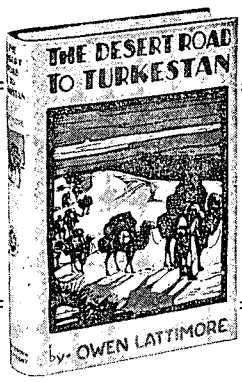

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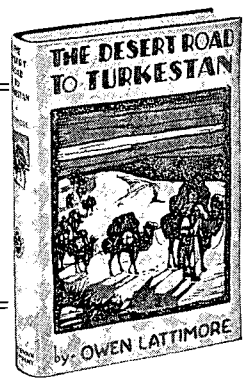

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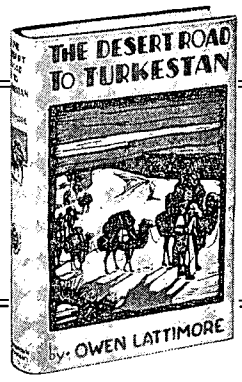

"Pure delight — His style is charming and not a thing of interest escapes him" — *Marion Nevill* in THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK

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practical purposes, it is too earnestly mourned by many members of the League to be passed lightly over. Locarno has for the moment retired into the background of political consciousness as a *fait accompli*, but so many lances have been broken over its significance that it stands out as a challenge to those who would interpret the fundamentals of the League. The question as to whether disarmament is to be the father of confidence, or whether confidence must first be the mother of disarmament, rests on another riddle of parentage: is the Treaty of Locarno a legitimate issue of the Covenant as it is understood by the proponents of the Protocol, or even by its opponents? Dr. Spaight is cheerfully confident that it is, on the contrary, a return to common sense, sidetracking the dangerous errors in the Covenant and aborting the fatal seed of the Protocol. Mr. Bassett, while apparently entertaining 'Genevan' sympathies for the Protocol, hails the regional agreement erected over its dead body as a necessary underpinning for the Covenant. Mr. Howard-Ellis, who sees the League as 'the only concrete alternative to fearful militarism . . . ending in Armageddon,' apparently concurs in the remark he quotes of a Brazilian representative at the League to the effect that 'Locarno should be adapted to the League and not the League annexed to Locarno'; but he reserves the subject for discussion in a future volume. In *The Development of International Law*, Sir Geoffrey Butler expresses his reaction only by a mild approval of Locarno as a great 'advance in matters of arbitration.'

That this question is not a mere academic quibble becomes evident when we draw inferences from the conflicting opinions concerning Locarno and apply them to the question of disarmament. If such a regional guarantee is to be considered as a partial fulfillment of the Covenant, a closing of the gap which permits the 'six lawful wars' described by Spaight, and a piecemeal realization of the purposes of the Protocol, the concert of powers remains intact and under its ægis falls the introduction of a system for the general reduction of armaments. Mr. Howard-Ellis writes: 'Civilization specializes as it advances, and we must either specialize in preparing for war or in organizing peace. . . . If civilization does not put an end to war, war will put an end to civilization.' On the other hand, it is argued in many quarters, particularly by the spokesman of the small powers, that Locarno is a break-away from the League. Its signatories, Belgium and the four great powers of Europe, undertake immediate action against a violator of its terms, even before the Council has issued its recommendations, and even if the violation in question does not constitute a 'resort to war.' If this establishes, indeed, a new order in Europe outside of the League, and if it is followed by other similar pacts, the natural gravitation of certain national policies toward certain others will result in a virtual system of alliances and counter alliances — it matters little that they be simply defensive — with the guns pointing inward instead of outward. A situation will be reproduced bearing more resemblance to the discredited balance of power than to the 'pooled security' envisaged by the League and the Protocol. If this is the case, it provides a ready explanation for the impasse at which have arrived the League's negotiations for a scheme for disarmament, and offers little hope for the future, even supposing the collaboration of the United States. The problem is aggravated by the new possibilities of war by aërial attacks upon centres of industry and population, particularly in view of the potential destructiveness, in a world disarmed, of civil aviation convertible for aggression. Spaight proposes that armies and navies be maintained as decoys, comparatively innocuous in themselves, to draw the fire of their flying enemies. He uses a rather arresting paradox: 'Indeed it is hardly an exaggeration to say that that oft-heard slogan (recently reëchoed by Commander Kenworthy in his book, *Will Civilization Crash?*), "If civilization is not to perish, disarm!" is less true to-day than the directly opposite watchword, "If civilization is not to perish, do *not* disarm!" For the civilization of the world, at its best and at its worst, is the cities, and the menace to them is a hundredfold greater from the new mode of warfare than from the old.'

Assuming for our present purpose that one-volume histories of international law have a use, there is then room for a volume bringing this subject up to date and placing in their historical perspective the new elements in international law introduced by the World War and its results. The attempt to realize this might have been expected from *The Development of International Law* by Butler and Macoby. Their book, however, at the evident cost of prodigious scholarship, has added little to the study which has not appeared in more useful form in earlier histories of the law of nations. The only new feature of the work is its method — the result of painful experiment. In it the history of law has been divided into three periods: the 'Age of the Prince,' covering the disintegration of the Holy Roman Empire, the 'Age of the Judge,' including particularly the commercial and dynastic wars of the eighteenth century, and the 'Age of the Concert,' in which appears the influence of an element other than undiluted nationalism. The execution of this selective method of establishing a central theme for each stage produces such baffling prestidigitations as a treatment of reprisals under the League of Nations in the portion of the book devoted to the 'Age of the Prince.' In fact, the authors were so preoccupied with their method that they quite forgot to include a number of subjects, such as the rights of noncombatants, or to pick up some of their topics in which the last century has brought changes

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such as the status of enemy property, from their premature graves somewhere back in the 'Age of the Judge.' As for the League of Nations and its influence upon international law, a bare score of pages are accorded to it, and the authors refer one, for fuller information on this subject, to Butler's *Handbook to the League of Nations*, which is obviously intended for the enlightenment of the man on the street. Readers of histories of the law of nations will, however, find these deficiencies compensated by a style very much above that of the average book on the subject.

Comparison of the first four of these books with each other produces a troublesome impression that among those who write on contemporary international relations the most impressive scholarship and the most methodical presentations are consecrated to the pursuit and elaboration of conceptions which a journalistic mind, with no reverence for the refinements of legalistic reasoning, can blast with a single chapter. Professor Bassett writes a vivid description of a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations, seen through the glass partition which separates it from the Library of the Secretariat. A friend of his, a professor from the United States, burst in on his studies, he relates, exclaiming, 'This is one of the important days of Europe. They are making history in there. . . . Man, you'll never see anything like it again! They are making history, I tell you!' This is indeed true, as Bassett agreed, and the records of those meetings will be laboriously analyzed by historians who will reproduce them in the appendices of impeccable volumes. But why do not professors ask themselves, 'What kind of history is being made there?' Señor Madariaga recently told an anecdote of the confession of a delegate to the League from one of the remote countries of Europe. He started out for Geneva, he said, with a fiery speech in his pocket, but each mile he traveled the speech grew more moderate until, when he delivered it before the Assembly, it was hardly recognizable. This serves as an excellent illustration of the beneficent spirit of compromise instilled by Geneva, but it gives no assurance that the delegate did not indulge in 'staircase wit' during his journey homeward, or that the moderation of his utterances reduced to a corresponding degree the fevers of his country. It is to be regretted that the historians of the League, wise men who take pride in their unassailable impartiality, do not let their vision wander from the conference rooms of Geneva and view international relations as if they had never considered them before. Then perhaps there would not develop this rift between the books written for the academic profession and the plausible alarms sounded in the ears of the powerful reading middle class.

LAWRENCE BABCOCK

Books Abroad

TRAVELS IN FRANCE. *By Arthur Young. Edited by Constantia Maxwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $5.00.*

(*Sunday Times*, London)

IT WAS decidedly a 'happy thought' which led to this republication of Arthur Young's *Travels in France*, one of the most outstanding books to see the light in any European country during the last half of the eighteenth century, an historical document of the utmost value, absolutely indispensable to the student who would understand the causes of the French Revolution. Few books of its class can have produced either so instantaneous or so permanent an effect. When, within a few months of its appearance in English, a French translation was put on the market, the French Convention ordered 20,000 copies to be specially printed and distributed gratuitously in each commune. The economist, Lavergne, declared that 'there was no document in the French language that gave such a complete picture of France on the eve of the Revolution.' 'Of all the strangers who have described France in the eighteenth century,' said Babeau, 'Young is the most celebrated,' and he adds that his reputation was 'well merited.' 'More recent historians,' says Miss Maxwell, 'have reiterated those judgments, and there is no history of these times, no, nor any brochure upon any of the subjects touched upon by Young, in which the English agriculturist is not quoted as an accurate and penetrating observer.' So profound and acute a student of the affairs of eighteenth-century France as Lord Morley declared that Young's summary of the causes of the Revolution was 'worth a hundred times more than Burke, Paine, and Mackintosh all put together.' Miss Maxwell has accomplished her task as editress and commentator with admirable judgment.

LA REVOLUCIÓN MEJICANA. *By Luis Araquistain. Madrid: Editorial Renacimiento. 1928. 5 pesetas.*

(José Escofet in *La Voz*, Madrid)

LUIS ARAQUISTAIN is recognized as a brilliant writer, and a man of high integrity and great independence of spirit. Were this not so, one would be tempted to say that his *La Revolución Mejicana* had been written expressly to please those Mexicans who are at present more or less securely in control of their particular portion of those distant lands which once comprised the empire of New Spain. There is strong likelihood that he will be accused of partiality, and he knows it. But he believes that his is the side of reason and of justice, and he is not disturbed if, in a passionate defense of what he believes to be the truth, he happens to run counter to general opinion and widespread prejudices.

I doubt if another book has been written on the Mexican Revolution by a foreigner which attempts a more sympathetic interpretation of the terrible series of civil wars which shook Mexico from the fall of Porfirio Díaz to the assassination of General Obregón. And it is gratifying that the most liberal-minded book on modern revolutionary Mexico should come from the pen of a Spaniard. Thus may our brother country, which suffers to-day at the hands of intellectuals of every land, realize that Spain still has men capable of reviving the apostolic fervor of Bartolomé de las Casas, to the point of exaggerating, like that famous missionary, their love for the silent and oppressed Indian.

The situation is curious. Much has been written and is still being written of the cruelty of Spanish colonizers in America. The inhuman severity of the *conquistadores* of the sixteenth century is famous throughout the world. It seems as if every step taken by Spain in her colonial

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enterprises was accompanied by bloodshed. Contrary to what might be expected from this cruel and sanguinary procedure, however, the Spanish were not entirely lacking in sympathy for the native races of the continents they colonized. Two facts support this hypothesis: the amazing survival of Indian races in American countries of Spanish foundation, and the love that these Indians inspired in many Spaniards distinguished for their intelligence and their integrity. If it had not been for the warm defense of the Indian which has been made in Spain from the time of the earliest chroniclers of the conquests, foreign historians would have had far fewer documents to support their case against the fatherland of Pizarro and Hernán Cortés.

Luis Araquistain's book on the Mexican Revolution offers us the clearest and fairest possible view of the bloody drama which took place in the vast territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the gulf of California and the Rio Grande to Sierra Madre and the peninsula of Yucatan. A partisan view? Yes, partisan in the sense that it backs the Indian against the *conquistador*, the commissionaire, the tyranny of the viceroys and of the liberators; against the Spaniard and the big colonial landholder; against the cynical greed of the Yankee exploiter and the sordid covetousness of the Spanish retailer and pawnbroker; against everyone, but always in favor of the wretched Indian.

This is the only defect in Araquistain's *Revolución Mejicana*, but it is a minor one considering the importance of the book. Here is a writer who has shunned second-hand opinions. He went to Mexico; visited some of its states; interviewed the foremost figures of the Revolution; took notes, studied, and observed customs; saw what its artists are painting and what its poets are writing. Only after he had provided himself with copious facts did he consider himself ready to give his opinion.

He had the structure of his work carefully planned in advance, and one idea to guide him in its writing: the Indian. The immobile Indian, changeless from pre-Cortés days to the Calles administration, passing through the Conquest, centuries of colonial dominion, independence, the frustated attempts to set up a monarchy, the Juárez reform, the Pharaonic dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz, and, finally, the convulsions of personal rule and anarchy.

I know the Mexican Indian. I lived in Mexico for eight years and returned to Spain from that beautiful country deeply impressed by him. His condition of slavery is accurately described by the master hand of Luis Araquistain; but his moral weakness fits equally well the sombre picture painted by the skeptics. The Indian has suffered many centuries of misery and neglect, or, if one prefers, of subjection. From the white Mexican we may expect everything; from the Indian, little or nothing. Araquistain himself, in a temporary lapse from optimism, admits that in those countries where the Indian was exterminated, especially in the United States, the imported civilization of Europe took root quickly and gave better and more abundant fruit.

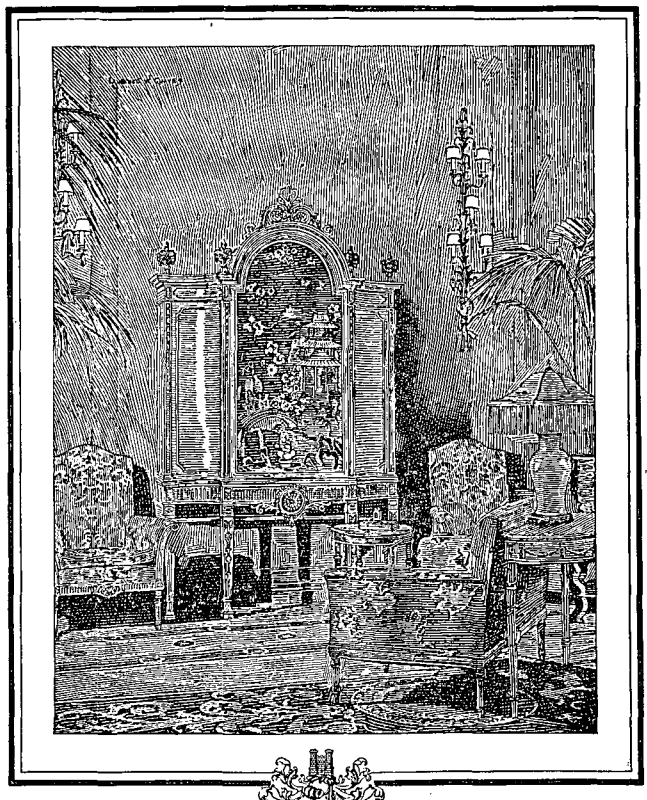
In spite of all the defects attributed to Spanish colonial methods, however, the Indian lived a better life under the protection of Spain than in the remote ages of Aztec rule, or than in the period since Mexico has won her independence. Now, Araquistain says, it will be different. But I hardly think so. The Indian has suffered age-old servitude, with almost indelible effects; and meanwhile the favored castes are not giving up their privileges or ceasing to defend the social hierarchy. It should not be forgotten that two-thirds of the fifteen million inhabitants of Mexico are illiterate Indians. And it is difficult to organize such human material into a republic where legislation, inspired by ideas of justice and equality, is even more advanced than in Europe. There are innumerable experts in the science of government who believe that injustice in varying doses, according to the circumstances of the country, must co-exist with order. Araquistain knows this very well, but he ignores it. His intense love for just causes induces him to be carried away by his own idealism.

Travel Books

To anyone addressing himself to the Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 253 Broadway, New York City, any desired information about travel books and travel bibliographies will be gladly given.

TO BAGDAD AND BACK. *By Joe Mitchell Chapple. New York: The Century Company. 1928. $6.00.*

The colored inserts, drawings, and numerous photographs make this informal account of a trip through Arabia, Palestine, Egypt, the Sudan, and Persia into a costly and a bulky volume. Mr. Chapple follows the conventional travel routes but his descriptions are none the less enthusiastic for all the obligations of the routine tourist. A little sentimental in treatment and more than a little florid in style, his book leaves an agreeable, though not an important, impression.



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Furthermore, aviation is the modern method which above all others tends to closer international intimacies, social and commercial, the resultant influences of which in time will unify the world.

Modern travel has already adopted the slogan:

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A Short History of China. *By Edward Thomas Williams. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $5.00.*

Within the last decade, America has become more and more conscious of the importance of China in world affairs. After all, what affects one-fourth of the population of the world must, of necessity, touch the lives and well-being of a great slice of the remaining three-fourths. There has been an almost frantic attempt to understand China on the part of the American business man since he has realized that here is a potential market for the surplus outlet of American factories — an outlet that must be found if this era of national prosperity is to continue.

To feed this desire for information, books on China have poured from the presses — books far too concerned with either surface impressions or the detailed explanation of some isolated phase of China's politics or culture. A few stand on the cool preëminence of thorough knowledge, and an outstanding example of this latter group is this latest history of China by Edward Thomas Williams. Dr. Williams lived in China for more than thirty-five years, and was a member of the United States diplomatic service from 1896 to 1922. He served as Chinese Secretary of the American Legation at Peking following the Boxer days, was the First Secretary of Legation at the time of the Revolution in 1911, and from 1914 to 1918 was the Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the State Department. He is one of the few Americans who can speak authoritatively on China.

In his introduction, Dr. Williams says, — 'The study of Chinese history may even be of value to us in the consideration of domestic problems. China has had many political philosophers in her long past. They wrangled over questions, some of which disturb the Western world to-day. We shall find them propounding solutions which we have supposed to be the wisdom of our own age. We shall find them trying experiments and failing in them — experiments to which we are sometimes urged as something heretofore unknown to the world.'

To the casual glance, the compressing of a story of nearly five thousand years into six hundred and fifty pages would result in a bare skeleton of facts; but herein lies Dr. Williams' skill. He knows that we are interested in the past only as it affects the present. In seven chapters he gives the essential points of Chinese history prior to the fifteenth century A.D. — dominating personalities, theories of government, ethical and religious teachings, conquests, and the development of the arts. With a phrase, he re-creates the living men of those distant times. The remaining fifteen chapters deal with the modern era. Europe is seeking a foothold in China and China resists with all the strength at her command.

Always, not excepting the present moment, China has considered herself the superior of all the world. 'To the Chinese the foreigner was a barbarian, lacking the culture of the "Great Empire." They regarded him as an inferior being. He was not supposed to deserve much consideration from the haughty mandarin, and consequently he received very little.'

We smile at the condescending letter of K'ien-lung to George III refusing permission for a British representative to reside in Peking, praising the King for 'his humble desire to partake of the benefits of Chinese civilization' and instructing him in the manner in which he should rule England. One hundred and fifty years later, the Empress

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Dowager, Tzu Hsi, consents to the Boxer massacres in the blind belief that thus she could rid the Empire of 'the birds of prey gathered from all sides to feast upon her flesh.' In 1925, the Nanking outrages occur.

It is not so much blind ignorance as a superiority complex that has caused every bit of her friction with the Western world — a world quite certain that any heathen power was by the very nature of its religious beliefs vastly inferior to the powers of Christianity. As Dr. Williams says, 'the Chinese were not the only people who acted as though they were the people and wisdom would die with them.'

At the end of every chapter is a well documented bibliography of source books, for the benefit of readers desiring fuller knowledge on any particular point. The last seven chapters are of especial value, as they contain the essential elements of all the important treaties since the turn of the century.

PHILIP KERBY

EVOLUTION OF ART. *By Ruth de Rochemont. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $6.00.*

Ever since the growth of foreign travel placed Americans in direct contact with European galleries of art and since such museums as the Boston Museum, the University Museum in Philadelphia, and the Freer Gallery brought to America some of the world's finest collections of ancient and Far Eastern art, there has been need for an introductory criticism which should bridge the gap between the untrained American and the intense and subtle language of the spirit which the plastic arts put before him. Miss de Rochemont has written her book for those who wish to understand art as an enrichment of life but who find little to help them in the external facts given by the old-fashioned history of art or in the discussion of names, dates, and attributions by museum experts.

One can sympathize with her aim but thoroughly deplore her method. The title leads one to expect a survey of all the arts, which, by showing what different thoughts and emotions have shaped the different forms of art as their expression, gives the best training in their comprehension. Unfortunately, the author belongs to the school of Renaissance and Europo-centric criticism which lost its last justification forty years ago when Japanese prints came to American attention. Art, for Miss de Rochemont, means painting, sculpture, and prints; it does not include architecture. It is, since the time of Egypt and Assyria, the exclusive product of Europe. Painting began with Giotto, who, the author says, could not draw very well and made 'no attempt at color effects' but nevertheless was a great artist when one considers that he was born into 'a world barren of art.' (The words are the author's; apparently the realization that Giotto was born only four years after the dedication of Chartres Cathedral, is not.) The superficiality and lack of essential information indicated by such a statement characterize the entire book. All the great pre-Renaissance styles of painting — Gothic wall painting and stained glass, Celtic illumination, Byzantine mosaics and frescoes, are omitted; Egyptian, Chinese, and Persian painting are ignored and Japanese prints are given a brief paragraph which reveals the fact that Miss de Rochemont does not know that Japanese painting took any other form than the print. Even the comprehension of the European art that is covered is of the sort that devotes fifteen glowing pages to the English portrait painters and then adds in the middle of a subsequent paragraph, 'Mention should also be made of the great eccentric, William Blake,' who receives eleven lines of incorrect statements.

There are many things in the book which would be very amusing if one were not afraid that someone may take them seriously, for they offer material for a whole crop of cultural tragedies. There are three explanations offered for El Greco's queer way of painting: first, that he was a charlatan deliberately hoaxing the public; second, that he was insane; third, that he was under the influence of drugs or some kind of self-hypnotism. Gothic sculpture, it is stated, was kept from full stature as an art by its religious subject-matter and its failure to represent the nude. But the triumphs of sentimental irrelevancy are the following. One concerns Sebastiano del Piombo: 'He deserves the attention of all good Americans, for he painted an admirable portrait, now in the Metropolitan in New York, of Christopher Columbus, who discovered the Land of the Free when Sebastiano was a boy of seven.' The second surpasses it: 'There is assuredly enough ugliness in the world without using art as a means of creating it, and, knowing how profoundly visual art may influence our vision of the world, we shudder to think what would lie before us should we ever learn to see what Cézanne and Matisse and Picasso and their followers record in their paintings.'

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THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA. *By Arnold Zweig. New York: Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.*

This is a fine and moving novel by a modern German author of note, which tells the story of a humble Russian foot soldier imprisoned in Germany toward the end of the War, and occupies itself with his escape to Poland and his final execution as a deserter. The book comes under the heading of travel literature only in so far as it presents a faithful picture of the border peoples of Poland and Esthonia during their assimilation by Prussia. The more than one hundred and eighty thousand words of this massive tale are offered in one volume to American readers in the really distinguished translation by Eric Sutton.

SHIPS AND SAILORS. *By Stanley Rogers. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1928. $2.50.*

A fascinating collection of tales of the sea, within the limits of a volume of three hundred pages, is Mr. Rogers's new book. The author has 'dressed up old tales in new clothes,' both in the telling and in the illustrating of the stories. The five sections deal in turn with tales of shipwrecks, mutinies, and sea fights, remarkable boat journeys, sea mysteries, and pirates and treasure-ships. Among the gems of the collection are 'The Flying Dutchman' and 'Shackleton's Journey.' Many maritime illustrations in black and white and a glossary of sea terms will delight the heart of the sea-yearning landlubber.

DEVOTIONAL PASSAGES FROM THE HINDU BIBLE. *By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929. $2.00.*

This slender volume of fifty-seven pages contains selections from the Upanishads (the speculative portion of the Sanskrit religious writings), done into English by a noted exponent of the East to the West. *Sans* introduction, notes, or appendices, the book will not prove very useful to scholars, but laymen seeking to drink at the fountain of the Hindu faith will find much of value in the glowing prose of these passages, which attempt to convey the spirit rather than the letter of the original.

World Business

(*Continued from page 305*)

attack; but taxation of copra and cocoanut oil also has been proposed. Our Filipino wards have found a valiant defender in Secretary of State Stimson. He bluntly informed the House Committee on Ways and Means that any such policies would be 'interpreted as a betrayal of trust by the United States toward a dependent people,' would 'arouse widespread criticism in the Orient as well as in other parts of the world with which we desire commercial relations,' and 'would inflict a lasting blow upon our credit and good name.'

10. CURBING OIL — AT HOME AND ABROAD

The world-wide over-production of petroleum continues to engage the attention both of the oil interests and of governments.

The American Petroleum Institute has sought to hold production in the Americas to the 1928 level. The head of the powerful Royal Dutch–Shell interests, Sir Henri Deterding, has been in the United States seeking to coöperate, his companies constituting a large factor in the American problem. There is general denial of any plans for price control of world markets. Nevertheless, there appears ground for the belief that a world compact on crude oil may ultimately result.

The oil executives have run afoul of the anti-trust legislation of the United States. The legality of the curb on production being questioned, Washington is compelled — for the time being, at least — to frown on the oil men's proposals, in spite of the fact that they appear to serve the best interests of the nation, namely, conservation of strategic resources.

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Military or Economic Security?

(*Continued from page 276*)

the American States would be as impossible to-day as one between the states constituting the German Republic. The Bavarians, in spite of a strong separatist tendency, found that they could not leave the republic, because the German customs union bound them too firmly. The parts of the Hapsburg monarchy that sympathized with Russia could not separate themselves from Vienna either before or during the War, because the economic bond was stronger than hatred. Only the downfall of the Central Powers divided the Monarchy of the Danube into the various successor states. Military experts can now assure European governments that there is no stronger guarantee of peace for neighboring peoples than the customs union, and that, in contrast to military and political guarantees, whose value and strength diminish from year to year, economic guarantees increase from year to year through economic interpenetration and increased mutual dependence. This form of guarantee is independent of changes in statesmen and parties, independent likewise of changes in sympathies and antipathies.

IT IS the task of our generation to create the new system of guarantees and thereby to make the old system superfluous. No nation arms for purposes of pleasure; such a pleasure would cost too dear. A state arms for its own security. If it came about that this security could be better guaranteed by economic means, armaments would become unnecessary and would disappear.

The transition to a Franco-German, as well as to a European, customs union demands economic sacrifices. But while money spent on armaments is unproductive, the expenses which accompany the broadening of an economic territory bring rich profits to all who participate in the system. The economic arguments for a European customs union, however, belong in another place. Here we are discussing only the relationship between the customs union and security.

If Germany proposes a customs union, France must decide whether she prefers a provisional and problematical security through armaments and alliances or a lasting and unshakable security through economic union.

All Europe is faced with this problem. The old way of military and political guarantees leads into an *impasse* out of which only the new path of economic guarantees can lead.

All this demands a radical reversal of thought. It demands statesmen instead of politicians: statesmen who calculate instead of talking uselessly, statesmen who look forward instead of backward, statesmen who are conscious that a new period has begun with new ends in view — but also with new means to those ends — and that the political life of the twentieth century is economic in character.

Footnotes on Ireland

(*Continued from page 273*)

She went with me to the door when I left, and looking up at the sky, said darkly, 'We're going to have the rain.'

Before I reached Mrs. Barrett's, the big drops were falling on my face. In the huge featherbed up under the eaves, I lay for a long time listening to the rain on the roof, and the deep boom of the surf on the shore.

The storm still raged when I awakened. I never have seen a darker morning.

I had my breakfast by firelight, then started out to walk the twelve miles back across the moors. Gray floods of water

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swept over the road and the wind was terrific. It was a fight all the way, and, when I reached the Sound, I was trembling with the exertion of it.

THE Dublin train was filled with boys and girls leaving for America. Groups of relatives came to the station to see them off with tears, and sometimes, as the train pulled out, the old women would start the keen used in crying for the dead. I have heard nothing so desolate.

It is a sad thing, this going away of the Irish youth to America, but it is sadder yet when they fail to pass the medical tests at Dublin and are sent back to their homes.

Those in my compartment were telling of a girl who, only the week before, had set out confidently on the great adventure. A fine, strong girl she was, too, with never a day of sickness in her whole life. She was sent back because of poor teeth, and the railroad fare it cost her would have kept herself and her whole family through the long winter.

Under all the eager laughter and gay talk that went on about me, I detected a grim undercurrent of fear that they, too, would meet with that fate.

A woman passed through the aisle playing a guitar and singing songs in Gaelic. Without hesitation, the young people dipped deep into their long-hoarded savings, and paid generously for her music.

IT WAS pleasant to draw into Dublin at dusk as the lights were coming on along the Liffey. They gave to the place an air of mystery and age which seemed to belong to it. There were taxis at the station — the first I had seen in Ireland — but I chose instead to ride to my hotel in an ancient horse-drawn cab. We clattered along the cobbled quay for a space, then turned into O'Connell Street, and on to Kingsbridge.

For three days I lingered in the city. I explored Phoenix Park, browsed around old bookshops and wandered about the picturesque campus of Trinity College. In the library there, I found the famous Book of Kells and the harp that had belonged to Brian Boru.

Everywhere, I was confronted with a tremendous civic pride, which I thought rather pathetic, for the people of Dublin have forgotten the charm of age, and now emphasize the modern and, I think, the least attractive phases of their city.

THE home-bound ship sailed from Queenstown. My last sight of Ireland was from the tender which took me out to the big ship lying in the harbor. High on the hill towered the beautiful cathedral, the sunlight glinting on its graceful spires, and down beneath huddled the little village, its steep streets running to the edge of the grass-grown quay.

I want to remember it always as it looked that morning. I wish I might put away and keep all such memories of Ireland, so that I might turn back, through the years, and feel the mood of them.

I want to remember the roads winding among the hills, the intimate softness of blue skies and smoky twilights. I want to remember the surf breaking on black rocks, with sea gulls flying, and old castles beautiful because they were crumbling and covered with moss.

I want to remember the taste of bread baked in black kettles, and the glow of turf fires.

Most of all I want to remember the indefinable and unique quality of the people who speak the Gaelic, and the warmth and humor that lie deep in their hearts.

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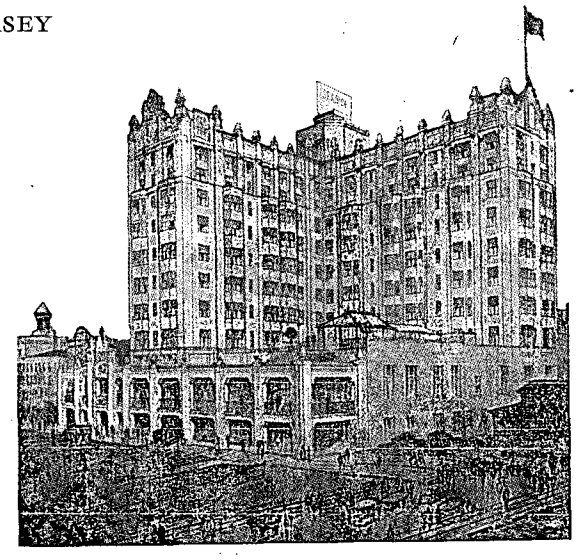

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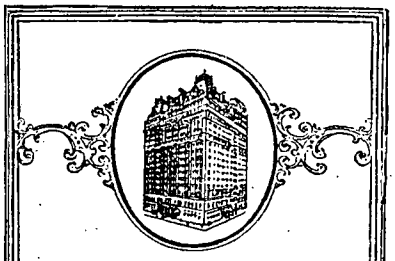

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Spanish Bells

(*Continued from page 268*)

religious schools, two or three sisterhoods of charity, and so on, each with its crosses and its bells. All in a very small space, fringing the compact mass of irregular village roofs.

Day after day the bells continued to ring, with the same insistence, beginning at the break of dawn and continuing until late at night. The townspeople could recognize each set of bells perfectly, and could distinguish one from another in the midst of the metallic babel. 'The Paulists are ringing,' I heard them say frequently. Or, 'The friars of St. John . . . now the nuns of the Sacred Heart . . . St. Stephen's . . . St. Francis . . . The Divine Shepherd . . . the Seminary . . . St. Anne . . .'

THE only bells I could pick out were those of the parish church. They were deep, sonorous, and seemed to command all the others. Their deep boom stood out from the crazy ringing of the rest. I grew to love such a superior type of bell, ringing solemnly at its appointed time, directing the life of the whole valley.

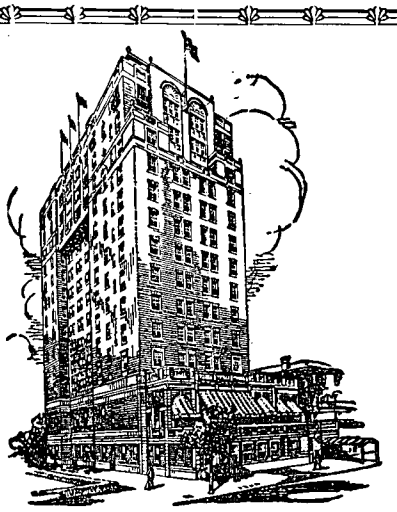
The others, unruly and irresponsible, irritated my nerves, interrupted my reading, relentlessly pursued me when I went for my morning and evening walks. I began to suspect that their sole purpose was to embitter my life.

Man is egocentric in his hour of pleasure as well as in his hour of pain. He sees everything through the lens of his own personality. The importance he attaches to a thing increases or diminishes according to his mood, which in turn may depend upon his physical state. One must not expect clear judgment in one who goes to the country, even for a few days, to flee from worldly things along the hidden path of Fray Luis de León.

THE sound of bells is very much of this world, although it makes us think of the next.

I realize — now that I am away from the atrocious clamor — that the seraphic life of a convent must be ruled by a tongue of bronze. But their bells rang too near me not to seem an unendurable intrusion into my life. Still, now that I am away from them, I recall with pleasure the images of charity, of penitence, of virtue that they suggested. It is well to call people's attention to the example of a holy life.

But it should be done subtly and discreetly. Otherwise the voice of virtue is likely to produce a headache before it reaches the soul.



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The Guide Post

(*Continued from page 242*)

and the injustice of one's opponents', vivid and impelling. Outside of England, where the tradition of caricature has been much the same as that in the United States, political and satirical artists are unbridled in their pictorial attacks on their opponents.

THERE is perhaps no better way of understanding the animosities, passionate likes, dislikes, and convictions of European politics and society than to study the cartoons and caricatures which appear in such papers as *Le Rire*, *Simplicissimus*, *Mucha*, *Byezbozhnik*, and a score of other satiric journals.

OFTEN these European political drawings seem at first sight distasteful to persons brought up on less strong fare. But the distaste they engender may well be worth the enlightenment they produce. It is, for instance, too little realized that in France there continues to exist a profound distrust and popular hatred of Germans. This was admirably brought out in the distinctly unpleasant cartoon of M. Briand and Herr Stresemann reproduced in last month's LIVING AGE. This month we reproduce a similar German expression of contempt for Mr. Morgan and his colleagues, with their 'World Bank,' an institution which the German people, as distinguished from German statesmen, seem to consider merely a Golden Calf which they will be forced to imbibe on the day of reckoning.

IN view of the fact that it is perhaps the best way of making clear popular European political and social sentiments to American readers, who necessarily cannot have felt their full force, and to whom it would be very difficult to convey that force through words, THE LIVING AGE has felt it worth while to reproduce a great many cartoons from foreign papers; and it feels that this policy has been justified in the favorable comment which has reached it from its readers and in the great number of requests which come to it from all parts of the United States, asking where similar material can be got for use in other magazines.

But THE LIVING AGE very much desires to have more opinions on this subject from its readers, who are urged to write the Editor of THE LIVING AGE, 253 Broadway, New York City.

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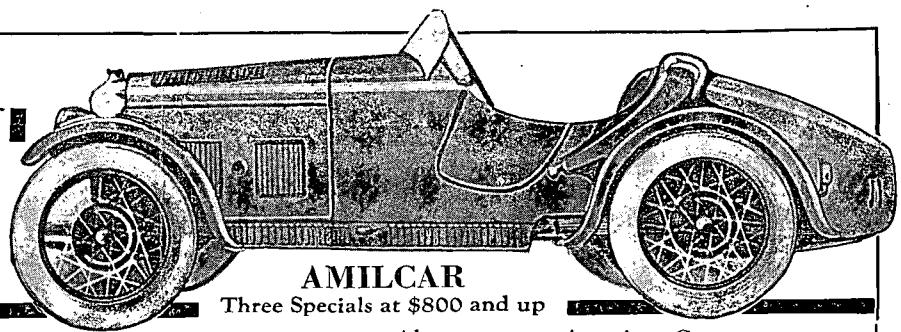

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question That Vexes All the World

¶ Perhaps peace is an ideal that can come only to future generations which are much more perfect than our own. Meantime we should take every precaution to prevent war, of which adequate defense is one. But we should also take every precaution to protect ourselves to the fullest possible extent from its ravages, if it does come. The Army and Navy serve the double purpose of prevention and defense. The ability to endure the imperfections of peace is greatly strengthened by the knowledge that the inflictions of war are likely to be even more severe. The parade at sundown, the fleet in the harbor give a reflection of security and authority in the Flag which it could not otherwise possess. — *Calvin Coolidge, Ex-President of the United States.*

¶ Nine-tenths of the task of peacemakers is to make psychological changes. The making of war a crime is bound to have a tremendous psychological effect upon statesmen. — *J. Ramsay MacDonald, former British Prime Minister.*

¶ Governments which are not preoccupied to a certain extent with their own security will spread abroad in the world a fresh danger of war instead of doing service to the cause of peace. Generous governments must not be victims of their own generosity. — *Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, before the Chamber of Deputies.*

¶ Let there be no mistake about it. We could not stand another war. The mere conception of it is terrifying. I ought to know something about war. In the last war I was a minister charged with responsible duties. . . . What matters in modern war are the resources behind the battle front. You have to force your enemy to sue for peace. Therefore any nation at war in the future will devise every conceivable method for destroying the will of the enemy nation. — *David Lloyd George, former Prime Minister of England.*

¶ The peace of the world is in danger from religious leaders who denounce the pacifist and who believe the Prince of Peace goes forth to war and who would not know what to do or say in the presence of another war any more than they did in the process of the last one. In times of peace these religious leaders scrap their reason for fundamentalism and in times of war they scrap their religion for militarism. It is a significant and disgraceful fact that neither during the whole conduct of the War nor since has a Christian communion of any name called its constituency together expressly for the business of world peace. — *Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland, Pastor of St. George's Church, New York.*

¶ It will take France twenty or twenty-five years to make up the loss in native-born population sustained through war casualties. Last year there were slight increases in marriages and births, but the excess of births over deaths was only 70,000. The war-death list was 1,500,000. — *News item in the 'New York Herald Tribune.'*

¶ It is not enough to renounce war; there must be a substitute which the nations are willing to accept in lieu of war. — *Dr. James Brown Scott, Director of the Division of International Law of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

¶ The urgent desire of the peoples that were engaged in the War that war should cease has in the course of ten years become less acute and less general, while the sentiment of those who experienced the abominations of warfare has been, and is being, increasingly diluted by the growing up of a generation which did not share that experience and which continues to be educated in its schools and in its political life by conventions and institutions which assume war to be normal and the maintenance of armaments and preparations for war to be necessary. — *Lord Olivier of Ramsden, former British Secretary for India.*

¶ While on the high seas, a requiem mass was celebrated for Marshal Foch, and the liner [the *Île de France*] stopped for one minute while flowers were dropped in the sea. Just showing against the horizon was an unidentified German freighter, which dipped her colors in honor of France's great military leader. — *Shipping news item in the 'New York World.'*

¶ I am opposed to all this talk of peace. It is an idealistic notion and impractical. It is impossible because it is Utopian, and nothing that is Utopian is real. I agree with Thomas Jefferson, who said that war was a good thing — every twenty years.

But for war we would not have had our Declaration of Independence. Force of arms kept our nation intact when internal dissension threatened it. War saved the Catholic Church at its birth. Force counts. We certainly would want peace if it were possible, but history shows us that there have only been thirty years of peace in the history of the world. Even now there are wars at different places about the globe. — *Augustine F. Massa, American lawyer.*

¶ Xerxes accomplished nothing by his marvelous military strategy. Napoleon brought suffering and agony to the whole of Europe in his quest for personal supremacy. And the World War was a bitter contest that in the end resulted in nothing more than the destruction of human life and property. After the War there was talk and more talk. But now, ten years after the War, we find that three-fourths of our national budget is devoted to the purpose of war, while not one cent has been set aside directly for the cause of peace. It is a true statement that while ninety per cent of our people want peace, the other ten per cent are continually prodding us into war. — *John Carroll, President of the Council of Debate, Fordham University.*

¶ Complete security by complete disarmament — that is the objective, that is the star to which you must hitch your chariot. — *M. Paul-Boncour, President of the Commission of Foreign Affairs, to the French Chamber of Deputies.*

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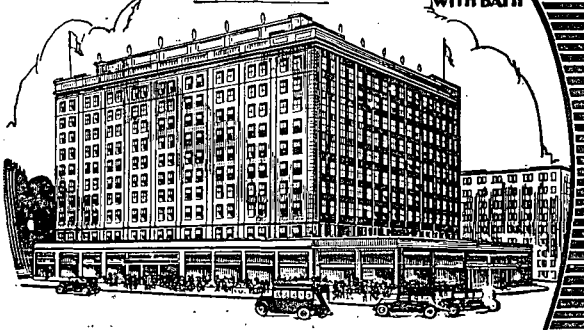
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World Records

(*Continued from page 243*)

weeks before Whitsunday of each year. Under no conditions is the word, 'knickerbockers,' to be interpreted to mean 'shorts,' and each pair must contain, clearly printed in black ink on the lining by the tailor, the words, 'Gwyon's Present.'

¶ PRECIPITATION. A woman in Kent, England, described as headstrong and emotional by nature, has committed suicide. She rushed impulsively out of her house, and only stopped to take a full sixteen-mile bicycle ride before deciding to drown herself in a millpond. One would be tempted to suggest that this is a record for deliberation on the part of an impulsive person, were it not for the fact that the lady in question was a racing cyclist by avocation.

¶ POSTAL DISTRICTS. The largest post office district in Europe is said to be situated in Jellivare, in Swedish Lapland. It extends over an area of 50,899 square kilometres, or one-third of the total area of England and Wales, and is inhabited by only 110,000 people.

¶ RABBITS. How fast rabbits can reproduce is common knowledge, but few people know how fast a rabbit can run. A traveler motoring through Switzerland tells of starting a rabbit which kept to the road ahead of him for more than three miles at an average speed of thirty-four miles an hour. At the end of the race the rabbit did not fall exhausted in the gutter, but jumped into a thicket, presumably to wait for an automobile that would prove a real test of his strength.

¶ FRUIT. Nine boys between the ages of ten and sixteen were arrested in Tottenham, England, after having broken into a warehouse and consumed no less than two hundred oranges, half a case of apples, and seventy-two bananas. As a record in fruit consumption this may be disputed, but there is no question that it constitutes a record example of the awful results of parents' insistence on a vegetarian diet.

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